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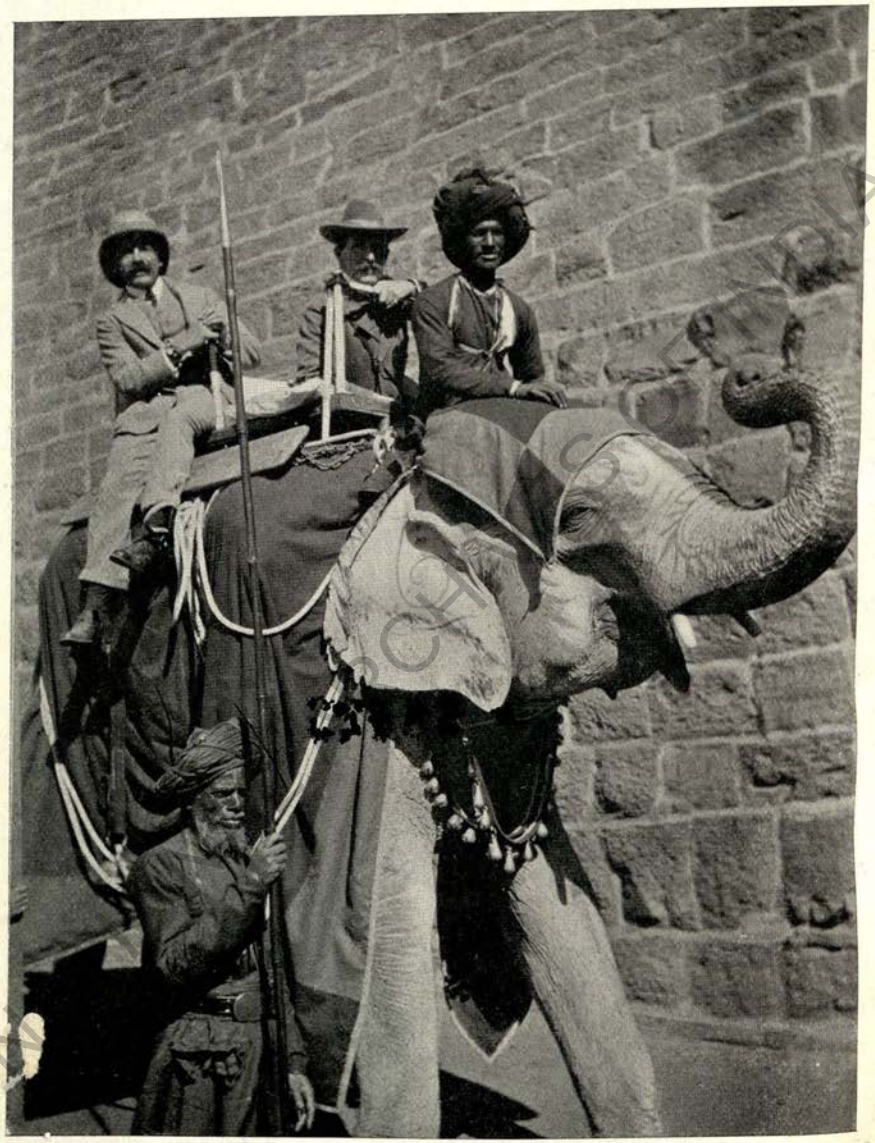
INDIA UNDER ROYAL EYES

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA



NATIONAL ... OF INDIA

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In Gwalior Fort. Mr. Jacomb Hood and the Author

(*Photograph by Mrs. W. Maxwell*)

INDIA
UNDER
ROYAL EYES

BY

H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY

AUTHOR OF

"IN THE WEB OF A WAR," "THE PLAGUE OF THE HEART," ETC.

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ac.

WITH 165 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

Qx. h. 18

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1906

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NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

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PREFACE

THE title of this book proclaims at once its privileges and its limitations. It offers a picture of India which but a score of men in a generation have a chance of seeing, a picture of the old romantic magnificent India, which it is very possible may never be again on view.

On the other hand, so disturbing is the influence of a Royal Progress, that its chronicler is glad to be able to plead it, even in a title, in extenuation of his deficiencies.

There is a dislocation, a disintegration almost, in the life of every place on which the honour of entertaining Royalty may fall.

Not only does it break out in flags—though that may be sufficiently distressing—but it breaks out in itself; it becomes a sort of decorated and accentuated, and often an anything but improved version of what it commonly is. Its own social standards are nailed up for display, just like the dreary bits of bunting that deface the roadway. The display is of real interest, but its value is for the novelist, the serious student of humanity; its effects are merely confusing to the circumforanean observer.

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All this one asks the title to plead; to save one from the scorn of the critic who could never appreciate if he had not experienced the disabilities inseparable from such a progress;—the wasted time, the undesired opportunities, the disguised realities, the forced note of festival.

How different in her office hours India is from the bedizened reveller we met in the streets, one had now and again an opportunity of discovering, and it is hoped that in a part of this book some use of that opportunity may be discerned.

The more serious aims of it have, for the reader's convenience and avoidance, been as far as possible consigned to its concluding chapters.

If there be lapses elsewhere into a too important manner, the defect may generally be remedied by a turning over of the page.

Some system has been attempted in the spelling of Indian words and names, an effort which the map-makers and historians do their utmost to embitter. The Burmese transliterations have nothing to commend them but the hardihood of despair.

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(*Photograph by Mrs. W. Maxwell*)

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INDIA UNDER ROYAL EYES

CHAPTER I

THE PRINCE'S LANDING

GUNS, guns, and guns again. Thirty-one guns for their Royal Highnesses' arrival; thirty-one guns for his Majesty's Birthday; thirty-one guns on his Excellency's embarkation, and guns once more for the Governor of Bombay. Then, when all visits of ceremony had been paid, thirty-one guns as the Prince left the ship, a Royal salute when he reached the Bunder, and thirty-one guns when he stepped on shore. In a country where a man's significance is exactly announced, and precedence so jealously regulated by gun fire, where his life-long ambition may be to add one more cartridge to his salute, the importance of filling the air with reverberations and dimming the harbour with smoke can be conceived, and, seeing that every detonation had a double echo from the islands and the hills, how completely such an objective has been realised may be imagined.

The noise of the guns seemed to go to the heads of the natives: they came pouring in

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thousands out of the city, shouting as they ran. They left whatever they might have been doing and started like a brown swarm of bees for the harbour, buzzing incredibly, a jabber of excited anticipation; fat Parsis, burly Hindus, and women loaded with babies, panting and perspiring but pursuing with the rest. The sea front was speedily a braid of colour twenty turbans deep, till an indignant member of the European police, the yellow pagari about his helmet alone relieving his immaculate whiteness, became aware of the invasion, and bicycled down upon it. He had only his indignation, a small cane, and a limited supply of the vernacular, but they sufficed for the purpose, and he drove, in the end, the brown thousands back, barking at them from one direction and then from another, just as a collie shepherds a flock of sheep. So they missed the near approach of the *Renown* and her escort, the battle-ship conspicuous through the hot sea-haze by the colour of its great flags, the rare strange flag of the Master of the Trinity House, the gorgeous heraldry of the Prince's standard, the sacred ensign of St. George.

The smoke of the guns drifting down the calm water hid presently all the incoming ships, save those proud flags spread out against the gray-blue sky; symbols, one might think them, of an unclouded purpose, still floating though its efficient instruments were veiled. In line abreast the four

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war-ships steamed past Kolaba, the *Proserpine* and *Fox* inshore, then the *Renown*, and beyond her the big four-funnelled *Terrible*. They found all the shipping dressed for the occasion, and broke out their own bunting as soon as moorings had been picked up. It is a curious thing that though flags are proper to ships they only seem expressive when put to their explicit uses. There was all the pomp and splendour of a mastery of the seas in the *Renown's* great ensign and standard, but there is not the least air of festivity in a war-ship dressed in flags. She loses all her threatening dignity, and gains nothing in decoration. However, the open-mouthed crowds of Bombay no doubt thought differently, since Bombay had adorned herself in flags in the tiresome and unimaginative English manner. One looked for the East, at least, to come in here; to show us that surprising handling of colour which is such a commonplace in its personal decoration. But either the East had had nothing to do with it or gave fresh proof of that sedulous imitation which is eating like a canker into its decorative art. Draped balconies, wreathed pillars, Venetian masts, and festoons of bunting: there was nothing in Bombay that would discredit London's sorriest efforts to look gay. She had succeeded in disfiguring even her fine buildings without adding the least elation to their effect.

Temperatures here still run well up into the nineties, a moist heat that encourages movement in

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neither mind nor body, though skies are cloudless and the air seems clear, and thus movement avoids the middle hours of the day, and it was close on four when the Prince landed. There had been erected above the steps of the Apollo Bunder, where all great personages set foot in India, a crimson shamiana, or open pavilion, where all the military and civil magnificence of Bombay was assembled to meet him. A white tunic such as the Prince was wearing, with the badges of his rank and the pale blue riband of the Star of India, represents military splendour in the East, but the splendour of the Indian potentate is just what pleases him, and there is very little in the way of prismatic opportunity in which he does not delight. One is grateful for his emerald-greens and turquoise-blues, his sumptuous purples, his flaming reds, his pale delicate tints and touches, his silks, his velvets, his stiff embroideries, his airy gauzes, his prodigal plastering of himself with gold and jewels; but it is impossible to describe him in detail without rendering him grotesque, a thing which he never is, whatever his magnificence. So the glories of Meherban, Rawalji, Jam, Raj Saheb, Naik Nimbalkar, Thakor, Sar Desai, Rao, Nawab, and Maharaja, which met the Prince on his arrival, must merely be imagined; it was compounded of all colours and materials seen through a haze of gold.

All approaches to the Bunder having been swept clear of the crowd, the city looked almost

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deserted from the sea, every visible street being empty save where the escort was drawn up. Had the intention been to provide contrast it was certainly attained when the Royal procession formed and moved off into the town.

A brown crowd, lean, lightly clothed, and very tolerant of pressure, puts twice as much humanity as a white one into the square yard, and the crowd in the Fort, which is now the business quarter, seemed packed twice as tight as even brown humanity can go. In the open space about the Wellington Fountain, whence the Governor's, the Viceroy's, and the Prince's processions diverged on their several routes, the crowd, fifty to five hundred deep, covered every spot except the guarded roadway. It looked as if water poured over it would not have reached the ground. The front rank sat on its chin, the next on its elbows, the next on its heels, the next kneeled, and so on up to tiptoe and friendly waists and shoulders. It was a solid wedge of brown flesh and blood. When the white-clad mounted police backed into the edge of it, and the edge winced, the movement spread backward through the entire mass like a chorus gesture in comic opera or a wheat-field bending to the wind. When any in the cramped front ranks showed signs of rising, the prowling yellow-capped native constables knocked them back on to their stiff calves or elbows with the hilts of their little swords. No one resented

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this assistance to symmetry; a crack over the head seemed quite the accepted restorative on such occasions; a sort of first aid.

A queer crowd! meek, yet assertive, and with an eye, a rather sad eye, for a good horse and a good rider; free, good-humoured, and quick with its comments, the talk rolling to and fro over those tens of thousands in a curious hard clattering roar. One wondered of what all those brown heads were thinking, if they thought at all. But they were shy of questions; almost resented any curiosity as to why they were there. "What should we expect?" replied a coolie. "He is a Prince who comes into his realm." The expectancy was confessed on every face, and probably some vague hope lay, unconfessed, behind it. A big country fellow, who had driven his bullocks in for the show, waved the inquiry aside. "Who can know what is in the King's heart?" he answered gravely.

One should be grateful if the Royal tour yield as much as that—the thought in the minds of the common people of goodwill going out to them from the heart of the King. The Devil, pleaded the Sinner in the Persian story, is everywhere, but the Powers of Light are only here and there. It thus behoved a poor man to treat with respect an influence so obviously interested, whatever gifts might be thought appropriate to the Supreme Being. Thus, too, for Hindu and Muhammadan

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the Supreme Being in their allegiance across the seas, of whom they see nothing and hear nothing that interests them, comes to count inevitably for something less than the Darkness at their elbow, whom they find it politic to propitiate.

It is well, therefore, that they should associate the Prince as closely as they do with his Royal father. "Raja aie!" "The King comes!" they cried as they waited, and their welcome could hardly have been heartier if it had been the King indeed. The white tunics of the British troops, of the 10th Hussars and Horse Artillery, were alternated effectively in the procession with the blue and red of the 33rd Cavalry—a silladar regiment which carries the sword under the near saddle flap and the rifle slung across the back—the splendid uniform of the Imperial Service Lancers; the sky-blue lungi with jewelled aigrette, black, gold-braided tunic with red facings, and red cummerbund of the Rajkumar cadets; and the gold and scarlet, white breeches and jack boots of the Governor's Bodyguard, perhaps the finest ceremonial troops in India, every man of them inches over six feet. They almost dimmed the Royal carriage with its gorgeous golden umbrella; but the waiting people had clearly eyes for nothing else, risking a fresh crack from the constable's sword in their efforts to keep the Prince in sight, and surging, shouting after him in a flood of colour the instant the roadway's guardians were removed.

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CHAPTER II

INDIA'S GATEWAY

THIRTY years have passed since last an heir to its Imperial throne set foot in India, and thirty years, brief as its period may seem to the East, has been a very considerable one in the making of our Eastern Empire. Thirty years covered that tremendous term in its story which saw, under Clive and Hastings, our grip fastened on the Southern Deccan by the heroic capture and defence of Arcot, the subdual of Bengal at Plassy, the final crushing at Wandewash of the hopes of France, the extinction of Mughal ascendency at Baksar, the first defeat of the Rohillas, and the conclusion of our victories over the Marathas by the Treaty of Salbai. Those were the years of belligerent gestation, the terrible years which must be before empires are born, and none of those which followed could feel quite the same throes, the same trembling in the balance between death and being. In the last thirty, since our present Sovereign viewed as Prince of Wales his Eastern inheritance, a maturation of a very different kind has been in progress. True, the acquisitive tendency has not altogether ceased,

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but its inclination has been rather towards extension than absorption. We have been content internally to consolidate our influence, while without we have reluctantly enlarged our borders. To the west and north the territories we have acquired are small in extent but rich strategically in potential value. We have pushed our frontiers nearer in both directions to the vast ramparts of the hills which have offered to the inhabitants of Hindustan an immemorial protection of which they have never yet, thanks to internecine dissensions, been able to avail themselves, and beyond this frontier our supremacy has been established in Sikkim, Kashmir, Hunza, Chitral, and Baluchistan. Eastward, it has been rather material than political advantage which has dogged our footsteps—and really the phrase does not describe inaptly many of our territorial acquisitions—since, in annexing the valuable provinces of Upper and Lower Burma, we have made ourselves the neighbours, possibly the undesired neighbours, of two great Powers.

But the significance of the last thirty years is not to be sought in territorial accretion but in the changes wrought by our system of government on the minds and aspirations of those we have ruled. The conscientious benevolence of our methods as a dominant suzerain over a land of diverse and divided peoples is now beginning to bear visible fruit, and the quality of that

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harvest will be of more importance to the British nation in the next half century than any other of the problems which India may propound. In England the question excites as little interest as did the religious susceptibilities of the Hindu before the Mutiny, yet the understanding of the moral forces we are creating in India concerns more nearly our future in that country than was our fortune there once affected by a less excusable ignorance. An attempt will therefore be made in these chapters to give, as the occasion serves, behind the pomp and ceremony of a Royal Progress, some account of a development, very curious, scarcely predicable, and perhaps unique in the history of nations, with which the Indian Government has and must increasingly have to deal, and which may even become a disintegrating influence in English politics; a development of deep interest philosophically, yet pregnant with solicitude for many to whom philosophy is but an empty dream.

His first view of Bombay might well make the traveller wonder if he had indeed arrived in India. Great hills to the eastward bound the wide harbour, melting southward into mist, while on the other hand, smeared over by its morning pall of smoke, with docks and factories along its northern frontage, is an undistinguished-looking city, built on a low lean spit of shore, whose only prominent attempt at architecture is an hotel. The impression, architecturally, is deceptive, for

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THE VICTORIA TERMINUS, BOMBAY

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the great buildings of Bombay lie back from what was but a few years ago a muddy foreshore, but the sense of not being yet in the East is accentuated as one advances into the city. Bombay is proud, and with reason, of its streets, but the suggestion of the finest of them is anything but Asiatic. Early English, Norman Romanesque, French Decorated, Byzantine, Venetian, and Italian Gothic are the styles which dominate the business quarter. Some have been faintly, some cleverly Orientalised, but the changes have not been sufficient to steal from the stone-work its Northern air, or to make it seem significant of other than a white-skinned people.

Yet strange as the sun-blaze seems on arch and cusp and pillar, seen so often against drenching skies, the shadows that crouch out of reach of it above deep-set windows and along columned colonnades approve the men who saw the virtues of Gothic for a tropical climate. Men, one says, but man it should be, since, though many architects have had a share in modern Bombay, not one that built after him but was influenced by the genius of the late F. W. Stevens. He it was who designed the Victoria Station, completed less than twenty years ago, which cost over a third of a million, and is, perhaps, the most striking railway terminus in the world. He, too, who proved in the Municipal Buildings, five years later, how near his wedding of styles had brought him to the birth of another.

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Small wonder that, with such models, the designs of the men who followed him were moulded to that Indo-Saracenic mode which has produced in the great buildings about the Esplanade an impression of diversity of effort with unity of effect which could not be matched in modern Europe.

And thus, landing in Bombay, one might be pardoned at a first glance for finding the scene suggestively English.

A longer look, a shifting of the glance from the Gothic walls to the swarming white-clad people, and one is inclined rather to speculate where England comes into it.

Hindus, Arabs, Marathas, Persians, Afghans, Parsis, Gujeratis, Somalimen, Zanzibaris, Baluchis, Malays, Chinese, Jews, Lascars, Tibetans, Rajputs, Cingalese—the roadway teems with them; with faces painted with caste and creed, under turbans that make the street look from above like a tesselated pavement—scarlet, crimson, and pink, pale greens, lemon, amber, and orange yellows, plum, lavender, and azure blues, and white, plain, or braided with gold and silver, with here and there, dividing the moving whiteness, women like blue, green, and crimson flames. But always the dark face, black or copper or Eurasian gray, not the white one. The white is, indeed, to be seen on a horse, in a motor, or a smart victoria, but too rarely to dilute the impression of prevailing shadow or even to suggest convincingly a ruling race. Nor

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can one fairly quarrel with its failure. Theoretically, no doubt, India is ours ; but, as the reckoning works out, it is rather we who are India's.

We have the glory of an Imperial flag, and we have also most of the cost of keeping it flying. We speak of India as a splendid school for our adventurous youth. So it is. But what are the scholars but servants to the people whom they come to rule? Or, rather—for this is the lustre of our sovereignty in the East—they are servants to a high conception of responsibility, to a sense of duty to its dependencies, which no other conquering race has known. Here in Bombay you may see, microcosmically, the results.

A Governor, an administrative staff, courts of justice and troops at the back of them ; all the appearances of power, and externally all its realities. The Governor, with the gun behind him, could boast an ability in any part of his Presidency to say "Do this!" And to see it done. But this power of his is just what Bombay can best appreciate. To the Hindu, the Muhammadan, the Parsi, the Jain, and the Jew the Governor and all his functionaries are but a superior sort of police who ensure the carrying out of their directions. It is they, not he, who may be said to rule Bombay.

Thus the traveller's impression is seen to be not far astray. Bombay is a city built to a Western view of beauty, administered by Western ideas of citizenship, policed by a Western conception of

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courage, and inherited by the East. The East you may see in it all day long, lounging, loitering, in an unending stream through the streets and the bazars. The West you see but for one hour only, the blessed hour of afternoon, when the shore wind freshens and a veil seems drawn over the melting brilliance of the sun. Then the white faces which have been toiling in warehouse and office and orderly room make their way for talk and a cup of tea to the green lawn of the yacht club, which looks across the harbour at the distant crests of the Ghats. There for that hour they play at being in England, the men, their sun armour laid aside, in straw hats and serges, the women in their most charming frocks. Outside, rigorously outside, along the sea front and the Apollo Bunder the wealth of the city drives behind servants in spotless liveries; Parsis in high "fly-paper" hats, with gaily-dressed families, and Hindus in gorgeous turbans; while on the pavement moves all the colour and diversity that the bazars can show, with British soldiers from Kolaba and a few sailors from the ships, drinking in the sea breezes and listening to the band, while from the Bunder steps, for all the world like Brighton trippers, boat-loads of Hindus embark for a four-anna trip across the harbour in felucca-rigged craft, and the lateen-sailed fishing-boats skim on the light wind between the steamer anchorage and the shore.

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The sun sinks, a flood of orange light stains for a few wonderful moments everything it touches, masts and sails and the ships' sides and funnels, turning the sea from purple to pea-green, and the distant hills from brick-red to amber. Then the light goes, and a high white radiance tinged with rose rises above the sunset, and the scene strangely and swiftly becomes diaphanous and unreal. The yellow riding lights of the ships and the green and red eyes of the launches come queerly into being in the clear twilight, the gray war-ships and the great white troopers grow ghostly and frail, while, like moths, the sailing boats still flutter about them, catching here and there faintly the rose of the sky.

At the yacht club it is too dark already to distinguish faces; the groups about the tea-tables break up and stroll about the lawn. Outside the syces light the carriage lamps, the crowd begins to move dispersedly. So brief and so lovely is the hour of illusion; its ending announced as the band on the lawn breaks into "God Save the King." Within the railings men rise to their feet with heads uncovered; without, in the crowd, the soldiers lolling against the sea-wall stand to attention. So far the symbol reaches, and no further. To the others, the outnumbering others, it is but a signal for departure.

Well, if that be the irony of it, is it not the glory also?

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CHAPTER III

BOMBAY'S FAREWELL

We left Bombay in a soft haze of light, like a city on which a thousand swarms of fire-flies have settled, red, yellow, green, blue, pale mauve, and violet. Her daytime ineptitude of decoration was more than atoned for, the garish flags, the stupid mottoes, by this delicate dress of flames which she had made for herself.

Elsewhere, that is, out of India, such an adorning would probably prove too costly. Even here, where labour forms so small a part of it, the cost is considerable. First, carpenters go over the entire outline of the building with thin strips of wood. To dome and spire, pillar, capital, window, arch and string-course the strips are fastened, till a frail close-fitting external skeleton has been fixed to the whole. This is done, as also the hanging of lamps and their lighting, by ropes run through pulleys carried out from the roof, so that in the daytime the building seems to be enveloped in a vast spider's web.

The lamps are small square boxes open at the top, with coloured glass in three sides and tin in the other. They are put together by hand

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and then hung on the wooden laths, with only a few inches between them. A day or two later —it is all very leisurely—small custard glasses filled with thick oil, through which a wick has been stuck, are placed in them. Thus the illuminator has to be hoisted four times from the ground to the roof, for nailing, hanging, oiling, and lighting before the festa. In practice he is hoisted about four hundred, as he can only carry a few lamps and still fewer oil-pots at a time, and the fact that he is generally thinking about something else, or about nothing, necessitates a good many supplementary trips to correct omissions. The process of dismantling is, of course, save for the lighting, about equally long, but the result justifies all the labour, for the effect is unmatchable by any other means.

The softness of the lights, their close following of the architecture, the curious way in which the dim hidden flames illuminate the stone, produces the impression not that the building has been illuminated, but that it has become transparent, and that one sees the glowing spiritual shape within.

The great structures bordering the Maidan, the Secretariat, the University Hall and Library, and the Courts of Justice, planned all of them on a surprising scale and in the Gothic manner, reaching up with their pale lamps into the night, lemon and lilac, blood-red and orange, emerald

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and rose, looked like cathedrals of which, one might dream, only fair thoughts and prayers had gone to the building, while the headquarters of the Baroda railway amid the trees, with its domes and minarets decked with prismatic gems, looked like a palace out of the "Arabian Nights."

From Malabar Hill, whence one looks across the Back Bay over the long lean town to the sea again and the hills beyond it, a wonderful view was to be had of the city, drawn in tinted light, and the incandescent shapes of liner and trooper, cruiser and battle-ship beyond it upon the dark waters.

The lighting of the city was of itself a curious sight, and for it quite a small army of coolies was required.

They squatted in their idle contented way for the entire day in the shady skirts of the building they were to illuminate; slim boys for the most part, with nothing but a loin cloth about their brown bodies and carrying a reed to which a wick was wired.

Long before the worst heat was gone out of the sun, they were sprawling like brown insects at the rope-ends high up in mid-air, thrusting their thin torches, as a butterfly its tongue, into the many-hued chalices, and leaving an invisible thread of flame behind.

The white sheaf of rockets from the *Renown*, on which the Prince was dining, and from which

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THE WOMEN OF BOMBAY GREETING THE PRINCESS

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he started for his five hundred mile journey to Indore, spread out in imitation of the Royal feathers as the pilot train steamed northward from sweltering Bombay, which has been, for the past few days, with a milky sky and haloes ringing both sun and moon, much more than seasonably oppressive and clammily moist. But still the country folk were pouring into the city in train-loads that disqualified the sardine as a synonym for compression.

A loyal exaggeration so often invades unconsciously men's impressions of Royal entries and progresses that one had to wait till the first effusiveness was over before being able to feel sure that what one was told of Bombay's welcome was true.

There seems, however, very little to be deducted for local colour. Bombay was preternaturally excited; Bombay was unprecedentedly packed; Bombay cheered as it had never cheered before.

All these superlatives may be accepted; they are not contradicted even by those who seem to claim a monopoly in experience of all the records.

It is universally admitted that Bombay showed a curiosity and displayed an enthusiasm surpassing everything that was expected.

There was no movement, however trivial, of the Royal visitors, but tens of thousands of gay

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turbans, planted along the roadside like long borders of flowers, lined the route by which the Royal wheels would go.

That route could be traced a mile away by the acclamations which surged about the Royal carriage, though an Indian crowd, composed of the noisiest chatterers imaginable, seldom troubles to applaud.

It is not so clear to what sources the extra enthusiasm may be set down, but the Prince's reply, on landing, to the Corporation's welcome did a good deal to kindle it.

In England one has the habit of taking such things as read, part of the inevitable official functioning to which no one attaches the least importance.

Here it is otherwise. Every phrase was analysed and debated as though it affected the liberties of the realm; and thus it says much for the skill with which those phrases were composed that not one failed to give unqualified satisfaction. Even Brahmans from Poona, where disloyalty is more a cult than anywhere in India, expressed a tempered gratitude. Nor would the influence of such a speech be confined to the towns only. At the chaora—the meeting-place in every hamlet—to which all gossip finds its way, the patel, or headman, will read aloud to the village fathers assembled in the cool of the evening the message of the King's son, and day after day those dreamy

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ruminant minds will munch its meaning over till the last flavour has been tasted out of it.

The only ceremony in Bombay characteristic of the country was the reception of the Princess at the Town Hall, where she was greeted in turn with appropriate rites by Parsi, Hindu, and Muhammadan ladies.

The Town Hall is not a handsome building, but its Doric colonnade, with the long broad flight of steps in front of it, made in the clear twilight gemmed with coloured lamps a good stage setting for the women's dresses, the gay silks of the Parsi girls, the pale lovely saris of the Hindu ladies, scattered over it in expectant groups.

When the Princess stepped from her carriage at the foot of the steps on to a gold and crimson carpet the shimmering cluster of Parsis spread in a crescent about her, and the ceremonies commenced.

An egg and a cocoa-nut were passed one after the other seven times about her head and then broken. A dish of water was carried seven times round her and then thrown away. And, lastly, a handful of rice was scattered over her. The nut and the egg were symbols of food and drink, the common needs of life, but the breaking of them after their sevenfold journey had a further reference to the destruction of any threatened evil in the seven circles through which life ascends. The water, in this parched land the Heaven-sent mother

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of plenty, is thus its symbol, and the scattered rice emblem of an abundance which spreads prosperity about its path.

The Parsis opened to let the Princess pass, and a little further up the Hindu ladies met her with a tray on which spirit-lamps were burning about a little heap of red powder.

With the powder her forehead was to be touched, to express the wish that she might go through life with the brightness of the brightest of colours in front of her. Finally, in the portico at the head of the steps, the Muhammadan ladies wreathed the Princess with garlands of heavy-scented flowers, flinging golden-leaved almonds, emblems of peace, before her, and placing a cocoa-nut, for material plenty, in her hands.

It was all very simply and gently and gracefully done. In the clear darkening twilight, in which the lamps grew bright, the pliant timid charmingly draped figures, flitting with fluttering saris, white and silver, pale greens and mauves, across the great flight of steps, moved like the fitful souls of butterflies about the wondering interested Princess, her Western grace and bearing so different from theirs; her mind so much a greater distance from the nearest of them, than theirs—Hindu, Muhammadan and Parsi—could ever be from one another.

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CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST DURBAR

THE nearest road to Indore, which branches at Khandwa from the main line, has gradients steeper than the Royal train could face, so we crept northward up the coast by Surat and Baroda, then turned due east into the Central India Agency, and again almost due south to Indore. There is nothing to lure any one to Indore, and we were there only because scarcity of water upset the previous arrangements for meeting the Central India Chiefs. About it are sandy tracts like the plains of Northern Germany, covered with rough grass, scantily wooded with pipal, babul, and mimosa, scarred by occasional parched watercourses, like the bleached bones of a river, and with here and there the steep abruptness of a hill, which seems to have thrust its head violently through the level country. Out of this aridness the little station leapt, a sudden rainbow blaze of colour. On the open platform, with red carpet in front of them, all the glory of Central India was seated like a bed of monstrous zinnias flaming in the sun, the glare of their purples and reds and greens actually tempered by the silver and gold which overlaid them.

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The Begum of Bhopal was there, the only Muhammadan woman in the world who rules in the strictest purdah, a very small figure, its head shrouded in a lilac and silver embroidered burka reaching nearly to the knees, with two dark slits where eyes should have been showing, and a fantastic crown perched on top of all. Beside her was the young Maharaja Holkar, the ruler of Indore, with half-a-dozen Maharajas more, and double as many Rajas, Raos, and Nawabs, against the scarlet tunics of British officers, like peacocks and flamingoes mixed.

They had in all their splendour, partly perhaps because of it, a certain wasted air, set down there on the flat bare station with Royalty still fifty miles away.

In the dusty space about the station their retainers sported. Footmen, all in crude gamboge and ochre and carmine, looking as if they had been dipped bodily in a pot of dye, carrying big-mouthed blunderbusses, long-stocked jezails, pikes and halberds; and horsemen, in moss-green and silver and mauve, in buff, gold, and crimson, in bronze and purple, in rose and white, with inlaid iron helmets and armour bristling on their chargers' foreheads and clinging to their flanks, the long pennons of their lances fluttering, many hued, above them like a torn field of flowers.

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Camp life in India is more completely organised

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than anywhere in the world. Ten days before we came to Indore the ground outside the Residency compound was a sandy waste covered with rough tangled grass and a few trees. When we arrived there was a town of close upon a hundred tents, from the big mess marquee, with comfortable drawing-room, ante-room, and smoking-room about it, to the shuldari of the hospital assistants; all pitched beside wide shingled roads, lit with dazzling Kitson lamps, while before each tent was a little garden, edged with dog-toothed bricks, where the ground had been cleared and grass sown, and already, in exchange for unstinted water, an emerald film had formed over the light earth; such magic, given water only, can the sun and the soil work here between them; while, just within the brick-work, planted ferns made the white town look rather like a permanent cantonment than the resting place of a caravanserai which came yesterday and will be gone to-morrow. Yet those responsible for this luxurious air of permanence express regrets that the season of the year prevented so much else being done. November comes between the last flowers that belong here and those that are brought from home to play their excited masque of its being England during the cold weather. There remain still the pale yellow flowers of the tree mallow, the feathery crimson hibiscus, oleanders, scarlet poinsettias, dusty mimosa, and wreaths of the pale magenta bougainvillea. But except for the last

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they make no great show of colour; it is a land of autumn, of things over and gone. But into it the English flowers are feverishly coming, straining up their thin green heads as though they could never grow fast enough; and the roses, whose anxiety to bloom the whole year through it is so hard to hinder, are just opening their retarded buds.

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At Indore the first durbar of the tour was held. A tent draped in red, pale blue, and gold had been pitched on the parade ground behind the Residency, a square heavy building which still shows the scars of Mutiny bullets, and thither all the ruling Princes and their suites gathered for presentation to the Prince of Wales. Their queer barbaric splendours mixed with modernity —armoured horses in attendance on a Twentieth Century barouche — made their arrival worth watching, the Lancers of their escorts galloping up in clouds of dust, out of which the strong hot colours of their trappings grew as the dust subsided. At one end of the tent was a platform carrying the crimson and silver chairs which were used for the King's visit thirty years ago, and of which every curve proclaims the taste of the Sixties. They probably look thereby additionally delectable to the native eye, whose taste is for the worst that Europe can offer it. From the centre of the platform a broad carpeted passage led to the entrance, and on each side of

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this, row above row, the resplendent Chiefs and their retinues were seated in order of precedence, which was also the order of arrival, attention to such details being essential so that each should get his proper complement of guns, which kept up a deafening uproar till the proceedings began.

The ceremonial of a durbar is simple and dull: at least it would be dull in European dresses. There is such an intolerable amount of doing the same thing; such a profusion of bowing and backing and coming forward again, all in a decorous and unstimulating silence. But in India nothing can be dull that is done in its best clothes. The mere humble wonder with which one watches the gorgeousness of Maharajas would rescue any function from monotony. To the splendours of native uniforms one can grow accustomed, since they are controlled, or are said to be, by regulation. But there is no restriction to the splendour of a native chief. He has no court nor durbar costume, he is unhampered by precedent, by his own station, or by that of the man for whom he is arrayed. He has to consult only his revelry in colour, which, fortunately, is still unaffected by the modernising of his taste. So he uses his person as a canvas and his wardrobe as a palette, and many of the things he wears are obviously rather parts of a colour scheme than of a costume. Then when he has reached a pitch of lustrous intensity which stirs your despairing envy and

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admiration, he takes a shawl of scarlet, violet, gold, and green, or of any other combination that suits his fancy, and wraps it about him from his waist to his knees. And the mystery is that he looks the better for it, even though his waist seldom inclines to slimness and his carriage is no more impressive than that of any other portly gentleman. At the durbar, which interposed many impediments even in the way of grace, one realised that it was his colour that saved him. He was led from his seat up the central aisle between his political sponsor and an A.D.C., who bowed when they rose, bowed when they announced his name, bowed when they presented him, and bowed as many times after before they returned him to his chair. He carried in his hand his nazar, or tributary gift, which generally takes the form of as many gold mohurs, wrapped in a handkerchief, as he can claim guns in a salute, and the presentation of which signifies that all his revenues are at his Suzerain's disposal. He held it out, the Prince extended a hand to touch it, the proffered revenue being thus remitted, and then he retired backward the length of the aisle, an operation the evident difficulties of which won him all one's condolence. Thus each of the assembled chiefs was presented, from the little burka-covered Begum, who seemed as self-possessed as any, but who made no offering of nazar, to the least Raja of them all.

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Then the Prince made a short well-worded speech, which Major Daly—whose father's name is so bound up with the history of the Central India Horse—translated. After this the Chiefs advanced again in turn, with the same deliberate formalities, for the ceremony of attar and pan, which corresponds to the traditional offering of bread and salt, the Prince sprinkling the one upon their extended hands from a silver vinaigrette and handing them the other—which is betel-nut, chunam, and other spices wrapped in a green leaf—from a silver bowl. After the last of the nineteen headmen had received his portion and retired, the political officers, moving down the gay ranks of their retainers, completed the distribution.

The Prince stepped down from the platform, the waving of the chowries of white yak's tails behind the Royal chairs ceased, the gilded fans were raised by the scarlet-coated chobdars, the blazing golden sunshade followed, the Royal procession re-formed, and the durbar was over.

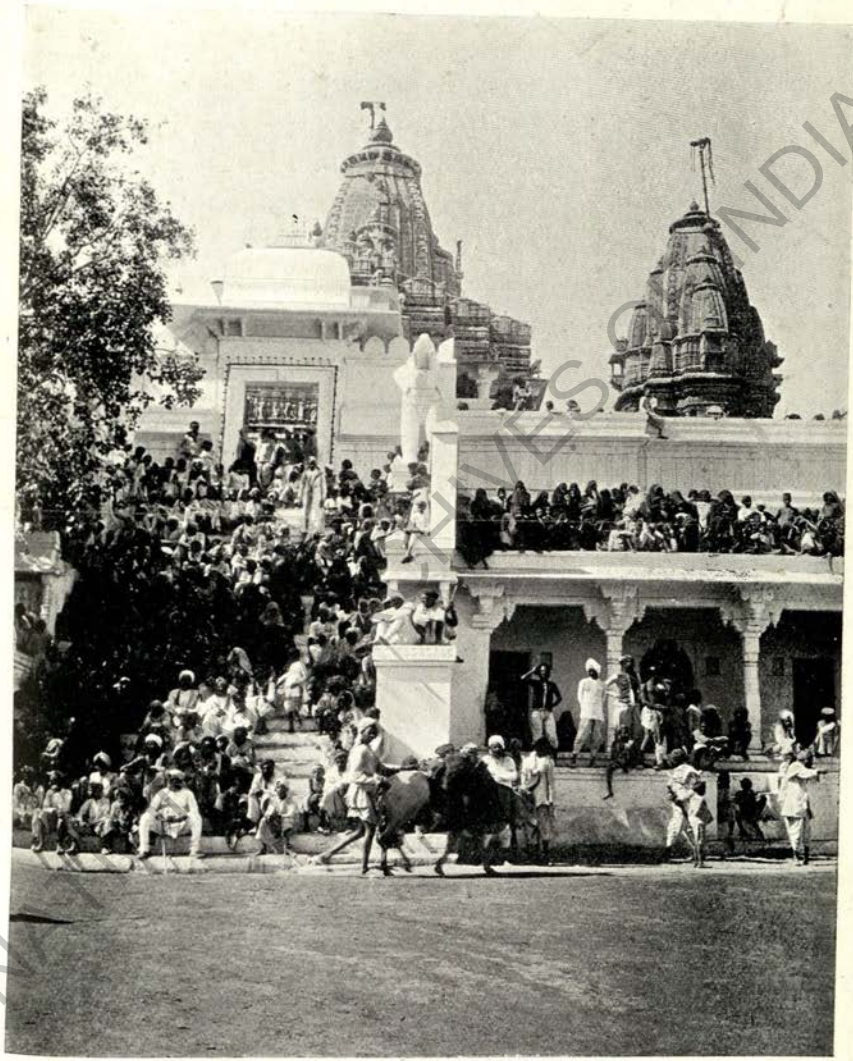
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CHAPTER V

THE CITY OF SUNRISE

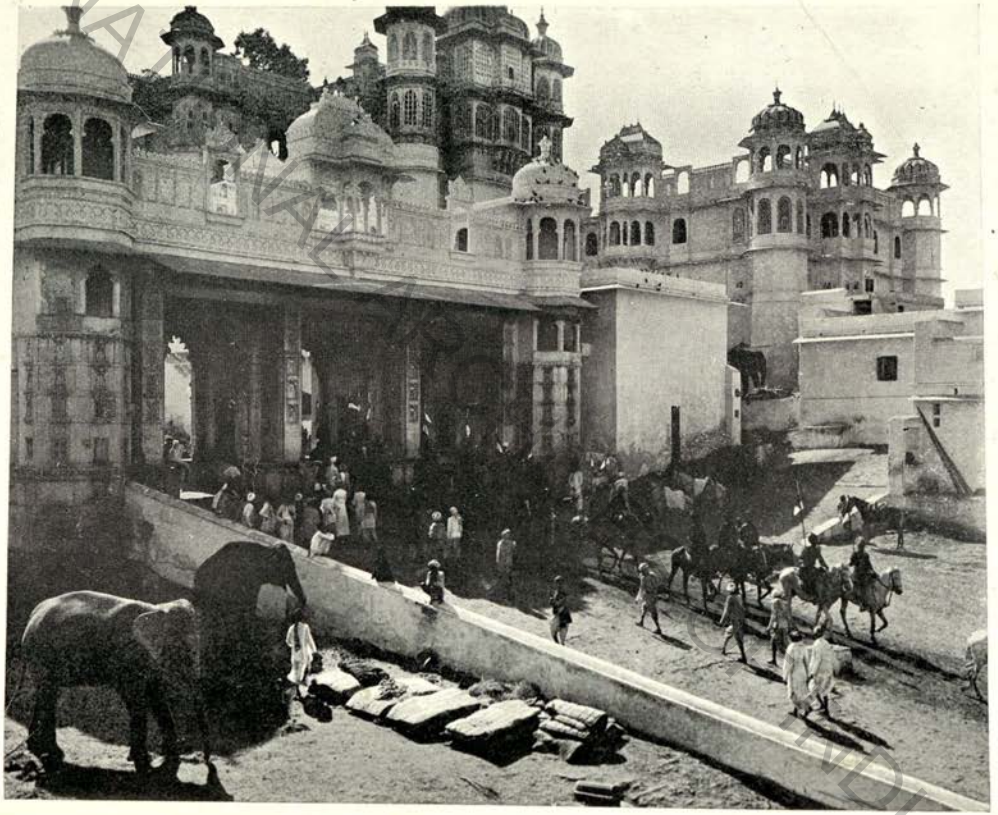
THE sun was down when we left Indore, but the way was lit for us out of the State by sentinels on either side of the line with aromatic torches flaming above their heads. By day gay galloping horsemen had guarded the railway, but these rigid bronze figures, white-robed, crimson-turbaned, with fire dripping from the scented wood, set along the jungle darkness, each in his space of light, seemed as a part of the older India to push us back into feudal ages with their pretty prodigal ways of courtesy. The sense of feudal days remained when dawn showed us, across the waste plain, half desert, half jungle, over which we were toiling, the filling of walls and forts and bastions in every gap by which a road could enter through the rampart hills of Udaipur. The city itself—City of Sunrise its name means, but as the wonderful City of Sunset one remembers it—was still miles away, and these barriers in its outermost defences are now but memories of the old strife between Hindu and Muhammadan, between Rajput and Mughal, which began with the driving out of the Rajputs of Chitor by

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THE JAIN TEMPLE, UDAIPUR

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UDAIPUR. THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE

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Akbar into the deserts of the Indus, and only ended with the shrinking northward of the Mughal Empire.

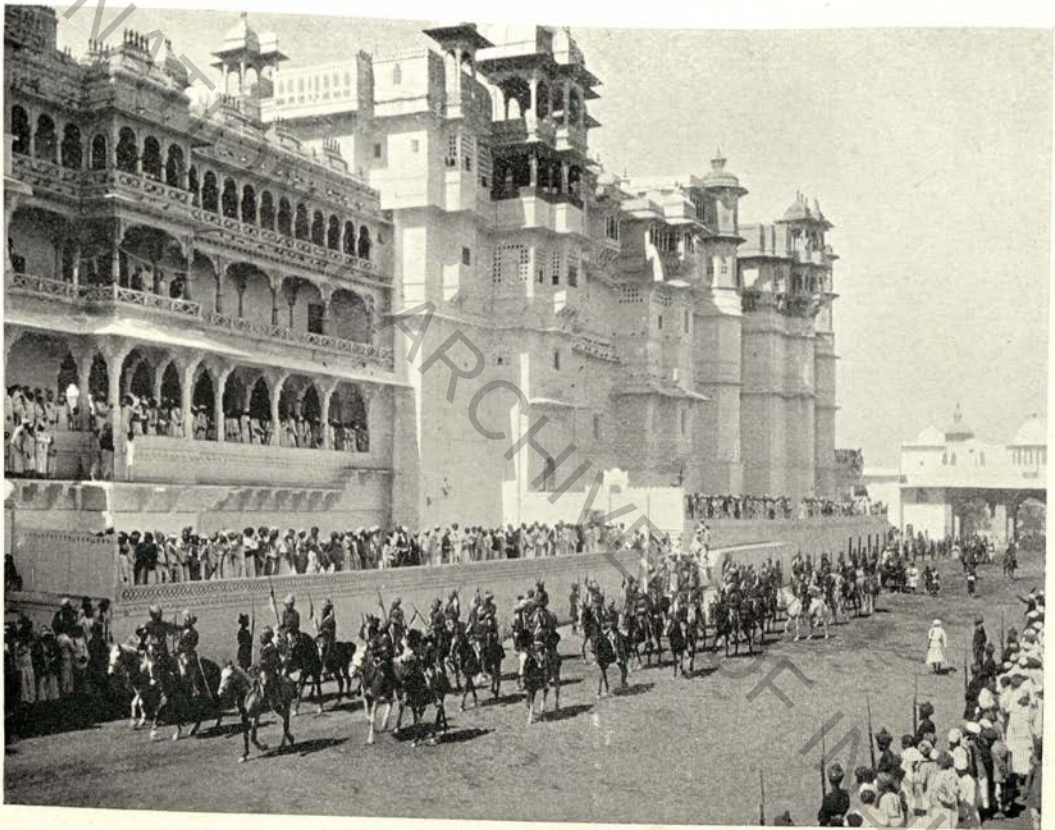
The Rajputs of Chitor, of all rulers in India, have the right to produce feudal impressions, since they still gravely trace their descent from the sun, and can boast that they alone of all the Rajput stock were too proud, even in their most desperate days, to give a daughter in marriage to a Mughal Emperor. The very shape of the city also favours the feudal sense, climbing, as it does, from the huts of the sweepers and the dust of the bazar, up by devious streets and zig-zag alleys, with houses hoisted on each other's shoulders and the great white Palace standing on the heads of them all. That is one way of seeing it; not the most striking, but perhaps the most suggestive. From the lake the Palace seems, folding the whole town under its heavy wing, to put it aside with a sort of disdainful tolerance. But seen from the city it seems uplifted with a kind of triumph. As you climb the steep glaring streets you cannot see it, you have only the sense of its mass above you, the knowledge that up to it and to it only everything leads, till your way is barred by massive granite walls, and passing through the Great Gate you cross the court where the Royal elephants trumpet, under whose arches past Maharanas have been weighed for largesse against gold and silver, and, mounting still, enter

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by a further archway to find at last the white height of it rising from beside you into the sky. White and almost blank its walls are—mercifully empty of ornament in a country which never knows where to stay its decorating hand—all the tracery being kept for the topmost storeys, which lie, exquisitely chased, like a crown of old carven ivory, above the front of its colourless determination. Coming upon it so, aloof, silent, impenetrable, it seems to breathe the haughty spirit of Rajput valour, which six hundred years ago, at the first Mughal capture of Chitor, caused a Rajput queen and thirteen thousand of her women to seek death by burning that their men should be free to fight their way through the foe.

But for a certain overpowering picturesqueness it is from the lake that the Palace should be seen, if only because there is nothing quite to match it in all India. Where on the land side was the climbing town here is only a sheer precipice of wall; wall of shorn granite and of inbuilt marble, with its foot set deep in the lake water, and all of it washed to one dazzling whiteness, so that there is no telling masonry from the solid rock. From this, the oldest part, the rest leans back from the lake, rising by bastions, terraces, and winding stairs to the crest of the hill, which is crowned by the Palace along the whole lifted length of it. It is all of marble—whitewashed; and yet one does not wish the whitewash away. Marble would have taken

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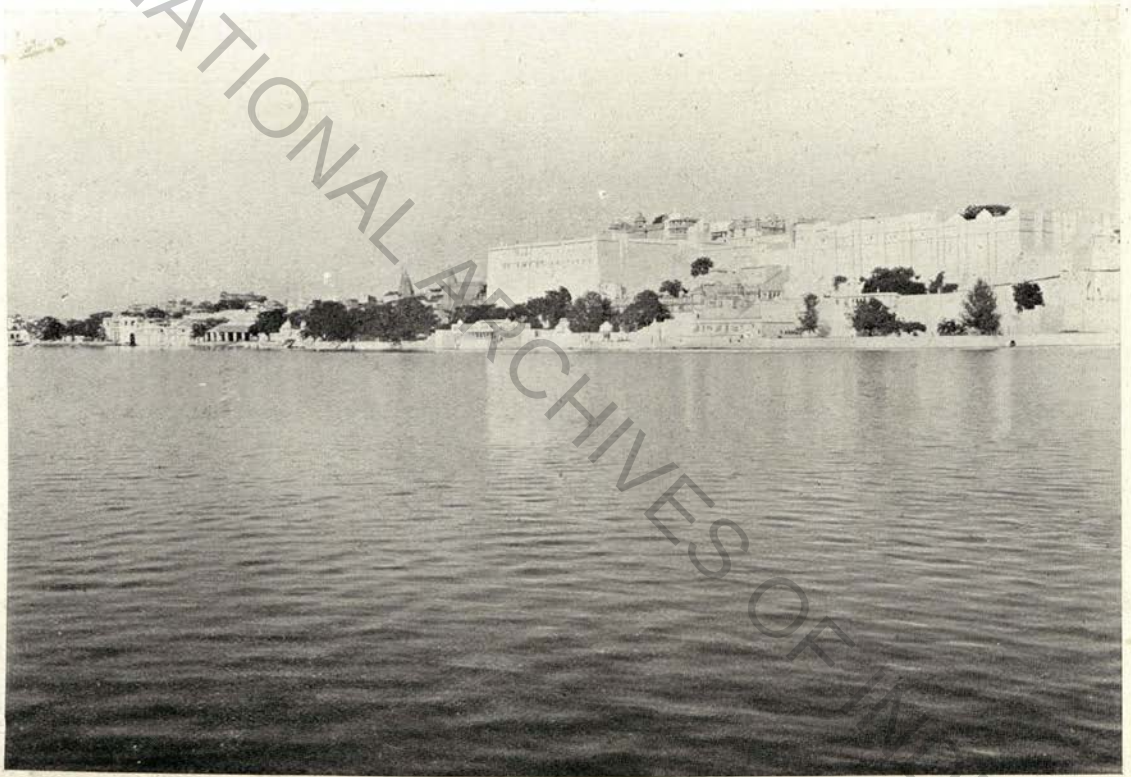
The Maharaja Arriving at the Palace, Udaipur

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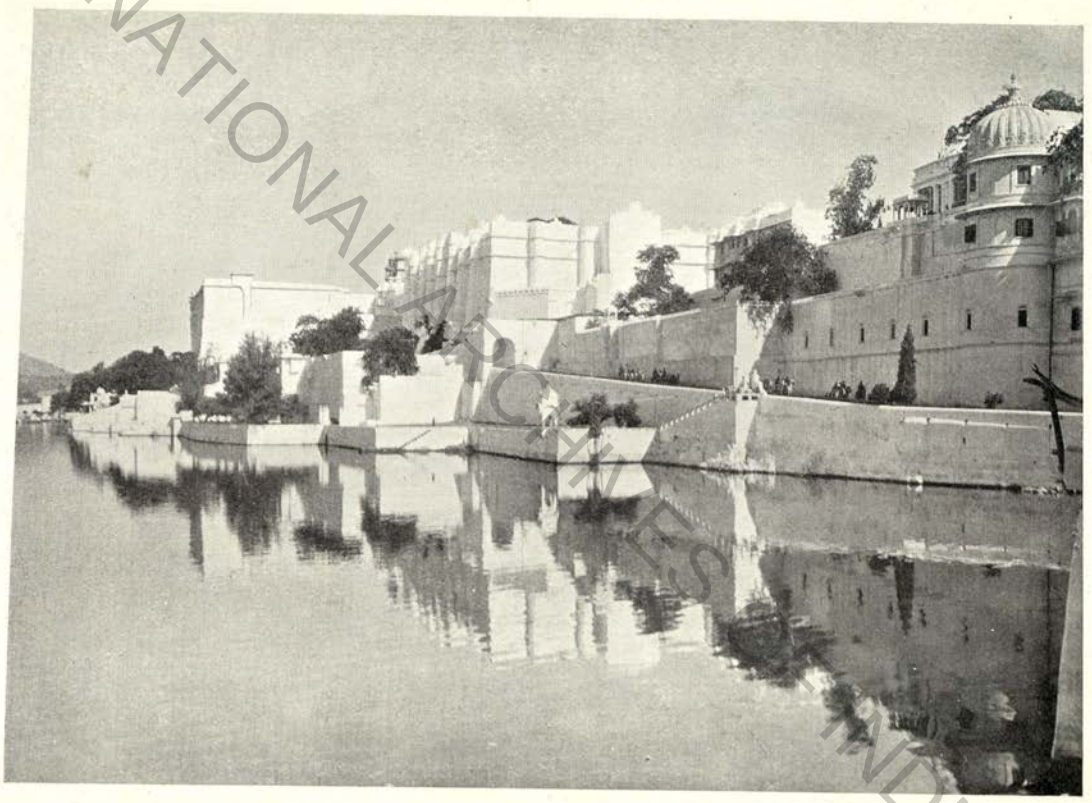
THE PRINCE'S ENTRY

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The White Palace, Udaipur

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THE PALACE FROM THE SOUTH. THE PRINCESS LEAVING

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the grave elegance of age, would have owed its charm to the tenderness of a thousand seasons, would have grown mellow with the whole hillside. But one feels that this proud thing will owe time nothing: she will wear no sort of beauty which is not herself. She washes from her face, as though it were a defilement, the soft tint of the ages, she hides even the lavish marble of which she is made. She will so insist on having nothing but her splendid shape and carriage as to make even her simplicity arrogant. But she will be incarnate youth as well; she will only be seen as she was in the day when her builder looked back and wondered how he had made her. And so she faces you at midday in her insolent whiteness, like some haughty beauty, daring you to look at her: and indeed, to look at her in that hour is not the part of wisdom, for she not only does her best to blind you, but to look as unlovely as she can. It is only hours later that you learn the wisdom of her audacious whiteness, when she wraps herself in the sun's splendid yellows: and then, when he is down and the sunset faded, seems to let his colours slip off her into the water, and stands there in a tired pallor, dead white, almost pathetic, as though wearied already with her pretence of youth. But when above that cold clear wash of air in the west the after-glow rises, you turn suddenly to find her all flushed with rose, shy, tender, almost appealing,

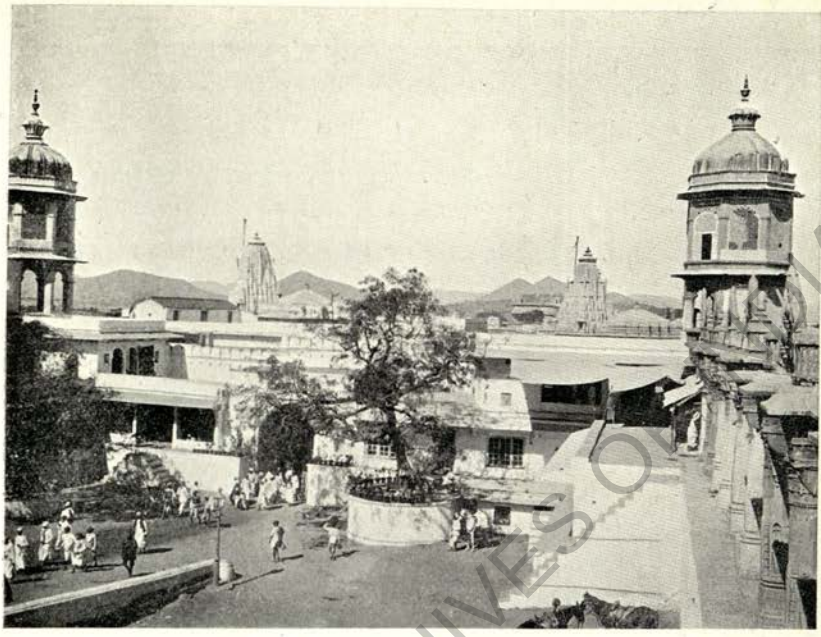
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with her ivory crown like the blossom of peaches, and a deep amethyst dyeing the fringe of her skirts.

Any one who wishes to see things as they are should of course avoid Royal progresses. One is already looking forward to Bikanir and the desert, after little more than a fortnight of finding every place either in a flurry of preparation or complacently looking its bedizened best. Now and again we gain: we see in one short morning what we might seek in vain for months: we receive a single wonderful impression from what dispersed would fail entirely of its effect. But our gains are not worth being set beside our losses. Our gains we would not have missed because we had not looked for them. But our losses are whole cities, and all the special things of beauty that we hoped to find.

In Udaipur we may be reckoned fortunate, for the depressing daytime decorations scarcely penetrated within the city, and the illuminations carried considerably forward one's conception of the effects to be obtained from them. But for that, too, one paid dear; for the Udaipur illuminant is a small clay saucer filled with oil in which a cotton wick is laid. Used by the hundred thousand its tiny flames give a delicate twinkling line of light of itself delightful. The saucers are stuck on little dabs of mud, and can so be placed safely on the slenderest bamboo, or

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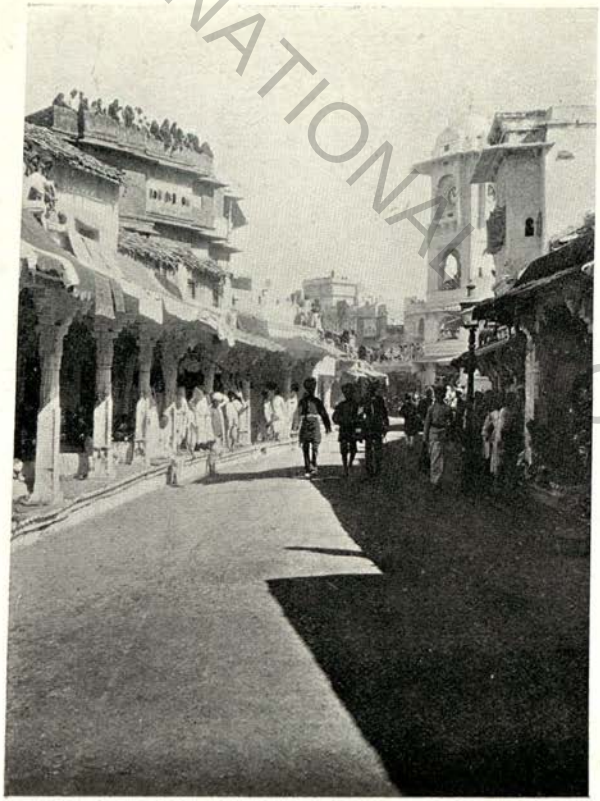


LOOKING NORTH FROM THE BARI POL

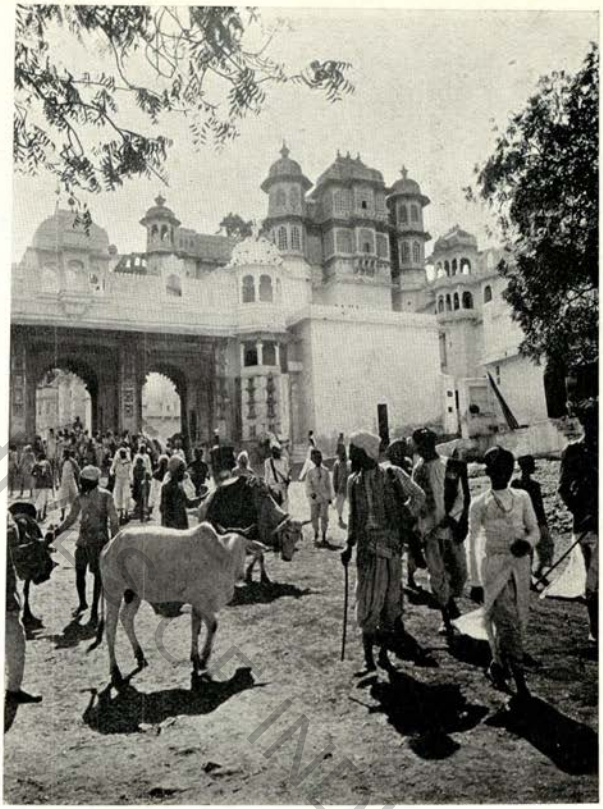


THE CROWN OF THE PALACE

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THE MAIN STREET, UDAIPUR



THE TRIPULIA OF THE BARI POL

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are hung vertically on wires. They are filled by a native who talks excitedly over his shoulder during the operation, and the lake-side reeked of and ran with oil for two days before the lamps were lighted. So completely, too, was the idea carried out that not an outline was left along the shore unspoilt by rows of brown battis. We had in return quite as fine a spectacle as probably of its kind could anywhere be seen. There were miles of the delicate trembling lines of fire. They flickered like golden crowns round the high hill forts, with the pale stars of heaven about and beneath them, and in those unlooked-for unthought-of places they were really lovelier than words can say. Every building along the line of lakes by which we were rowed to the State banquet was outlined by those slender threads of flame, which climbed, by wall and roof from house to house, up the sloping town till they reached the Palace, while across the lake they glowed from all the airy villas, and clung to every pillar, minaret, and cupola in the White Islands, their long reflections from either shore making the water like gold work about the oars. One paid it the tribute of a child's admiring wonder; one could really imagine nothing more complete; decoration of the sort could go no further.

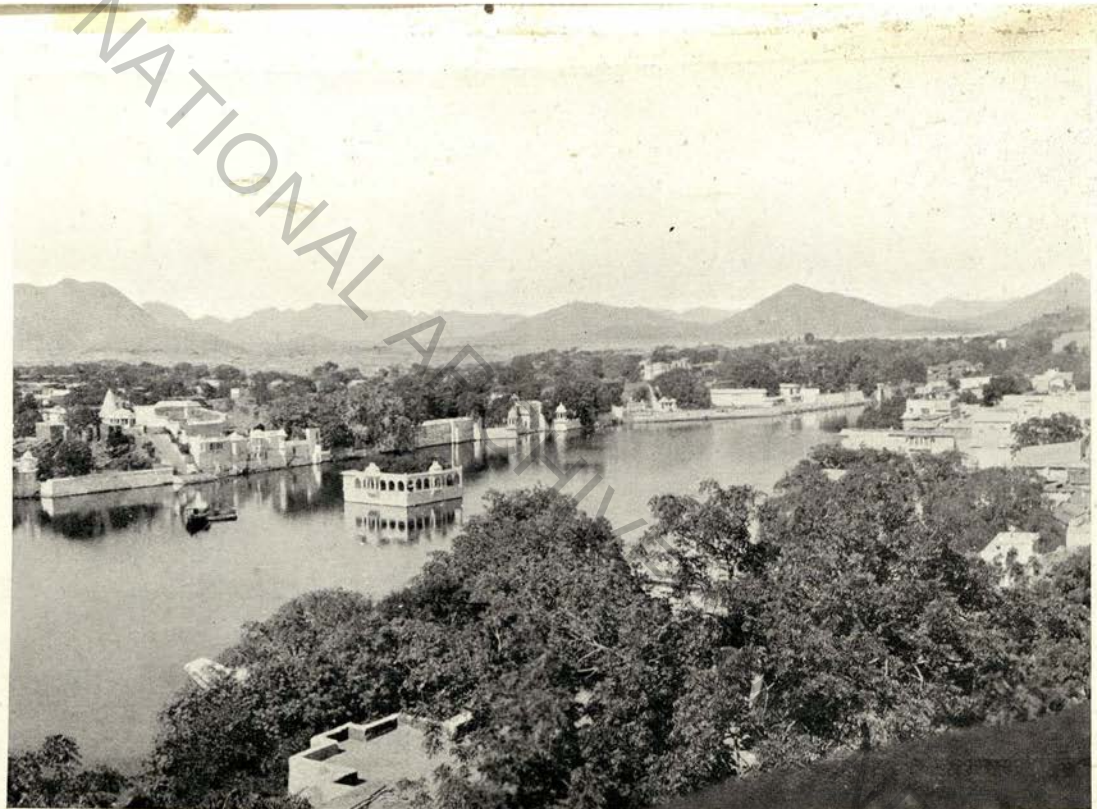
Yet it was only as we were rowed back at midnight from the Palace, with the lights growing fainter and failing here and there, that one learnt

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how shallow is the pleasure that such things bring.

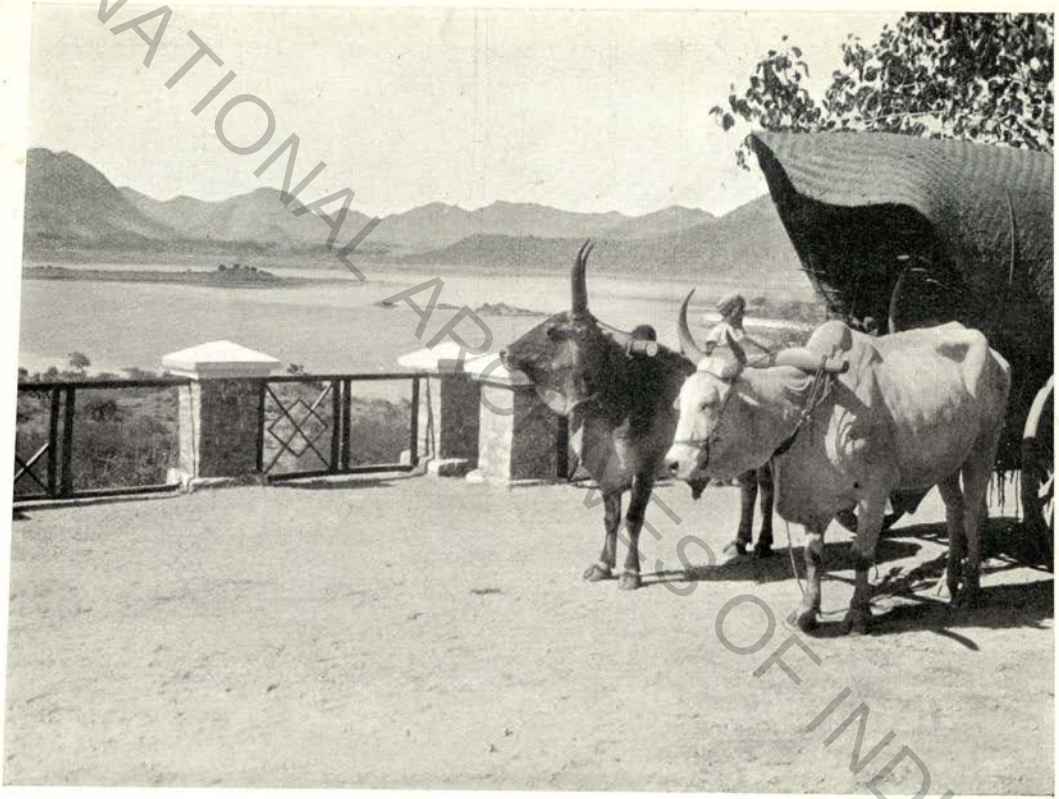
As the boat came to shore in the dark water beneath the Guest House, so grave and still after the roar of bombs and rockets, the glory of the risen moon was unveiled before us. Then one knew.

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THE LAKE FROM THE PALACE, UDAIPUR

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FROM THE GUEST HOUSE, UDAIPUR

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CHAPTER VI

JAIPUR

INEVITABLY, no doubt, but unfortunately, our impressions of India have been so far confined to Native States, so that there has been no break in the continuity of colour and barbaric ornament. And our opportunities for appreciation and remembrance are not at all so considerable as perhaps they seem. One is aroused out of the unrestful unwholesome sleep of our unremitting journey in the dark of the morning, shakes off the blanket of dust which has fallen defilingly over everything during the night, struggles with the meagre means of ablution to suggest a merely temporary lapse in habits of cleanliness, grapples with the incongruity of a frock-coat and its concomitant embarrassments —surely for such occasions the most inapt costume —and is then suddenly shot out of the littered compartment into unexpected sunlight blazing with the effulgence of mediæval India. Impeaching inwardly the intrusion of one's own unlovely appearance on such a scene, one tries, with a prevision of failure, to absorb its immemorable and indescribable variety. Before one has glanced superficially at one-tenth part of it, guns from

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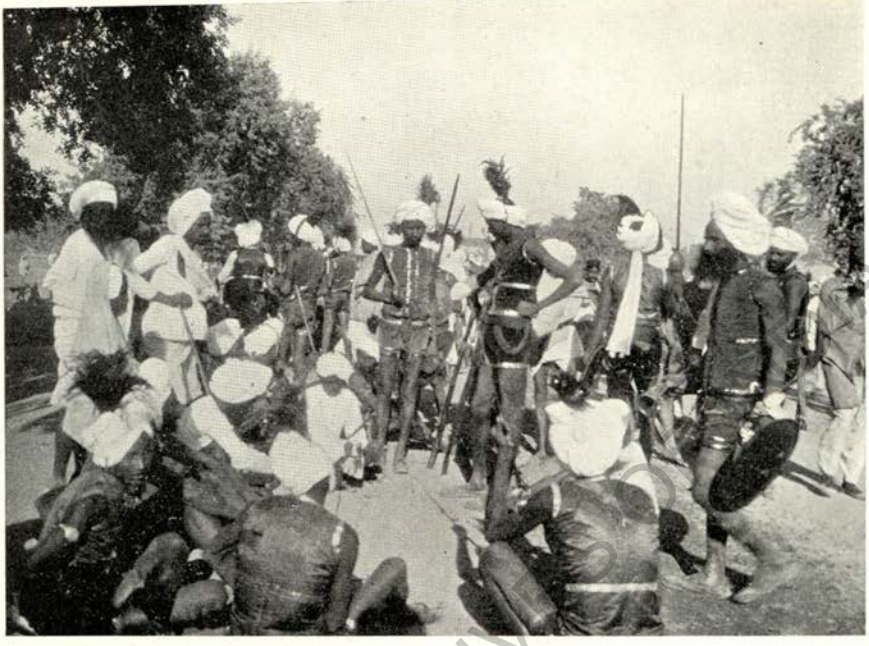
the station announce the Royal arrival, the lines of fantastic figures vibrate with expectation, the sweepers disappear from the roadway, a dozen glittering horsemen gallop along it, the far end fills with a flood of colour, the Royal procession passes, the crowd, stifled with dust, bursts in behind, and, in the crowd and the dust and the shouting, mediæval India disappears. It melts away, mingles somehow, incredibly, with the moving throng, dissipates its fulgent dyes about the city, and one sees it no more. One may find it indeed, if one is foolish enough to seek for it, but stripped of its glories and almost lapsed again into the common day. The elephants, apart, dull, ruminant in their mud-walled stables; but gone the golden howdahs, the gold-embroidered carpets which are their saddle-cloths, the golden girths and bells, the filigree of jewelled silver on their foreheads, the silver chain-mail on their flanks. Nothing left them but their painted faces, the gay vermilion and orange, peacock-blue and green, which went so well with their vanished splendours, but almost wear an air of lost innocence without them. But the elephants by no means monopolised one's attention at Jaipur. There were camel batteries with the long swivel gun mounted on the camel, the gunner managing precariously gun and camel from behind the hump, and camel batteries with gaunt camels harnessed to baby muzzle-loaders which hardly reached to the camel's knees.

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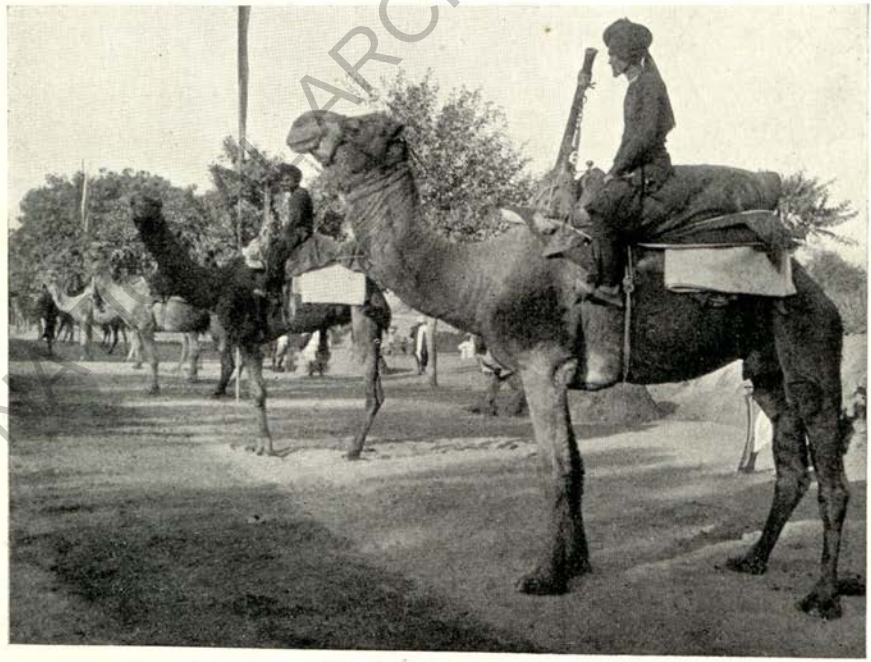


THE MAHARAJA'S ELEPHANTS, JAIPUR

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A Group of Nagas, Jaipur



The Camel Battery

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There were bullock batteries, too, with gleaming silver-plated guns and calm-eyed oxen with chased and hammered silver cases to their horns, long wrought-silver coats and silver trappings, and inlaid silver guards to the gun wheels. The bullock carts brought the strongest note of colour into the whole line, for they and their hoods were painted the same shade as the velvet cloths that the big white oxen wore, and to match which their horns were enamelled or enclosed in velvet bags, either of a vivid emerald green or an intense crimson. These old carts, despite their short squat curves, are really beautiful pieces of coach-building, if building it can be called, seeing that on scarcely any part of them a tool has come. Every piece of the framework stands just as it grew, and thousands of pieces must have been rejected before just the right curve and then the exact fellow to it was found. But thus found and bound with thongs of raw hide together—even the solid segments of the wheels having no other tie—they have kept the living lines with all their charming individual differences, unstrained and unwarped for, it might be, centuries, such a bent air of age, of age repainted but unrepaired, has their indestructible solidity. The big white Gujerati oxen, sleek, solemn, sacred, onyx-eyed, such patricians by comparison with all the other kine of India, seem yoked to them with a peculiar fitness, an epitome of the old Hindustan, mild, wrapt, passive, long-enduring.

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With their beauty, their grave imperturbability, their brooding eyes, it is easy to imagine how they came to be worshipped; easy, too, to understand why they are loved and petted and treated rather as some dull-witted child than as beasts of burden.

Above them, above everything indeed, fluttered the five colours of the Rajput standard, green, yellow, red, white, and indigo, very decorative, especially when worked on a foundation of threads of gold. They were carried by the elephants, banners twenty feet square that filched a quite considerable space of sky; by the horsemen, whose steeds had their manes plaited with gold braid and wore nets of jewelled silver over their necks and quarters; and by footmen all in scarlet—scarlet turbans, scarlet blouses, scarlet trousers, scarlet shoes; or all in green, the most verdant of greens, with a crimson border; or all in orange, the hottest orange, with a pale blue edge. One names but three out of some three hundred liveries, without a word for the uniforms of the native levies, all of them wonderfully picturesque; Infantry, with eight-foot match-locks wrapped up in green velvet bags, proud possessors of bell-mouthed blunderbusses, of flint-locks, match-locks, and the earlier progeny of muskets; Cavalry, good horsemen, well-mounted, and not ill-drilled, with a pair of the ruling colours in their lance pennants, green and yellow, yellow and red, red and green, green

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THE RESIDENCY GARDEN, JAIPUR



THE RESIDENCY WELL



THE HALL OF THE WINDS, JAIPUR

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and white, or white and yellow. The queerest figures in the procession were the Nagas, men with dark skins, snub noses, bushy beards, lean and tall, devotees who expose themselves naked to every inclemency of weather, in spite of English interdicts. They had so far conformed to custom as to wear waistcoats of green and pink satin, carried round black shields, and long straight flexible swords with hilts wrought into a steel gauntlet, the grip being at right angles to the blade. They leapt wildly about before the Prince's carriage, striking their chins with their prancing knees, keeping their swords, like a harlequin's bat, in a perpetual quiver, screaming and blowing shrilly through strange twisted conches.

After such samples of its peoples one looked forward with exceptional curiosity to Jaipur itself; but Jaipur was an unqualified disappointment. Jai Singh, who was surnamed "One and a half" as a tribute to his greatness, founded it nearly two hundred years ago. A man who could leave lovely Amber, five miles away in the hills, to set down a city in the modern American manner on a dusty plain, must have been capable of anything: but Jai Singh's idea of a city was based apparently on a birthday cake, and he built miles and miles of it, in big rectangular blocks, with streets laboriously wide and depressingly regular, all of a painful mauve pink, embellished with flourishes in white stucco, which, by their resemblance to confectioner's

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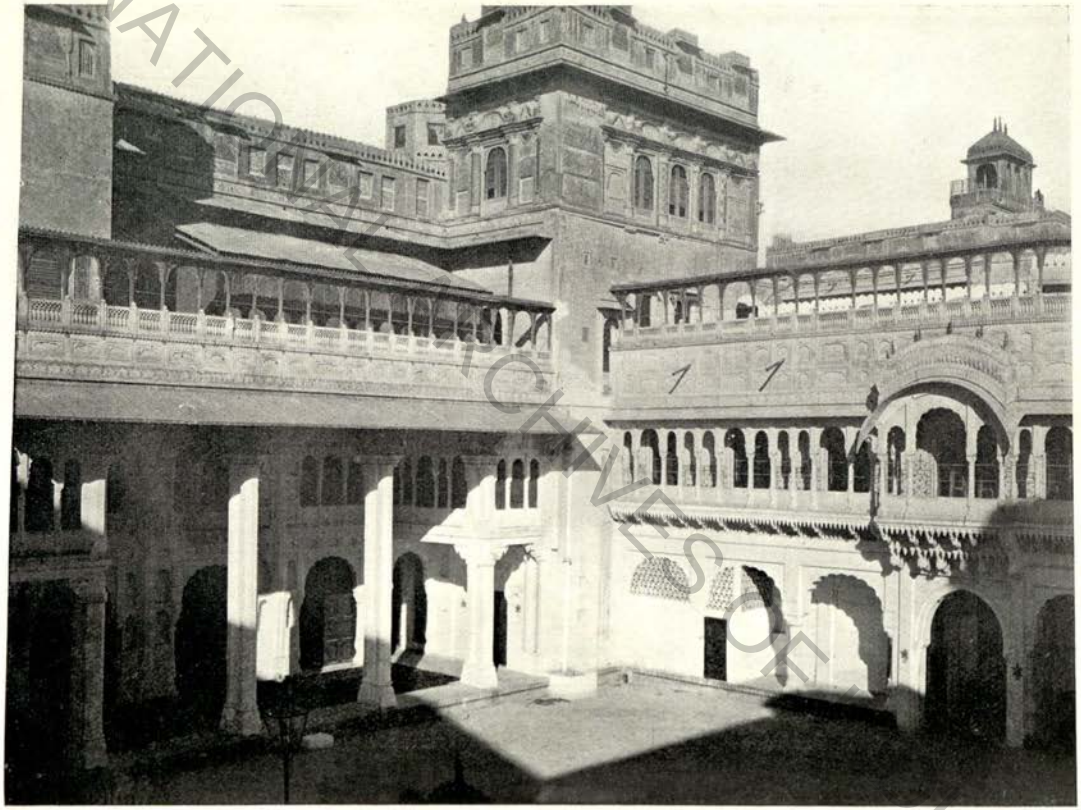
sugar, complete the suggestion of a cake. Save the Maharaja's Palace, which is painted a stone yellow, the entire city is of the same wearisome hue, of itself a sufficient condemnation, though by no means the worst of its offence. With its tiresome battlements, pretentious ornament, and continuous repetition, it seems composed entirely of outer walls, lacking any hint of personal taste, circumstance, or even of occupation. Even the famous Hall of the Winds, which looks quite interesting in a photograph, is merely an exuberant moment in confectionery, and as architecture could only be tolerable on the understanding that it was to be eaten the same evening. The town is said by its admirers to be seductive at sunset; but a sunset — seeing how few we have that are not spent in the train — seemed too valuable to be wasted on it. We saw it illuminated, elaborately illuminated, through a suffocating fog of dust and the movement of a hundred thousand people, on our way to and from the Maharaja's banquet; but the mauve pink looked not a whit less depressing by the light of the flickering lines of battis, and the streets, though packed with people, seemed still too wide to frame them effectively. But the wonders of the morning came no more; and it is thus that we are seeing India. An incomparable pageant, deplorable decorations, throngs of sightseers, reiterated formalities, and clouds of dust.

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LALLGARH CAMP AND PALACE, BIKANIR

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THE FORT, BIKANIR

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CHAPTER VII

A DESERT CITY

We are devouring India with an indigestible rapidity. It is eleven days since we left Bombay, and some part of all but three of those has been spent in the train. Thus, too, on eight days out of the eleven one has been either packing up and getting into camp, or packing up and getting out of it. And that, even with all the blessed facilities this country offers for having things done for one, has left very little time for India. Also, there awaits us everywhere an obscuring and retarding veil of ceremonies, through which, for half of the time left from travel, one has to see what one can.

True, the veil is in itself instructive, it has all the colour and pageantry that was India woven into it. Thus it might be of the greatest service if one could only take it in.

But one is really trying all the while to look, not at it, but through it at the India beyond; the India which is the poor precarious tortoise on which this elephant of State stands; and the result of having all this encrusted magnificence dangled continuously before one's eye is merely to put one

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past getting impressions from anything, so that to-day the Maharaja's men in the black chain-mail of a Crusader mounted on camels seemed no more curious than the blue and yellow constable on a first landing at Bombay.

There is one thing more, with which it would be ungrateful to quarrel, but which also serves to shut us out from India.

We are, as it were, insulated from contact with Indian influences by the small but wholly English world in which we move.

Take us at the present moment. We are in camp in a Maharaja's compound; the uninhabitable desert stretches for miles on every side of us; a sea of sand over which only a camel can travel, separated from us by a low mud wall.

The red-trousered sentries about the Palace carry the weapons of fifty years ago, and are proud of their modernity.

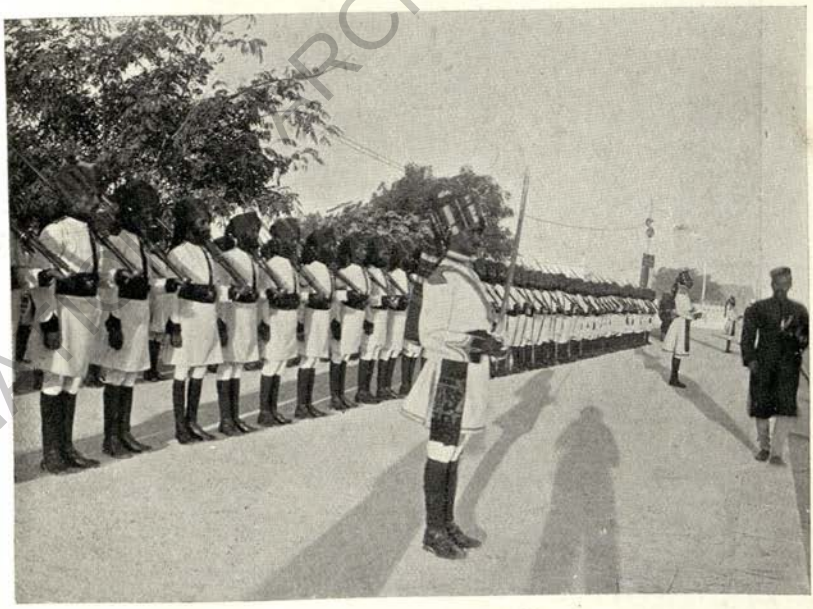
You can have an omnibus drawn by a pair of elephants or a couple of camels in a wagonette or landau. Here, if anywhere, we might fancy ourselves in touch with the East, the old real India.

Well, we came into camp before the sun was hot to find a choice of pomfrets Meuniére, omelette aux champignons, poulet Colbert, and curry d'huitres offered us for breakfast, cooked as one might often fail to find them in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. Our tents, carpeted with the State colours of Bikanir, are lighted by electricity within and

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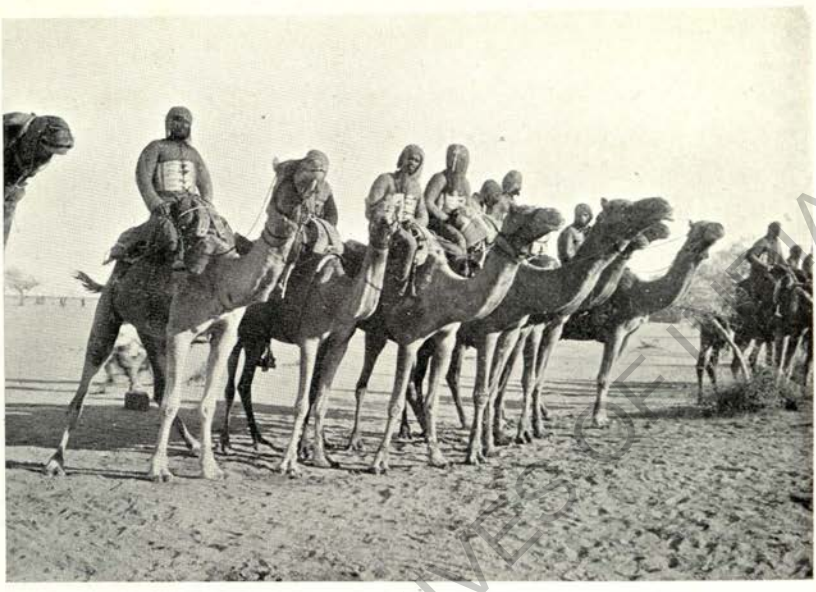


THE CAMEL CORPS TROTTING, BIKANIR



THE CAMEL CORPS' GUARD OF HONOUR

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CRUSADERS, BIKANIR



THE MAHARAJA'S HORSES

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without; there is even an incandescent lamp in one's bath-flap. While for those whom the Imperial sand-grouse does not monopolise, there is buck shooting, pig-sticking, racquets, tennis, and billiards.

Excellent things all of them, and proof, one might say, of nothing but the courtesy of a host whose consideration for his guests' comfort could not be outdone.

He would be a fool indeed who saw in decent cooking and wholesome sport anything that should need apology. Yet it is just because the Englishman's life in India is so healthy and reasonable, so a making the most of meagre opportunity, that its other function of interposing a curtain between his eyes and India passes unobserved.

One has to live the life before its insidiousness can be suspected, before the subtle fashion in which this small concentrated English world draws one's receptiveness away from India could be believed.

And our existence, in such places as Bikanir, does not differ in essence from the ordinary official life of thousands of our countrymen. It is swifter, more discursive, more complete. Our camps are from three to five hundred instead of from ten to twenty miles apart; our dealings are with the top of Indian life instead of, mostly, with the bottom; we are here for a few months instead of for half a lifetime. But these differences

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are superficial; our aims are alike: to do our work as well as we can, and to keep apart from it as far as possible.

It would be quite easy to prove these aims the secret of our success in India; it is not at all impossible that later they may be seen to be the secret of our failure.

There are other paradoxes of the sort, not less surprising. India has conquered all her conquerors because they have lived with her, and lost in her indolent arms their conquering qualities.

Therefore, it might appear for England an exceptional advantage that she drew her Indian administrators from the tonic rigours of an island six thousand miles away.

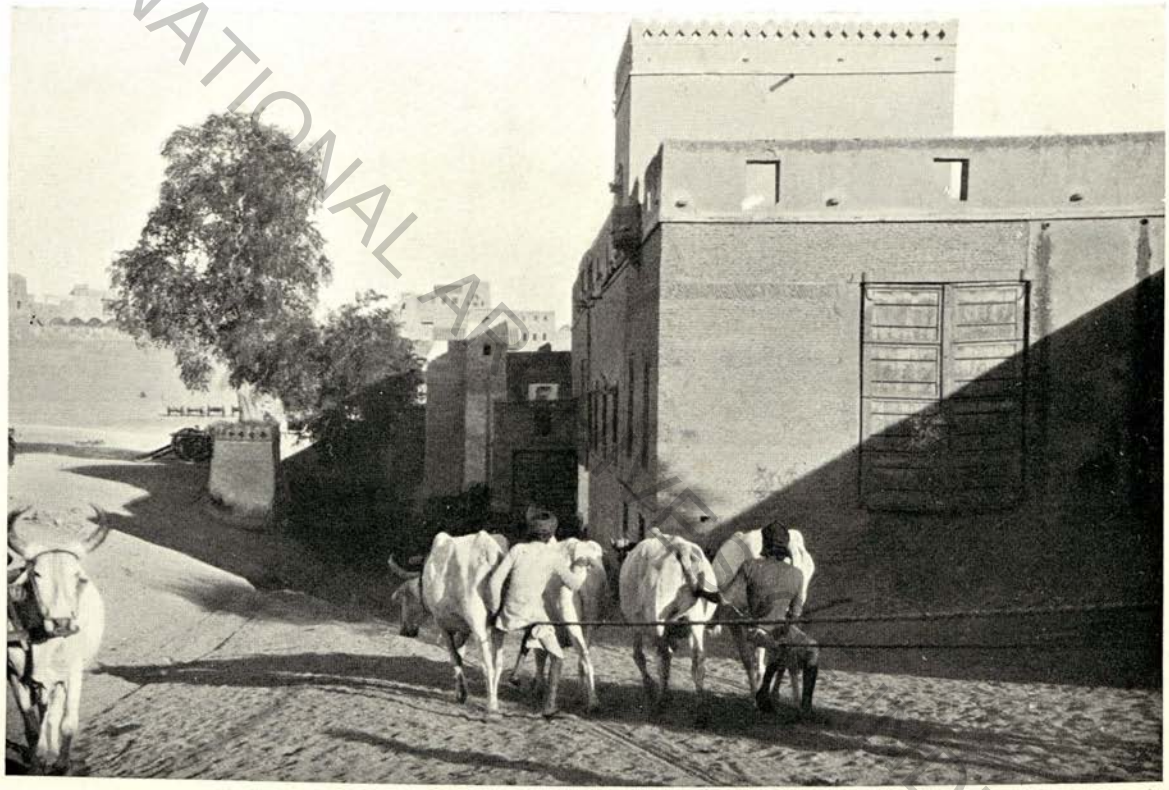
Yet so thoughtful an observer as the late Sir Salar Jung declared that none of our predecessors ever were so utterly foreign to the country as we are, and that in our inability to settle in India lay the most insuperable objection to our rule.

If that were true when it was spoken, it is still truer now.

We are becoming more and more foreign to India, our isolation as a ruling race is growing with every decade more complete.

And therein lies matter for another paradox. It is the Anglicising of India which has emphasised the difference, which has widened the division, between us and her.

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THE DEEP WELL, BIKANIR

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A Bullock Cart, Bikanir

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This has been brought about to a great extent by the increased share which the native has been given in the administration of India.

What he has been given does not at all content him, because he desires higher office than he is considered competent to hold, but what he has obtained already has sufficed to alter the relations of the English official to the common people.

There has come between him and them this layer of native officialdom, through which almost everything that concerns the life of the humbler classes is transacted; a layer spreading over the whole of India and more than six million persons thick. To it the penetration of the average Anglo-Indian reaches, and no further. That is one of the surprises in store for any one who tries to study India; the limitations of the sources of knowledge available for his instruction. He begins by being delighted with the fluency of his teachers; he ends, and ends very soon, in sheer despair of reaching with their assistance anything that he wants to know.

The retort is open to them, of course, that only his abysmal ignorance could expect an answer to many of his inquiries; and it is no doubt true that he would expect less could he but realise, as they, the daunting vastness and variety of Hindustan.

Meanwhile, here is Bikanir! and Bikanir has a moral of its own for India. It is run—there is really no other word—by a most capable Prince,

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who found its finances in disorder, its people embittered, its prospects in decay.

To-day he has more than trebled his income, he has built a splendid Palace, he has constructed a railway across the desert which is a source of wealth to him; even his gaol, in which the costly Bikanir carpets are made, does very much more than pay its way. For the use of his subjects, between the new Palace and the town, he has built a club, with racquet and tennis courts, billiard tables, skating rink, football ground, library and reading rooms.

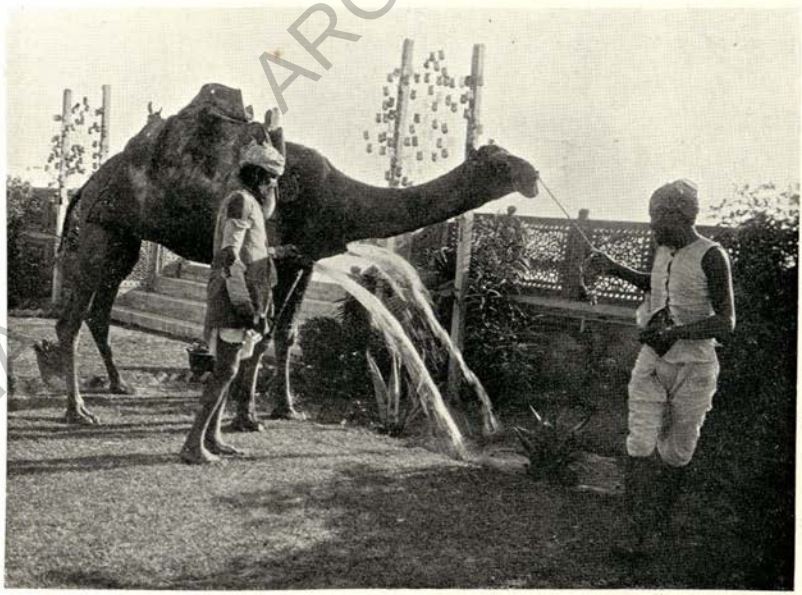
Yet the sands of the desert are all his territory, his capital is mostly a collection of mud huts. Save on his northernmost border, the only water to be found is three hundred feet below the surface; the white oxen may be seen drawing it in skins from those deterrent depths with plaited ropes a hundred yards long. Rain is so rare that the raising of crops on the chance of it is scarcely treated seriously, and a day's camel-riding will show you little more than may be seen in the sterile borders of Arabia—a few lean droves of cattle biting their way among shrivelled sapless stunted thorns.

Yet, Bikanir prospers, and prospers, indubitably, not by the fostering of an English Resident but by the exceptional competence of its natural ruler, a Rajput of the Royal stock. True he has had an English training; he is so English in speech and tastes and manner that one could not

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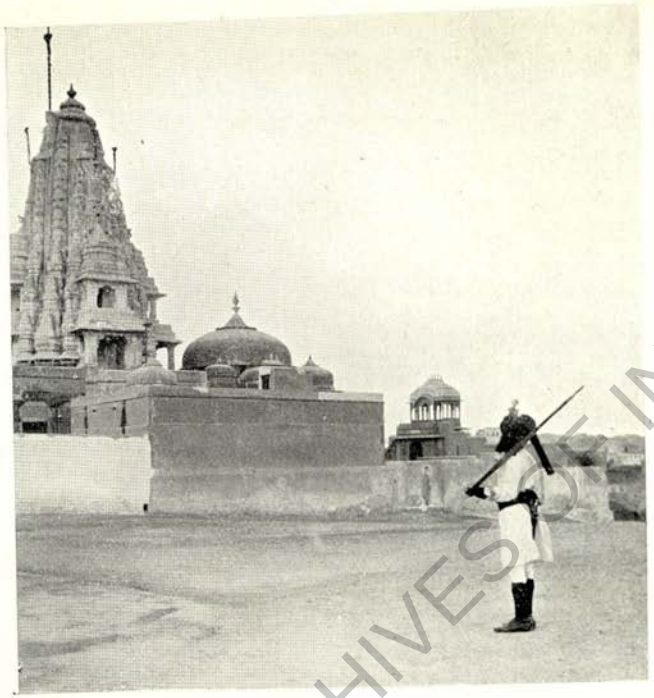


THE DESERT FROM THE FORT, BIKANIR



WATERING THE PALACE GARDEN

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GODS AND MEN. THE LAST SENTRY



KEEPING BACK THE CROWD, BIKANIR

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in those particulars know him from an Englishman. One may regard him as an exceptional instance, if only because his English training has developed and strengthened the sound fibre in him. More often it has the opposite effect. There, however, he significantly remains; proof that business instinct and the power of rule may be sought outside the white core of India.

The time may come, ere long, when we may have to use it, or rather, for indeed we use it already, to a scale and on a system we have not contemplated hitherto.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE SWORD HAND OF INDIA

BIKANIR, in our last view of it, was like the city of a dream. With twilight the mass of the fortress Palace seemed to rise dominant above the town, its great square shoulders thrust up clear of the huddled houses; the ivory whiteness of its soaring face, the rose-red bastions of its sandstone terraces, alone able to challenge the desert's absorbing obliterating emptiness; standing above the darkening waste of sand out of the evening's purples, vague as the fabric of an Arabian entertainment, with towers that seemed builded of opal and of pearl.

When Northern India lay at the mercy of Muhammadan raiders, Bikanir was a city of refuge, where rich Hindu merchants built houses and kept their families and occasionally themselves. The desert was a fence about them, which the most reckless freebooter seldom cared or dared to cross. Thus were built in Bikanir, amid the rough mud huts, darkening its narrow alleys, the tall houses so richly carved from the soft red sandstone which hardens in the desert wind: and thus was given to the city that exotic air which

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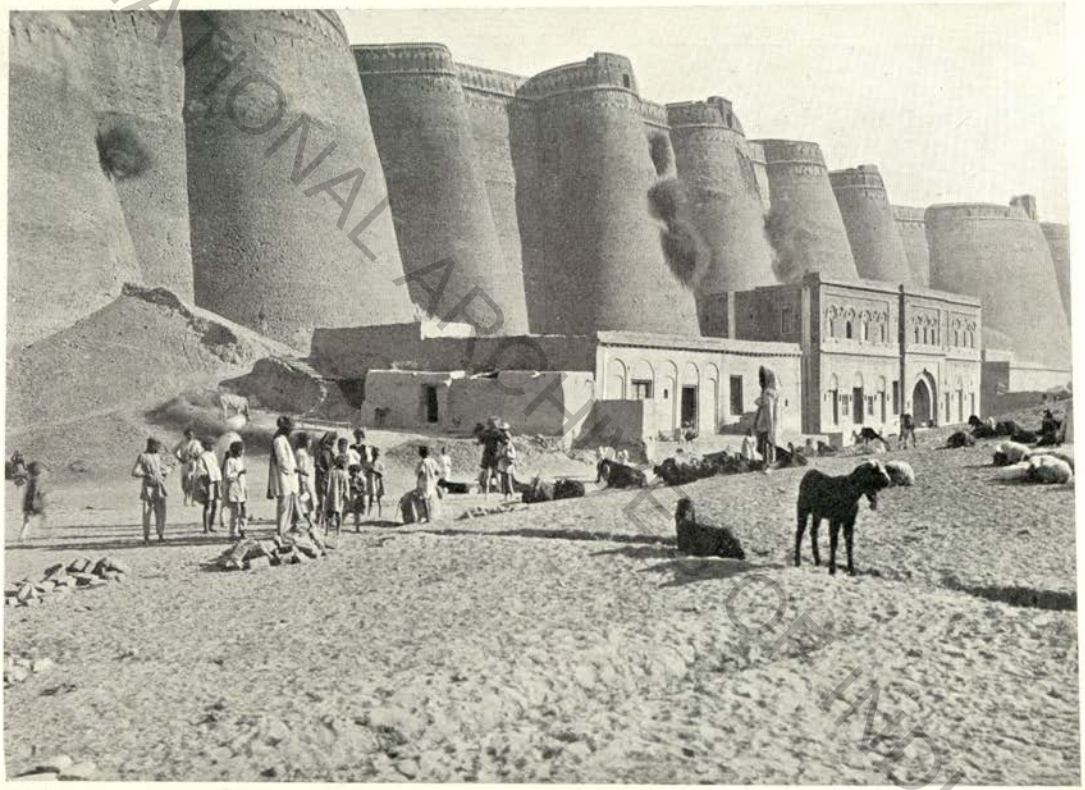


THE ELEPHANT BUS



THE LANDAU AND PAIR, BIKANIR

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THE FORT, BHATINDA

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makes Bikanir, set in those encroaching sands, seem to belong less to Hindustan than to Persia or to Syria. Almost in emulation of the desert colours, of the red city swept by yellow sand, seemed the use of red and orange in the Bikanir liveries. The Camel Corps, which did such good service in Somaliland, and is probably second to none, wears them in turban and cummerbund above a white blouse, but the household troops are sheer concentrations of the desert's heat and glare.

But the eye, however fond of warmth and sunlight, is grateful for a change from the undiluted red end of the spectrum, after even a few days of it, and, with a view to please us, Lahore had only to be herself to be most effective.

For Lahore is green; incredibly green to the traveller in Rajputana very short of rain. She taps one of the great rivers of the Punjab, and pours water over herself with a prodigality that takes the parched man's breath away. She lives in great gardens, deep in trees; so deep that the houses are scarcely to be seen, and each man hangs his name on his garden gate to let it be known where he is living. There are no streets of shops as in England we understand them; the shops are bungalows also, set back in compounds, and you have to approach your bootmaker and your banker by a carriage drive.

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This diffusion makes Lahore a city of far distances, in which it is impossible to do anything on foot; but it offers one in exchange miles of apparent park on either side of her wide avenues. She had spent water more lavishly even than her wont in keeping these at their greenest, and then, most foolishly, she gave further expression to her loyalty by erecting a hideous screen of mottoes and bunting which almost hid them from view. The mottoes wore the most mechanical expression of cordiality which such misconceived decoration can achieve, while lacking all the humours of misspelling and babu-osity which lightened their dreariness in the Native States, the same trite sentiments being repeated in the same type hundreds of times over; while the bunting attained a pertinacity in disfigurement which seemed scarcely credible in anything so well meant. The native city and bazar, delightful also, but in a quite different fashion, dark, compressed, irregular, were spoilt in the same way; even the camps of the chiefs assembled here to meet the Prince, and capable of so much in their barbaric manner, were packed away behind monstrosities of arches, and beribboned with meaningless school-feast flags.

Indeed, it is plain that we are going to pay dear in many directions for the privilege of accompanying a Royal progress. Among the privileges here must be reckoned the two most

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SALUTING THE PRINCE

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interesting events in Lahore: the review, on our last morning, of the Punjab Imperial Service Troops, and the Punjab ball of the night before.

The review, as a review, was a small thing; Camel Corps, Cavalry, and Infantry, little more than three thousand in all, but representing a movement that means a good deal to India, not only giving employment to a class of men who are only fitted to be soldiers, whose assistance some day we may be very glad to have, but providing an interest and occupation for their rulers, whose position under our parental superintendence is often far from enviable. When we take them young we do our best to turn them into the likeness of English youths, while offering them only those outlets of youth on which we should not consider an English training to be worthily expended. What we practically offer them is a career of sport, and we are considerably relieved if we succeed in making them good sportsmen. We do so succeed — occasionally; but even our success has often undesirable consequences.

We have recently—and to Lord Curzon be the credit—given proof of our desire to offer a career to the sons of the native chiefs by the institution of the Imperial Cadet Corps. After a boy left one of the four colleges to which the sons of feudatory chiefs are sent there was nothing

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for which his tastes and training fitted him. He generally took the easy descent, for which every facility was offered him, and took it at a considerable pace. Now in the Cadet Corps he receives a serious military training, which will fit him to assist in the instruction of the Imperial Service Troops of his State, where any exist, with the chance, should he show exceptional ability, of obtaining Staff employment with the Imperial Army. His status in that position will need subsequent defining, but our obligations require that difficulties of that sort should be overcome. The Cadet Corps is a digression from the subject of the review, for the Imperial Service Troops date from a suggestion of Lord Dufferin, but both had their origin in the desire to provide congenial work for men, for whose idleness and its consequences the British Raj is undesirously responsible

The troops which the Prince inspected were well drilled and well equipped. The Camel Corps was not up to the Bikanir standard, neither so well mounted nor so well trained; indeed the Bikanirs worked better trotting than did the Bahawalpuris at a walk. But the foot soldiers were very little inferior to a native regiment, and the Patiala Lancers, extremely well horsed, were as good as could be wished.

About the Punjab ball there was an interest of another kind. From some Indian cities there is

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THE CROWD, LAHORE



THE NATIVE CITY

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an exodus at Christmas; into others, and Lahore is one of them, the whole province flocks. Christmas week is one long joyous holiday. Cricket, polo, gymkhanas, dances, leave in it scarcely an empty hour, and only a grudged space for sleep. In England—no! in England there could be no equivalent, there can be no comparison. In England we amuse ourselves apologetically; we make charity a background for our fêtes and balls. Here the background is plague, pestilence, and famine, and the feast needs no *memento mori* of other men's afflictions. In India they can amuse themselves without excuses, because life there is at the best an uncertain business, and sudden death at every one's elbow. A man came up from Mithankot for the Punjab ball: he was taken out of Lahore Station on a charpoy, his ulster wrapped round him in the roasting sunshine, and his helmet tilted over his face. That is what separates Indian gaiety from the thing in England with the same name. You cannot put it into figures, because, of course, sickness and death are everywhere; but, while at home they are things one mostly hears or reads about, here they are visible presences; you brush against them in the street, and never feel quite secure from their touch on your shoulder.

So Christmas week at Lahore is something more than a round of gaiety. For the men who

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THE LINE OF ELEPHANTS, LAHORE

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it, every hotel had its compound white with tents, for the exorbitant discomfort of which dozens were clamouring; dozens more, after the Indian fashion, which regards the railway station as something between an hotel and a home, dressed in waiting-rooms after a night and day's journey, and left the ball-room for their special before the dawn. And so, one way or another, some nine hundred came, and spacious as are Lahore's resources there was need for every inch of its fine floors, for Lahore dances, as the saying is, "sixteen annas to the rupee," and, having come so far to fill it, saw the programme through. It was a soldiers' night; uniforms everywhere; the gayer colours of the Indian Army, mixed with the red and blue and gold one knew. For once the ladies' dresses did the toning, and the room was only adorned by groups of lances and wreaths of crimson pom-pons drawn up to a ceiling of sky-blue.

Our last Royal dance was the Byculla at Bombay, in a steamy heat, well up in the eighties. Here, not a thousand miles northward, we had stars that sparkled in an English winter sky, and an air that whitened our breath as we sought near dawn for our own traps in the tangle of carriages. Tum-tum, phaeton, and tonga were there, open all of them to the weather, for India never in the practical matter of a dance stands on the order of its going: and it was mostly to

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ladies perched up on high dog-cart seats, or tucked away under tonga awnings, muffled in furs, and veiled in laces, that the merry farewells were said and plans remade for the Christmas meeting.

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CHAPTER IX

THE GATE OF EMPIRE

"SATURDAY, 2nd December. 10 A.M., Public Arrival. 10.30, Address from the Municipal Committee. 3 P.M., Garden Party. 8 P.M., Banquet." The quotation is from the orders of the day, and it is headed Peshawar. Attock and the Indus are behind us, our horizon lies beyond the frontier; Kabul River runs beside us, and Kabul itself is within two days' hard riding. Every name for miles around has a place in history; in history that reaches from the day before yesterday back to Alexander. Yet, so invincibly English are we, that the day's programme for an event that can happen but twice or thrice in a century is indistinguishable from what might be arranged in any county at home.

"Change here for Dargai," cried the guard at Nowshera. Dargai that seemed beyond the civilised border of the world so short a while ago, when one saw its name first on excited posters and heard it shouted through London streets, become now a little station at which any tourist may disport himself. Compared with that, garden parties and municipal addresses seem quite suitable

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to Peshawar, though Peshawar is still a place of plots and the haven of the discontented. The Prince's drive through the city was a cause of grave anxiety to those responsible for his safety. For weeks every house overlooking the route had been searched, and at the last moment the doubtful characters were quietly removed, and detectives planted at points of vantage. Police supervision in India is very thorough, and from the day of their landing a watch is kept on the unaccountable till they arrive, as they generally do, up here.

Germans and Russians are the most frequent foreigners, and to see the Khaibar their ostensible objective; but they probably seldom realise that the Political Officer before granting them a permit has been made acquainted with every turn in India which their feet have taken. So, too, no one enters Peshawar who is not overlooked and an entry made of his history and intentions. Yet with all this care, those best qualified to speak proclaim their inability to foretell what may happen there to-morrow.

Afridi raids have come during the past few months within a few miles of the city; last year the station was burnt down, and in the dark of this morning Pathan rifle thieves made a successful descent on the Northamptons' camp at Burhan. This contrast in securities, between a Royal garden party and thieves creeping between

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THE END OF THE KHAIBAR. GOLDEN INDIA BEYOND.

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death and the dark into a camp hard by, may be felt during a drive through Peshawar and its cantonments. The city is a shrouded intricacy of streets, up many of which no white man would venture. In the bazar are hundreds of tiny shops, mere open-ended boxes in which two or three men squat and work; grinding corn, sifting flour, cooking sweets, hammering copper, casting solid three-foot wheels of sugar, brazing, tinning —the bellow fires flaring up at the back of the dark boxes—casting silver, glazing pottery or moulding it on the wheel, weaving silken scarves, squeezing sticky patterns on to wax cloths; or merely sitting beside the piles of grain, green and scarlet and honey-coloured, or the heaps of nuts and dates and almonds, or the stripped sugar cane, cut with such a dexterous wrist into little chunks for chewing, or the bell-shaped baskets filled with strange breeds of birds.

Dozens more there are; the whole city is like a fancier's shop hung with a thousand cages, where men work squeezed for wall space together in squalid picturesque variety. And in the streets always a moving throng, chattering, chaffering, or darkly staring. Men with all sorts of faces, wild, cruel, cunning, quarrelsome, the fighting-trader face, beside others with the deceptive gentle beauty that seems to have come straight from Mediæval Italy. A queer lot; plain men from this side of the mountains, and plain men

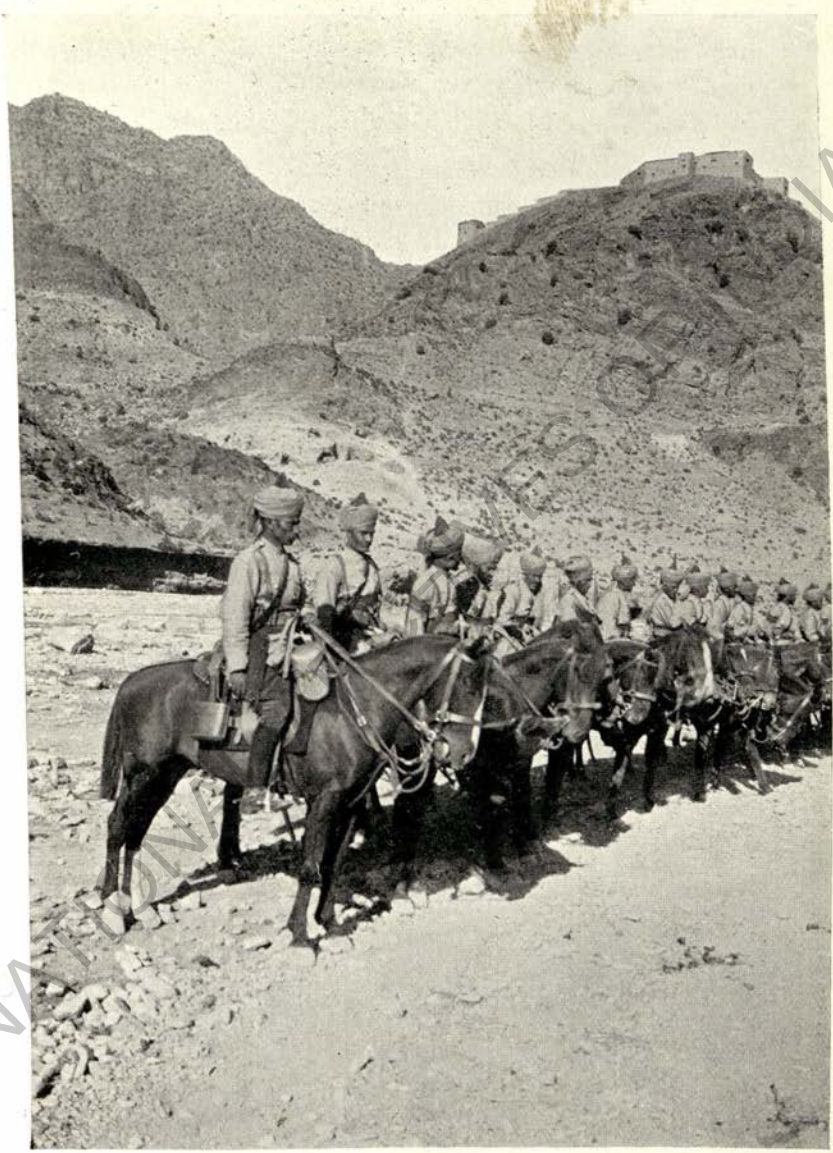
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from beyond the mountains; and all the breed of rogues between. And every one of them cat-like in movement, with a sly shy look in the ends of their long eyes.

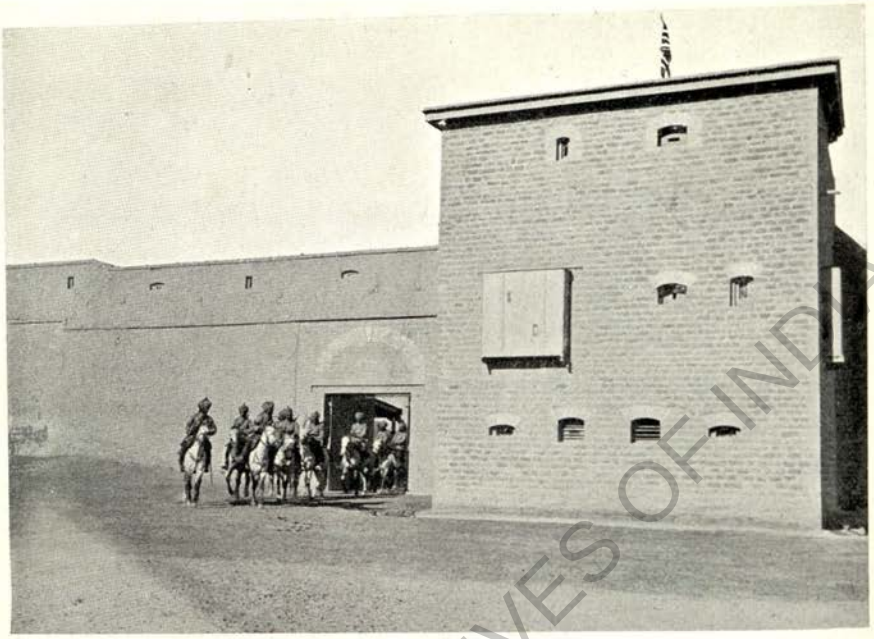
Only men are in the streets; you must glance at the housetops for the women, where they sit like beds of flowers above the rough walls built with mud for mortar, and little enough of that, and left with lath and beam sticking out untrimmed. Houses huddled together like a frightened crowd, which has thrust some up above the others' shoulders; as though the whole town were shrinking from the menace of the hills which have poured the terrors of death over it so often. That is Peshawar; a furtive evil place that knows itself for what it is.

Now drive out about the cantonments! There are sentries, it is true, behind walls with barbed wire in front of them and head protection along the top, and a somewhat unusual air of alertness; and at night it is unwise to dally in replying to a challenge; but these things are small matters in comparison with the calm prosperous air that pervades the wide tree-bordered avenues, the big green gardens, the plain stretching itself out in lazy tranquillity to the misty hills. Over it move wandering flocks and herds, the long caravans of camels crawl across it to or from the guarded pass on the days prescribed for them, while among the cantonment trees the Provence rose

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THE PRINCE'S ESCORT, ALI MASJID



THE KHAIBAR RIFLES ISSUING FROM THE FORT, LANDI KOTAL



THE FORT OF JAMRUD

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bushes are covered with flowers, pink and cream and crimson, amid beds of yellow and murrey and bronze chrysanthemums, and pale mauve and deep purple violets that colour the dusty borders and scent the evening air. That air, with its cool sharpness the instant the sun goes out of it, and the sun which one seeks for warmth at any hour of the day, are just the sun and air of Southern France in mid-winter, save that the nights are colder here, and dawn seems to warm the world more slowly, so that one is often kept shivering till nearly noon; and in a field service tent the nights are as cold as one can endure with comfort.

But Peshawar cantonment has normally nothing to do with tents; it lies dispersed amid its gardens, taking deep breaths of the winter air after the blasting heat by which its lungs have been seared; but summer or winter the same strange contrast of its wide quiet tree-filled spaces with the crowded treeless muttering town. But no one has really seen or felt Peshawar who only knows the city and the plain. One must see it with the raider's eye from high up in the hills, see it as it looked to the Aryan, Greek, Scythic, Turki, and Mughal soldiery, to Alexander and Kanishka, Mahmud of Ghazni, Timur and Babar; see it lying in its misty purples from the hard red hills, and all that golden India outspread beyond it; see, that is, its fertile spaces before one

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after twenty miles of the Khaibar's suffocating dust and heat.

The remembrance that all the conquering hordes of Asia have roared and swept through that narrow gullet upon sun-steeped Hindustan, and that the blood of our own kin has been spilt so prodigally upon its stones, must make impossible an unromantic view of it.

Yet apart from its glamour of impending victories the Khaibar as a pass is almost commonplace. Bare rock it all is, barren rugged pitiless desolation; red reeking scorching rock without relief or mitigation. In that alone its drama lies, and to taste that you must thread it in the wake of a caravan in the hot weather. Then if you are susceptible to the sun it is very possible that a winding-sheet is all that you will require at Landi Kotal; for of one caravan last summer seven hardy hill-men died in that blazing twenty miles. But beyond its heat, its barrenness, the chaotic crumpling of its great hillsides, and the use that the Life Force has made of it, there is nothing in the Khaibar which is not surpassed by a dozen passes on our northern borders. There are no breathless edges to the road, no astounding precipices, no ineffable glaciers, no eternal snows. It does not even offer, save perhaps at Ali Masjid, the suggestion of heroic contest, for it is not a pass which might anywhere be held against overwhelming odds. Three to

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THE KHAIBAR RIFLES AT LANDI KOTAL

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one is the very outside superiority that could be required to force it, and one would be disposed to guess the needful difference at even less than that.

But one looks at it with altered eyes when one thinks of all it means to India, when one reflects that among these rocks, perhaps, may be the burial-place of our fame, that here the fatal challenge may be made to our greatness as a World Power, and the best of her sons in vain be sacrificed, because in the hour of her prosperity England would not consider the years to come.

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CHAPTER X

THE GREAT MANŒUVRES

We lunched at Landi Kotal; Afghanistan before us. Thence back through the stifling dust-pestered pass, facing east once more after our long westering, to dine at Peshawar and take up again our train journey. It was to carry us as far as Kala ki Serai, where, while the sky was still dark with stars, we were dragged from our slumbers, to be told of Armies bearing down upon us and about to meet at dawn; for it was to the country between Hasan Abdal and Rawal Pindi that the manœuvres had been transferred, which, planned to take place at Delhi, had to be abandoned there for want of water. It has seemed inconceivable in the past four days, during which we have been with the troops, that any place could be drier than Kala ki Serai. It would be impossible to give an idea of the dust to those who can only think of it in terms of an island climate. It has been suffocating, insufferable, pestiferous, amazing, and exquisite. Every movement of troops has been betrayed by it, every movement shrouded. Cavalry became at once invisible when moving at the trot; at a walk often

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all that was left above the yellow clouds was the sparkle of their lances. Across the great flat plain, bounded by granite hills and snow-capped mountains, and scarred with dongas forty feet deep, strangely sinister and incredibly intricate, the dust, gray, gamboge, and black, fuming upwards from a hundred places, told, so far as a spectator could hope to see it, everything that was going on. To move nearer was to be involved in the fog yourself and to see nothing but the dim figures in front of you. It was dust so fine that it seemed to explode in smoke under the horses' feet, and so light that, once lifted, it floated in the air for hours. The men who marched through it were altered almost beyond recognition. Their eyebrows and lashes, hair, beards, and moustaches were clogged and gray; yellow drifts lay above their cheek-bones and changed the outline of their ears. The dust had caked on the hot dark faces till even the Moplahs and Multanis looked Eurasian.

Sikh, Gurkha, and Pathan were all of one colour, a smeared yellow-brown; even the crimson and scarlet, orange, green, and blue of lungi and cummerbund lost under a gray veil all sharpness of distinction. Looking at the queerly altered faces, altered so strikingly as to suggest a "make-up," one tried in vain to remember any picture of battle in these plains or others which had rendered the effect.

Towards evening the dust raised by the

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various lines and columns covered the entire country in a pale mist thirty feet high. In that the thousands of transport camels, vaguely visible, line beyond line, with lifted noses jolting slowly south, and the ghostly trail of their own dust about them, looked like some lovely wonderful frieze. Later, the low sun seared the turbid fog to a hot haze of orange, in which the dark shapes of men and beasts laboured and hastened as in some dreamy inferno; and, later still, the after-glow touched it with a delicate rose, and the young moon turned it to a gauze of silver; so that, exasperated almost past the sense of its defilement, one watched with a sort of resentful gratitude its hour of beauty.

Restricted to three days for the manœuvres, Lord Kitchener decided in favour of attempting the solution of only tactical problems, so that, with the strategical conditions fixed, one's interest lay mainly in the work of the brigadiers. The first day opened with a shock of the opposing Cavalry, in which the Southern commander had the advantage, though, as his objective was to delay the Northerners' advance, and as nothing but delay was considered possible, the means to that end seemed rather to be threat than action in which he risked his opportunity of further distraction. After that there was a slow forcing back of the Southern Infantry from the plain on which it had hurriedly entrenched itself to the shelter of the hills covering Rawal Pindi, where its final stand was to be made.

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The Northern leader, daring everything, threw his left and centre in a night attack against the unshaken front of this position while trying to turn it with his right. The night attack was as unsatisfactory as night attacks in practice usually are, but the Southern Army, being due at Pindi the following afternoon, cleared out at dawn from its trenches and fought a rearguard action for the better part of the day. The imperative artificiality of such exercises puts the greater part of them beyond criticism; the handling of the smaller units and the correlation of the greater being really all that one could profitably expect to study. The ground, where broken by dongas, was extremely difficult, but the men on the whole worked it intelligently, distances and direction being fairly well kept in the firing lines, but not so well by the supports. One noticed, too, that parade ground tendency to execute movements irrespective of conditions, which one did not expect to find as prevalent here as at home. The men, for example, when checked by a donga, being kept exposed on their faces along the near side instead of being pushed in and across as rapidly as possible to the further bank where perfect cover was to be obtained. Also, connection between the leading companies might have been more frequently re-established while the men were still sheltered by the donga, instead of when their advance across the open had been resumed.

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Bhistis Watering the March Past



Lord Kitchener's Camp, Rawal Pindi

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But speaking generally the skirmishing work was well done; the best battalions being British; but the average in intelligence and execution was quite as high in the native regiments. More remained to be desired as one approached the higher commands. Within the brigades the battalions worked fairly well together, but the brigades gave no impression of combination to a common end. They seemed unaware of what support they were receiving from or were expected to extend to the rest of the division, and, on the third day, the two divisions of the Northern Army failed so plainly to consolidate their attacks that the Southern commander, had he been so minded—which probably his instructions did not permit—would have had ample time to deal with them in turn. But between the difficulty of the dust, one's ignorance of the ground, and our abrupt incursion into operations already begun and only extending over three days, one was not in a position seriously to criticise. Two points, however, one could observe; the keenness, with very few exceptions, of all arms, and the excellent condition of the men on their arrival in camp after much hard marching and fighting.

A review of the fifty-five thousand troops engaged in the manœuvres occupied the fourth day. In review order the line, with the purple Marri Hills behind it, was two and a half miles long, both its flanks being lost in the faint film of dust

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which drifted uncertainly about the plain, so that the line was at one moment a riband of colour and sparkling steel, and the next a fillet of gauzy gray along the foot of the hills.

The faintest breeze in any but the one direction would have spoilt the day with dust; even though acres of the plain along the saluting base had been sown and was bright with green barley, and grass litter had been laid on acres more of it. But fortune was for once with those who had courted it. The air drifted the right way—happily for three days it had only drifted—the barley lasted through the first march past, and bhistis, flung out like skirmishing fountains at every opportunity, kept the ground damp for the second; and so, though the men as they finally went by in mass of divisions came out of rolling clouds of dust, scarcely a taste of it reached to the Royal party. It was a fine show: Sikh, Pathan, Dogra, Gurkha, Jat, Rajput, Moplah—no other nation could offer so varied a spectacle; no other, one fancies, could beat its Light Cavalry; no other, certainly, could equal its galloping guns.

The marching was all it need be, and the men, British and native alike, looked good enough for anything. Some of the Cavalry regiments could only manage a canter, and not a very creditable canter after three days' manœuvring! Yet both men and horses looked fit enough. The divisions in mass were the most interesting

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feature; the whole division, Infantry, Cavalry, and guns, pressed close together; nothing visible from above but caps, helmets, turbans, and twinkling bayonets. Such colour, such variety, and in the pale and swarthy faces such a range of character. Reviews are often boring and always too long; but this was neither.

A long avenue of trees that would have seemed fine in any English park led up the centre of the Commander-in-Chief's camp near Pindi, close to which the review was held. A red road had been laid up the avenue, and another at right angles across the top of it, and about this were tiled beds, acres there must have been of them, green with mustard and cress; since there had been no time to grow grass or barley; and beyond the green gardens, each with a path that led to it, tents with four rooms and passages and mahogany furniture and a dozen doors. There was a round place laid out with palms and brass guns before the Royal shamiana, and another in the centre of the long avenue, which was lit at night by violet arc lamps hung from the branches, an engine supplying electricity to the camp. For months the camp must have been preparing; for two days it was occupied; in a few more the tents had vanished, and the paths and palms and the green gardens; there was nothing left but the dusty waste out of which it had sprung.

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CHAPTER XI

THE SHRINE OF THE SIKHS

We have ended, happily, the most breathless part of our journey, only two days in the last twelve being entirely exempt from travel. Very appropriately do we spend our days in tents, though the camps in which they are pitched have an air of permanence which our hurried marches can only envy. At Jamu, which saw us arrive one morning and leave the next night, a clear stream of water had been led by miles of aqueduct into the camp. A triple arch in white and gold which had been months in building, and was the first tasteful felicitation we had seen, marked its entrance, and gardens with blossoming roses and chrysanthemums, round which the water wandered, had been laid out beside wide roadways in the almost too ample space which the camp enclosed. It was, indeed, close on half a mile from the outermost tent to the wonderful room in which we left our mountain appetites. Built there only for our brief stay, it would have dined with ease five hundred people, its lofty walls were hung with gay embroideries, its ceiling clothed, as its floor was covered, by a dozen costly Kashmir carpets,

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THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAMP, JAMU



THE CAUSEWAY, AMRITSAR

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Disciples, Amritsar



The Entrance to the Causeway

and the approach to it was through the Royal shamiana; made of the rarest work some sixty years ago, and now priceless and unobtainable.

The painting of a butterfly seemed a less ephemeral extravagance than this lavish outlay for a single night, in which there was one amusing and typically eastern touch.

The gardener charged with sowing the lawn with grass had decamped with the money paid him for the purpose, and at the last minute the grass had to be brought down from the hills and planted, over perhaps a dozen acres, every root by hand. It did not look happy, but grass it was, moderately green and apparently growing, a thing which grass in India very seldom is. But what a triumph of illimitable and inimitable labour!

We were not at Jamu for the mountain air or the view of the town straggling out of the dry river-bed towards the great hills—so curiously like, in its browns and yellows, many a little Italian city under the Apennines — but because the State of Jamu and Kashmir is one of the most important of our feudatories, and maintains a larger body of Imperial troops than any Native State in India. Its Mountain Batteries, the only Imperial Service Artillery in the country, were engaged in the Hunza Nagar, Chitral, Punjab Frontier, and Tirah campaigns; and to its Kashmir Brigade of Infantry, the only Imperial Service

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Troops taking a regular turn of garrison duty, is entrusted the remote frontier station of Gilgit, and the outlying posts of Chalt, Gupis, and Chilas; the reliefs having to travel, every two years, three hundred lonely mountainous miles of road. China and Afghanistan march with its borders; part of Tibet lies within them, and Ferghana is but a few miles away. Over its terrible passes climb the trade routes from Kashgar, and its tremendous mountains offer to the northern boundary of the Punjab an almost impassable defence. To a State of such moment to our security it was not wonderful that the Prince paid a visit, even though that visit had to be so brief, and paid to Jamu and not to Srinagar. For at Jamu, which is close to the frontier, the railway ceases, and the remainder of all other journeys in Kashmir have to be made by the disintegrating but indispensable tonga.

But short as was our stay in Jamu, that at Amritsar was shorter. We arrived, indeed, just after the sun was up, and left shortly after nightfall; but even that brief space proved considerable compared with the part of it which we were able to use.

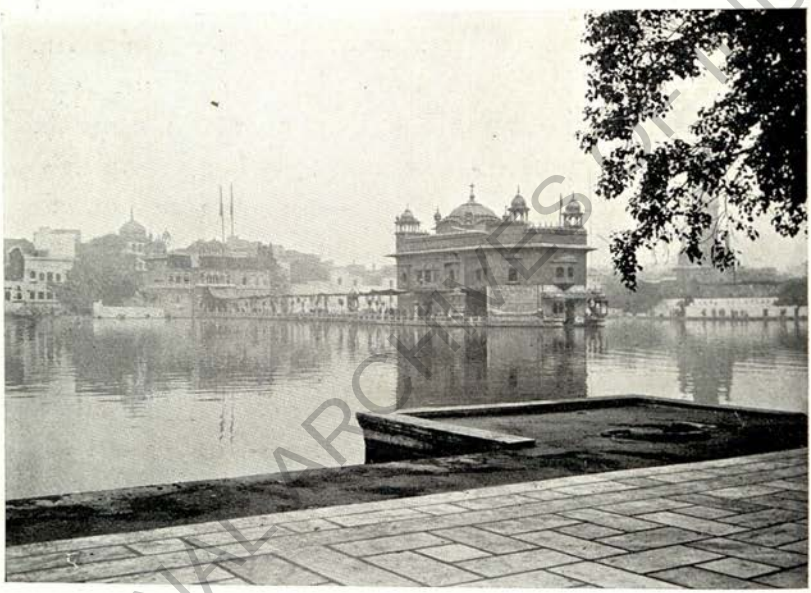
Now Amritsar is, if but for a single reason, one of the most interesting places of India. It is the sacred city of the Sikh. Now the Sikh is a difficult person to explain. Over three hundred years ago he was indifferently Hindu

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THE PAVEMENT, AMRITSAR

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THE GOLDEN TEMPLE

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or Muhammadan, and the name which he then adopted means simply a disciple. He might have fitly dubbed himself a Protestant, for his break from Hinduism was a protest against the worship of idols and caste. He bound himself, indeed, to do other things: to drink wine only as medicine, to eat no beef, nor any animal not slaughtered by the jhatka, to smoke no tobacco, and to wear the five kakkas—the kes, the kangha, the kara, the kirpan and the kachh—which are by interpretation, the uncut hair, the comb, the steel wristlet, the sword, and the short breeches. But the essential things about him are that he worships one God, reverences the A'di-Granth, which is his Bible, has no caste, does not kill nor eat cattle, will not smoke, and never cuts his hair. He is thus a monotheist—with attachments; and his creed in that respect resembles modes of worship not unknown to the West.

It would be quite possible to describe the Granth as his idol and the ten Gurus as his saints, and to regard formalities as the main theme of his religious thought. But of what faith after three hundred years are not such descriptions possible? His reverence of the Granth may be seen at Amritsar, where the book lies in the Golden Temple with the green waters of the Pool of Immortality around it. About the Pool, which is some five hundred feet square, is a marble pavement, from which men and women

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bathe in the sacred waters, or sit in groups beneath the ber-trees about some expounder of the Scriptures, or buy an offering from the orange heaps of marigolds on which occasionally, till gently pushed away, the inviolate white oxen browse. From the western pavement, beneath the great Gate of Adoration, with its doors of silver and ivory, a marble causeway leads to the platform in the centre of the waters, on which, above a low storey of inlaid marble, the Golden Temple stands. It is sheathed in embossed and hammered copper, heavily plated with gold, and suggests some quaint fantasy of the goldsmith, a trinket all dazzle and decoration enlarged to a church. It is quite small, and the central chamber is dark despite its doors of chased silver which stand open to the four winds.

From the western entrance a sheet is stretched to the place where, upon a stool with silver feet, beneath a blue and crimson awning, the Granth lies. Behind it, seated on his heels, the Granthi, or reciter, intones in a hollow voice passages from its pages, from which he whisks the flies with a golden chaur.

On his left, along one side of the sheet, sit aged men, the hereditary incumbents of the Temple, and, along the other, musicians, crouching likewise, thrum on rebecks and sitars and sarandas and little drums, a thin jangling music, to which all day hymns are chanted from three

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UNDER THE BER-TREE, AMRITSAR

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in the morning, when the Granth is carried in on a litter with much ceremony and blowing on conch and narsingha, till eleven at night when the Prayer of Rest is sung and the book is carried back with great solemnity. Within the shrine, between the sheet and the pujaris and the musicians, there is small space left for the worshippers, who, entering by the western door, make obeisance, throw their gifts—cowries, copper coins, handsful of grain or marigolds—upon the sheet, and passing out by the north door on to the platform make their circuit of the Temple.

It is a curious scene; the darkness, the rich colours, the wailing voices, the tinkling strings, the heavy scents of jasmine and marigold, the sheet soiled and strewn with the poor offerings: the reverence, the indifference, the splendour, the squalor: India in concentrated essence!

Fine soldier that he is, the Sikh seems intrinsically a man of war, yet his warriorhood was forced upon him. "Peace on earth" was the teaching of Baba Nanak, the first Guru; but peace does not appear to be the portion of any strenuous creed, and a hundred years later, in the time of the fifth Guru, the Sikhs were in conflict with the Mughal authorities, though it was not for a hundred years more that, to avenge the horrible cruelties of Moslem persecution, the tenth Guru formed from the Sikhs that brotherhood of fighters called the Khalsa, into which, with hallowed

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water flung against his face from a two-edged dagger, every Sikh is still baptized. "God's is the Khalsa, and God's the victory," he repeats, now as then, when he takes the *pahul;* and it was that cry, and the strength of his faith, and the soundness of his life, that gave him victory over Afghan and Mughal till he had made the Punjab his own from the Sutlej to Peshawar, from Multan to Kashmir. We beat him, as we beat everything in India, because we found him divided; but at Firozshah, Sobraon, and Chilianwala he made good his claim to that attribute of "Lion" which he still appends to his name. Since then, from the black days of the Mutiny to the last frontier campaign, his standards have shared the honours which are inscribed on our own, and he has never failed in his allegiance to the fealty he had sworn.

To the shrine of such a faith one came with considerable anticipation, but never were the disabilities under which we travel so displayed as in our attempts to see it. The whole city swarmed, trades were forsaken, turbans filled the streets. The Prince of Wales was to spend his morning at the Khalsa College, and to visit the Golden Temple in the afternoon; so to the Temple we first made our way at a foot's pace through the crowd. Even though the Prince was not to enter the Shrine, the Causeway was covered with an awning, and, on the pavement, phulkaris were

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THE AKAL BUNGA, AMRITSAR

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spread over the sacred trees; while, on all the housetops about the Pool, women in their flower-bed fashion were already seated, while silks and shawls and carpets flapped beneath them over the walls. Still, the Temple itself had suffered little from adornment. Within it the strange worship went on unchanged, the worshippers entered and flung down their offerings, the chants rose and fell in the coloured gilded scented darkness before the Granth.

But, with the morning, our mercies ended. Amritsar is famous for many things beside the Sikh; for Kashmir shawls, Rampur chaddars, carpets, silks, and carven ivory. In the afternoon there was nothing to be seen; the factories were closed, even had one been able to force a way to them. In compensation all the piece goods of Amritsar seemed hung upon her walls. There were arches that had been better unerected, and some of the banal mottoes of Lahore had found their way there; but for the most part the inhabitants had decorated their town by hanging the inside of their houses on the outside, and the effect was always instructive, even where it was not pleasing. It illustrated at any rate the only form of adornment an Indian city should permit itself, and was the first effort of the kind which we had seen. The dust seethed up above the crowd to the topmost hangings, a wonderful crowd—Tibetans, Yarkandis, Turcomans, Persians,

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Baluchis, Bokhariots, Afghans, Kashmiris, Swats, Yagis, and Nepalese—and, suffocated, one turned in despair from the city, about which, though closed to us, there was so much to be learnt.

Instead, one spent the time in a long tramp into the country for the sake of exercise; a cold gray cheerless threatening winter's afternoon, just such a one as one might spend in just the same way in England; and then sat and shivered amongst one's luggage in the train till the hour of departure, conscious that there was a touch of humour in having thus, with an air of boredom, to "get through" one's time, while so near to so much that was new in India.

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THE CROWD AT AMRITSAR



THE TOMB OF SHAIKH SALIM CHISHTI

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CHAPTER XII

AKBAR AND SHAH JAHAN

One sometimes wants a word to express what is sight-seeing where there is nothing to see. There are places of pilgrimage, for instance, where not a monument of their great moment remains, and where it is thought and not sight that must do the seeing. At Delhi, for example, where, from the Prince of Wales downward, we all went sight-seeing, there is more really to feel than to see, for while not one of its buildings can stand for the best of its type, or age, or style in India, two memories remain to it which cannot be matched elsewhere.

One of these clings to the Ridge where, through four torrid months, with a country flaming into revolt and disasters happening everywhere around us, we fought against overwhelming odds for the ownership of India.

The other is spread, as the ghost of old Rome across the Campagna, over the miles and miles of the ruin-strewn sands to the south of Delhi, where once stood cities more wonderful than any India knows to-day, cities that were sacked and burned and that grew again, fort and temple and

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palace, with new names and new rulers and new religions, but always with an undying pomp and splendour and pride of Empire, under Afghan or Persian, Hindu or Mughal. Nowhere in the world do the past and present lie so close together, and yet so unrelated and unconcerned. The faithful still teem forth on certain fête days in their thousands, trudging the miles on foot or piled up on ekkas, to the tomb of Humayum or the shrine of Nizam-ud-din, and the traveller, when less time-harried than usual, sets apart a day or hires a motor for the journey to the Kutab Minar.

But these things, though part of dead Delhi, are not the part by which the impress of her greatness and desolation comes. It is the wreckage strewn over these fifty square miles of plain, wreckage rarely worth a visit, the sinking domes of mosques, the ruinous ram yantras and gnomons of the astronomers, the piles of palace walls, the pavilions fallen in palace gardens, the broken fountains, the shattered aqueducts, the silted tanks; the earth laden everywhere with the masonry of bared foundations and of crumbling walls, over which the blown sand settles and the lean goats search for food: these, and not the few perfect monuments that remain, are what speak, as one drives for hour after hour through the waste of them, of the vain dreams of men, and of their splendid ineffectual struggle with relentless destiny.

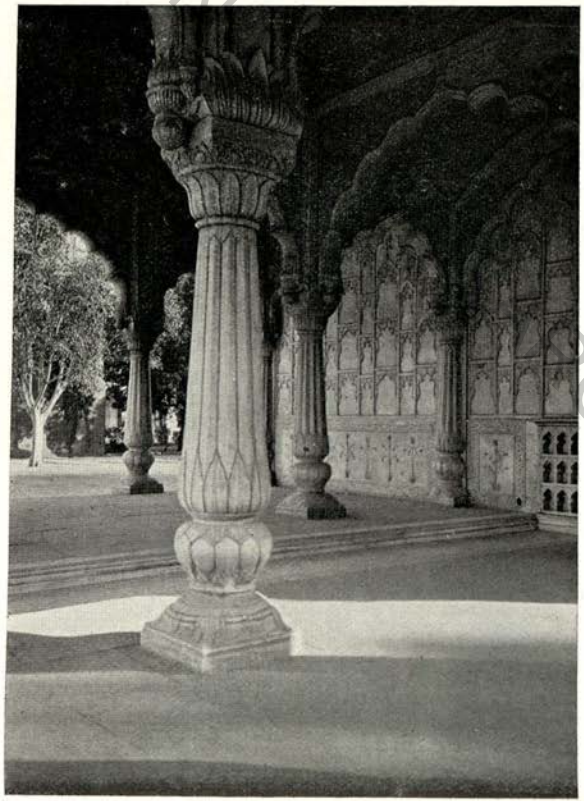
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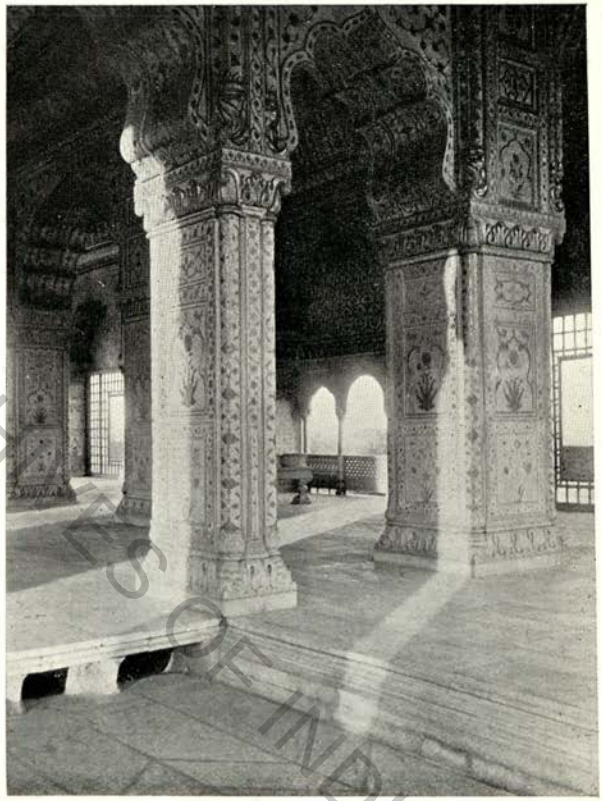
THE DOMES OF THE MOTI MASJID, DELHI



A FESTIVAL AT NIZAM-UD-DIN'S TOMB, NEAR DELHI



THE SAWAN PAVILION, DELHI



THE DIWAN-I-KHAS, DELHI

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If one cannot feel these things among the ghosts of Delhi one can feel them nowhere in the world; not before the fanes of stern Assyria, nor of voluptuous Egypt, nor of vanished Greece. For never were the great forces of being seen in more magnificent struggle or in more regal state—warrior hardihood, the lust of power, the delight in beauty, the audacity of love.

The aids to that other memory, so much more ours, which has made the Ridge of Delhi a byword for heroic determination, have suffered somewhat by the lapse of time. True there is a monument, planted in red Gothic unsightliness on the crest of the long hill, telling of our losses in those desperate months, but against this, should any find it an assistance, must be set the growth of the trees which now hide the walls, not only from the Ridge, but from the nearest of the breaching batteries. From the Ridge, indeed, very little of the city is to be seen; the uppermost outline of the fort beside the blue Jumna, the marble domes and towers of the Jama Masjid alone emerging of the eastern part of it above the sea of green. Yet something remains to the Ridge, a strange pervasive spirit of place, some essence of that undauntable valour which, repulsed, fever-stricken, and surrounded, would not hear of defeat. That remains among the bare broken rocks, whether it be some unknown effluence wrung from human passions which haunts like an

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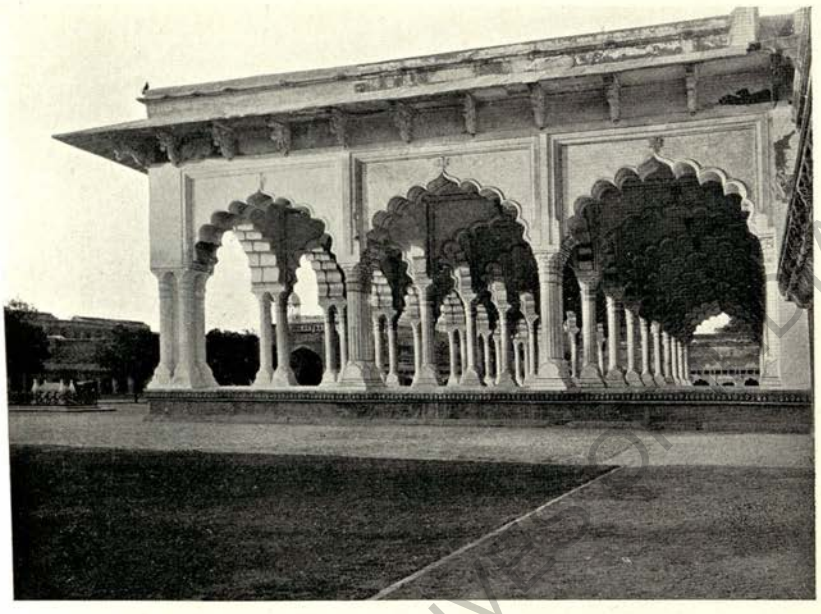
odour the places where it has been spent, or merely the sympathetic intuition that great deeds may evoke; yet in India, crowded as it is with brave adventure, there is no spot, not even the Residency at Lucknow, which the sense of struggle seems so vividly to pervade.

For those sensitive to these pulsations of the past there lies near Agra another chance of feeling them. Twenty miles and more off the road to anywhere, Fatehpur Sikri escapes the more cursory of the sight-seers' attentions, yet he would not be far wrong who should esteem it one of the wonders of the East.

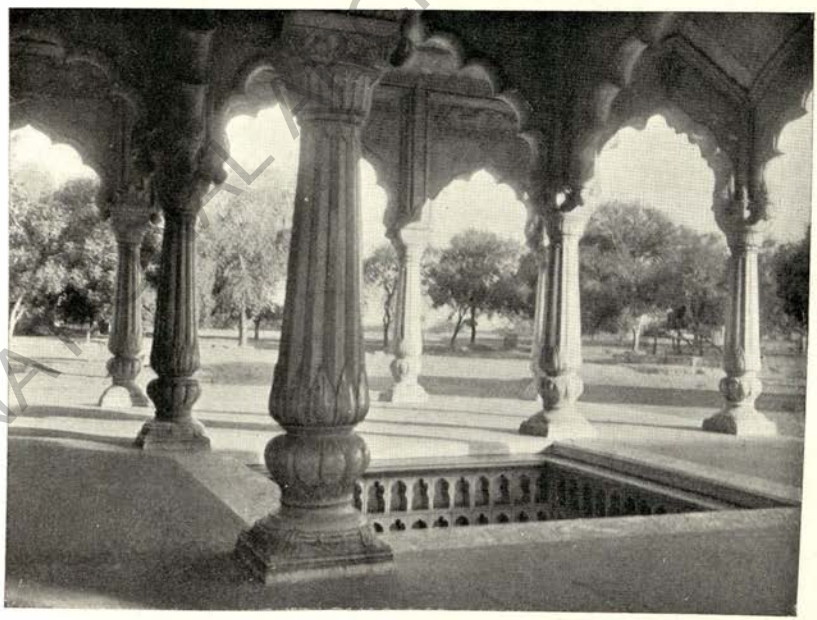
Is there anywhere a city built at a great monarch's whim, which was scarcely lived in before it was deserted, and which still stands untenanted save by the jackal and squirrel, with its grandeur and beauty scarcely touched by time, after the unrestrained erosion of over three hundred years?

The great Akbar built it, the man whose kingly qualities surpassed those even of Genghiz Khan and Muhammad of Ghazni; great as a soldier, as a philosopher, as an administrator, as a legislator, and as a man. Blessed with an heir when he had ceased to hope for one, he turned his back on Agra, and here on this mountain of leopards decreed a capital, as a tribute to the Saint who had promised him the son. Though its walls were more than six miles in circuit, and its great buildings are carved and painted and inlaid, it took

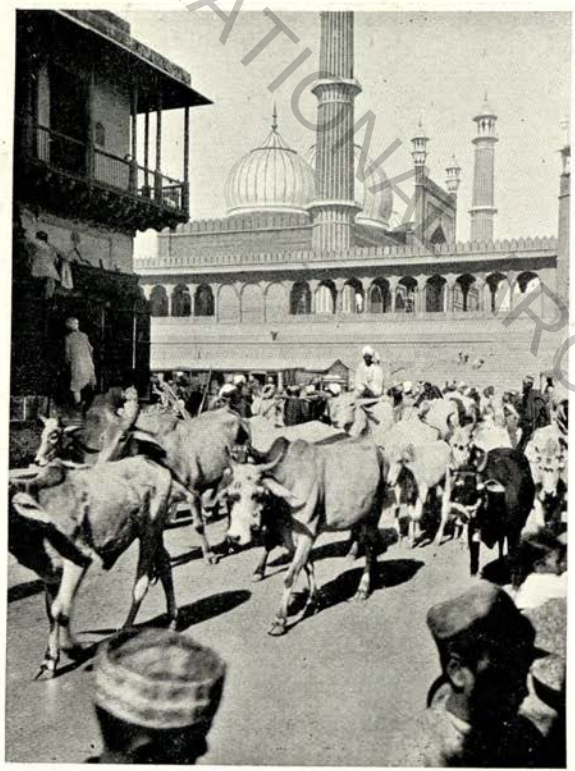
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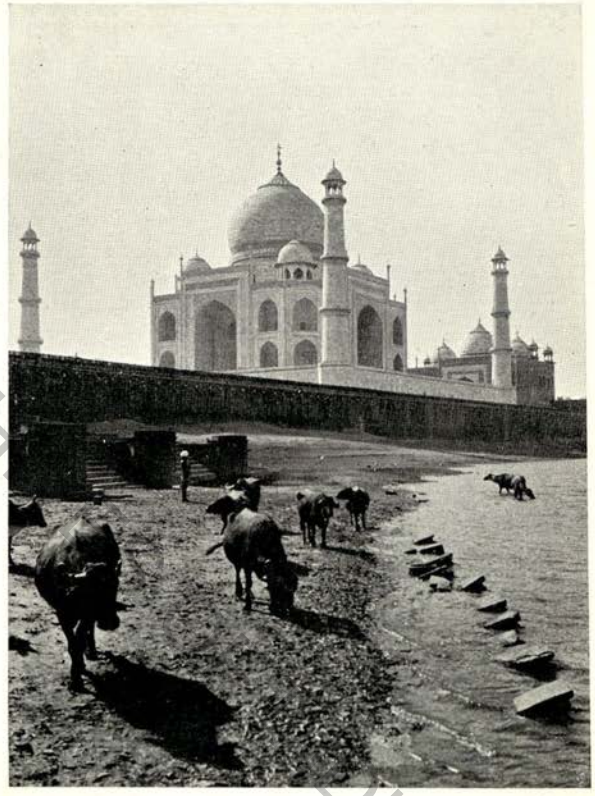
THE DIWAN-I-AM, AGRA



THE BHADON PAVILION, DELHI



A Wedding Procession. The Jama Masjid, Delhi



The Taj Mahal from the River

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but seventeen years in building, and for only the last three or four of these was it the home of Akbar's Court. Then, suddenly, he left it; none knows why. The reasons given are mere guesses; lack of water, unhealthy surroundings, a caprice of the Saint; but nothing is certain save that here he built a royal city, with pleasure houses for his queens, halls of debate for his pundits, courts of justice for his people . . . and then abandoned it to the wild beasts and to the bats.

There is proof still in the stones of Fatehpur Sikri of the religious breadth of Akbar's mind, for here, Muhammadan though he was, Jain, Zoroastrian, Jew, Jesuit, and Hindu was each permitted his place of worship, and from a study of their several teachings was evolved that "Divine faith" of the Emperor, which, too wise and calm for the needs of man, only endured so long as its first high-priest was living. And, of greater interest than temple or palace, there is, in the great red courtyard of the Mosque, the tomb of the Saint, Shaikh Salim Chishti, built in lattice work of white marble, like an ivory casket the size of a house; and the majestic Baland Darwaza, the Gate of Victory, insolent, unforgettable; a gateway, a mere gateway, close on two hundred feet high, set on the verge of the hill, with the steps of its sandstone terraces sloping steeply down towards the plain. From immediately beneath you can get scarcely a glimpse of it, it is set up above

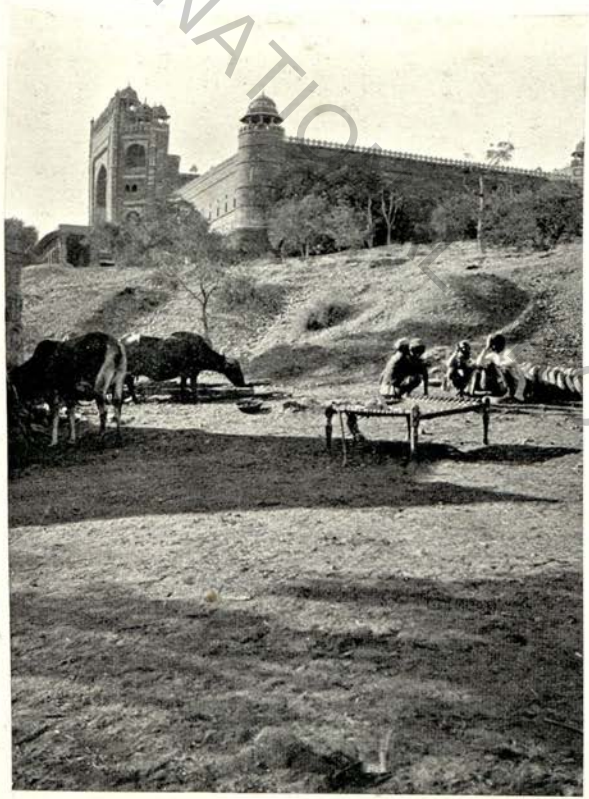
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you so high in heaven, but, as you go out across the dusty levels, mile beyond mile, the splendid arrogance of that great arch, upraised still within sight of you, ten, twenty, thirty miles away, is revealed. For when the temples and the palaces sink out of sight and the very hill on which it stands is lowered to the horizon, you realise that for no building of man's hands was it intended as a porch, this Gate of Victory, since no habitation can be imagined which it would not overshadow. It was not to a city that it was designed to give entrance, but to a soul, to that victorious spirit which founded on the straitened State his father left him the Empire of the Mughals.

This boundless outlook, this vast door to nowhere, was the most perfect expression of himself which he could find; who, with all his wisdom, learning, and wide experience, was conscious of achieving nothing but a point of view, a portal to the Beyond; who, having built a city to amuse his fancy, wrote on this the last and greatest work of it: "Said Jesus, on whom be peace, 'The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there. He who hopes for an hour may hope for eternity; the world is but an hour, spend it in devotion; the rest is nothing.'"

From the top of the Baland Darwaza, far away, low down on the horizon, like a floating pearl, can be seen the white dome of a building which

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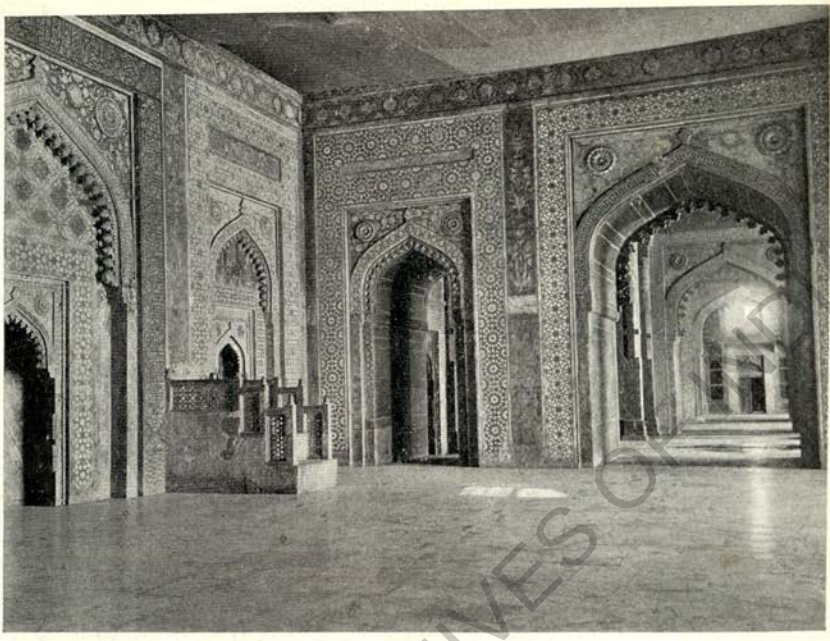


The Walls and Gate of Victory

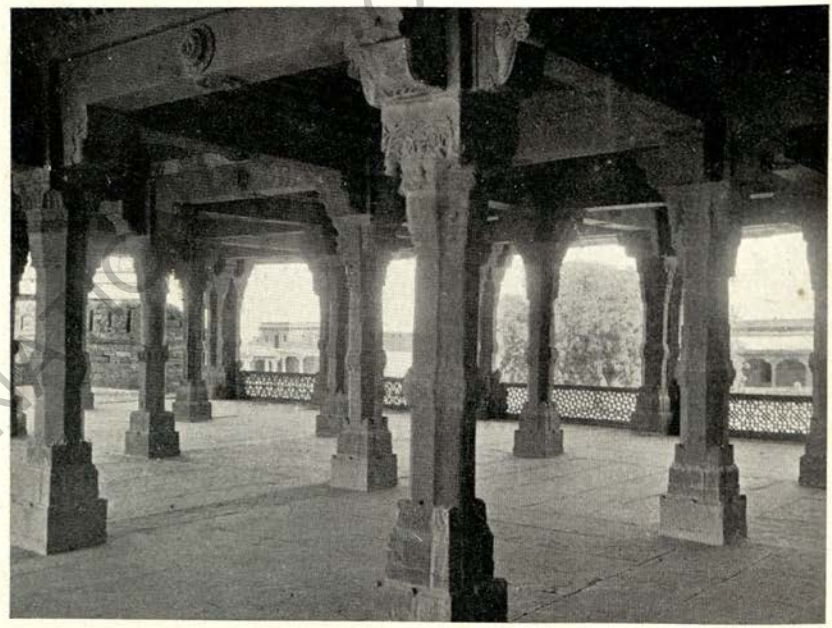


The Gate of Victory, Fatehpur Sikri

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A Pulpit in the Cathedral Mosque, Fatehpur Sikri



Pillars of the Panch Mahal, Fatehpur Sikri

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is the very opposite of Akbar's porch in its beauty, its strangeness, and its sex. Akbar's grandson built it, not to himself but to his wife, not as a gate of victory, but as a shrine of love; and just as the intention is more commendable, so is the temple more fair; yet from the haughty estrangement of the great gateway to the tender traceries of Mumtaz Mahal's tomb a space of decline is measured in the story of the Mughals, a decline from arrogant hardihood and masterful ambition, to pomp, magnificence, and love.

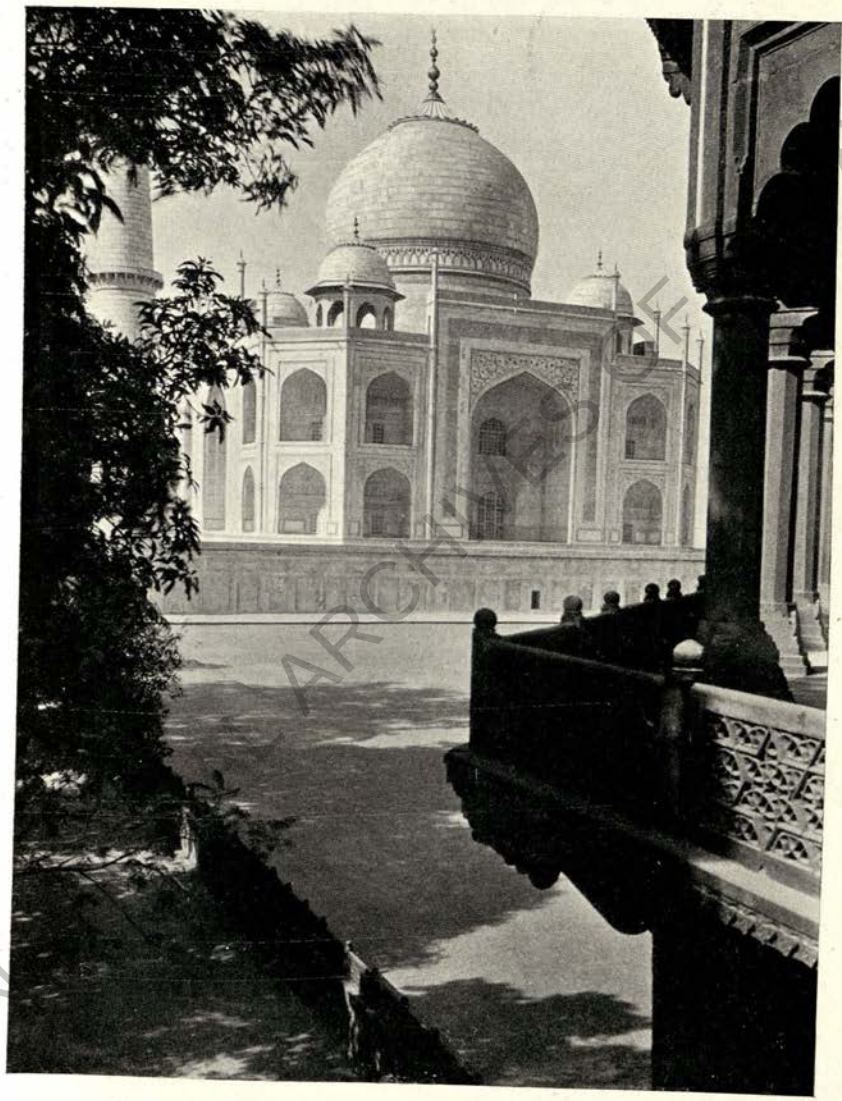
It needs no imagination to discern the femininity of that white tomb at Agra. The strange thing is that one feels not only that its inspiration was a woman, but that it was just one sort of woman, and a sort of woman that one does not know. The charm is there, exquisite, incontestable; but its fascination is exotic, unfamiliar; one sees, marvels, admires, but one does not understand. Yet one understands enough to differ, and especially from those who find the charm of the Taj assisted by the light of sunset and of the moon. So to think is to miss its most magical quality, its coolness. Though made all of white marble it takes the fiercest sun upon its face without the least glow of heat or lustre. The brighter the glare the deeper the blue shadows in which it veils itself, for its walls are made of hollows in which shadows can hide, so that, despite its exposure, it breathes of

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reticence, of something which the eye of day can only send into closer hiding. It is these vaulted walls which make it seem so elusively feminine, the portrait of a woman who had always something which she did not show, as well as of one whom light could only make more lovely. And these shadows are not the black gloom that settles under Gothic arches, but, falling on the white alcoves, they are all pure colour, the mingling of clear purple and unfathomable blue.

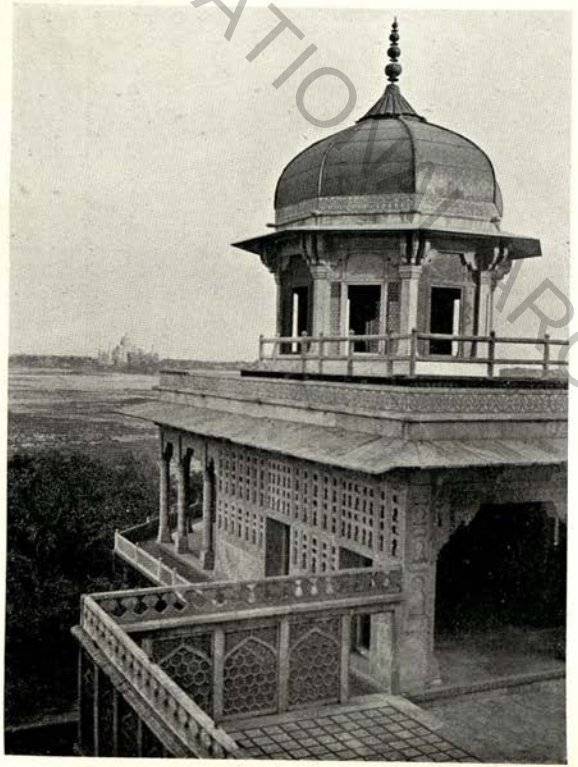
Also, standing square as it does, proudly symmetrical, it is from these shadows that it steals the variety which it seems to scorn; so that, without full sunlight, those subtle differences are lost to its four faces, which makes its effect as portraiture more feminine still. For the white front on which the sun falls is silent, distant, demure, with scarcely more of shadow than would dim an eyelid. But in the walls on either side of it, where the marble hollows are half full of blue air, there seems to lurk some tenderer, more familiar trait; while from the further face, where all is shrouded whiteness, the symbol-woman seems to smile at you: grave still, and silent, but understanding. And that is perhaps the strangest part of one's impression, the sense of being deductively at a disadvantage, as though what recognition, what comprehension there was came not from oneself but from the shrine. It may be that this air of knowing is but another of the architect's fine

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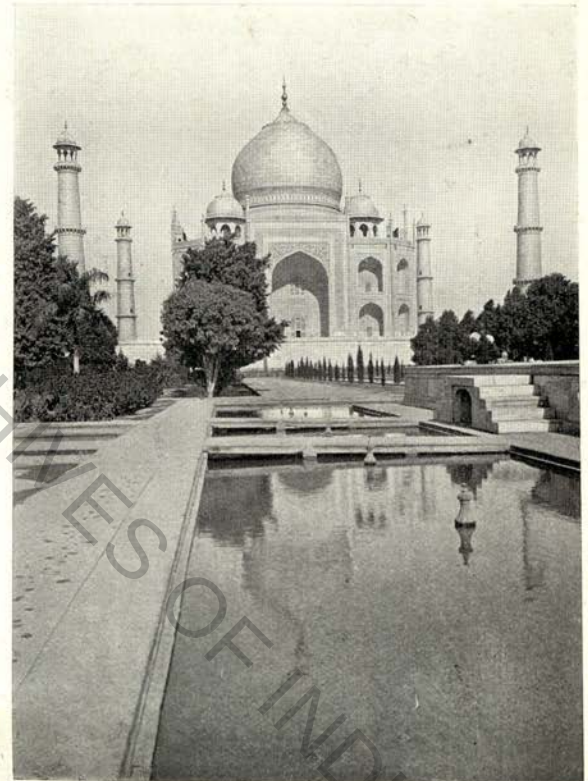


A Glimpse of the Taj

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THE DREAM FOR WHICH SHAH JAHAN DIED



"SILENT, DISTANT, DEMURE"

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devices for adding still further to the femininity of his effect, part of the mystery woven of the whiteness and the shadows and the precious stones which gives it such intriguing opportunities for surprise.

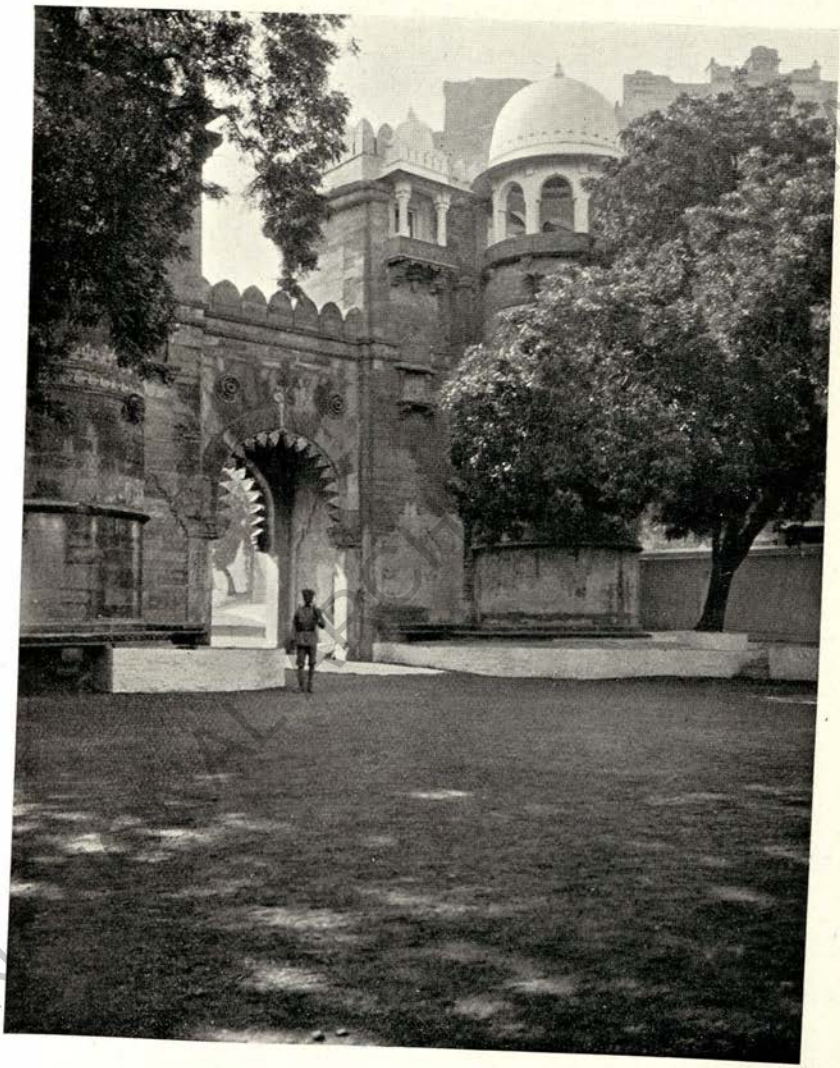
Yet, suggestive as are the outer walls of the tomb, there is something more subtle, more inexplicable in the heart of it.

As one passes through the doorway out of the sunshine one is in darkness as black as a vault, nothing visible before one but the ghostly vagueness of the marble trellis that surrounds the tombs. Yet the gloom changes, slowly, to a soft clearness which seems at last as lucent as the outer air, and in which can perfectly be seen every shade of the precious stones, of the jasper, jade, topaz, and turquoise, malachite, lapis-lazuli, and cornelian, coral, onyx, and amethyst, with which the marble is so consummately inlaid. But, though the eye can grow familiar with the design and colour, the ear can make nothing of the reverberations that roll like the roar of the sea about the domed roof. Every sound made, not only in the central chamber but in the encircling but quite excluded corridor about it, is caught up and multiplied and harmonised by the roof, so that only when the shrine has been empty for some seconds is it completely silent. Then if a single note is sounded the strangeness of the echo may be heard; for not till the note has

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almost died away does the deep-toned repetition come from the dome, with over-tones as clear as though they had been played on the pipes of an organ, each as it is sounded being echoed and over-toned in turn, the vibrations blending in harmonies ever more chromatic and interwoven, and growing higher and softer and fainter till the ear can hold them no more.

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ALAMGERI GATE, GWALIOR



THE ARRIVAL, GWALIOR. THE ELEPHANTS WAITING

CHAPTER XIII

A MARATHA CHIEF

FROM the hour that we left the Khaibar behind us and turned our faces eastward, the rain has followed us as closely as though it were tied to our skirts. Living under cloudless skies and suffocated with dust, the accounts that we read of the rains just behind us, of tents dragged down, polo grounds a quagmire, and railways silted over, seem quite incredible. Yet all the way from the North-West Frontier the rain has hunted us; sometimes, as at Agra, so near that we only missed it by minutes, sometimes, as at Lahore and Pindi, so heavy that it ran into inches. Had our journey been delayed by a week every arrangement would have been ruined, indeed, very few could have survived, for when two inches of rain falls upon six inches of dust the resulting mixture is a powerful deterrent to motion, and camp life becomes an affair of compromise, especially where, as in Northern India, the winter rains mean a considerable and most uncomfortable decrease of temperature, which was low enough even as things were to send us all into our overcoats immediately after dinner.

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As it is we have only had to put up with the dust in one of the dustiest seasons that Northern India has known, which at the worst can but vex your temper, spoil your clothes, and give you a "dust throat" or dust fever, while in our wake the trustful native has been ascribing to the seraphic puissance of the Royal favour those showers of which he stood in such urgent need. They have come indeed too late to be of much use to him in the country over which we have mostly been. The fate of the rabi, his winter crop, is sealed already; but the rain will help feed the cattle, and even where it has been lightest it has given the overworked oxen a few days' respite from the well. It has wrung one's heart to see the precious water, for lack of which the crops were withering and the beasts growing lean, poured lavishly over hundreds of miles of unresponsive roadway, just to lay the dust before us. In India a man is the universal water-cart, a mere goat-skin the content of it, a jerked wrist the means of distribution. Where a Royal route was not marked by flags it was marked by bhistis. Tens of thousands of them there have been, with their queer forward stoop, the cold wet heavy skin about their loins, their humble anxious faces, flinging, with that clever flirt of the wrist, the water far out across the dusty way, and hasting back the instant it is finished to refill their mashaks. At Gwalior, admittedly on the verge of famine,

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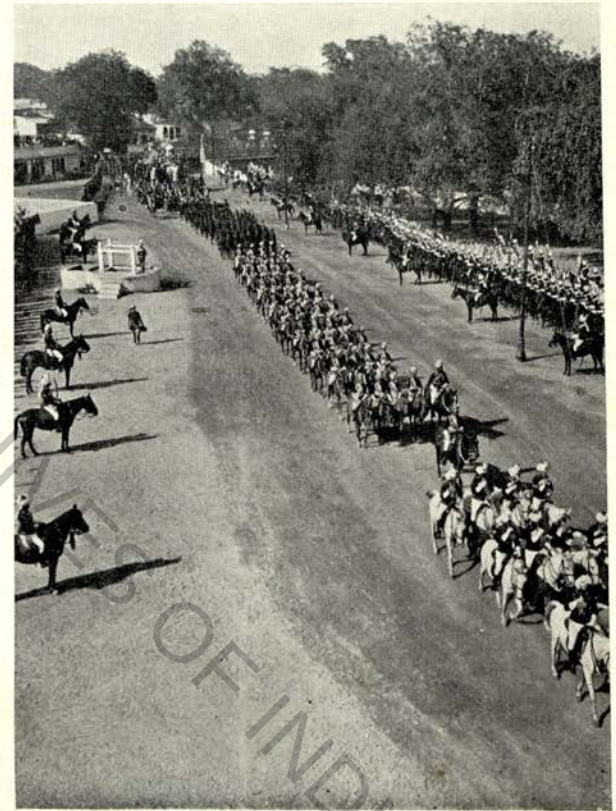


THE ROYAL PROCESSION, GWALIOR

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THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION



THE ROYAL ELEPHANTS COMING INTO VIEW

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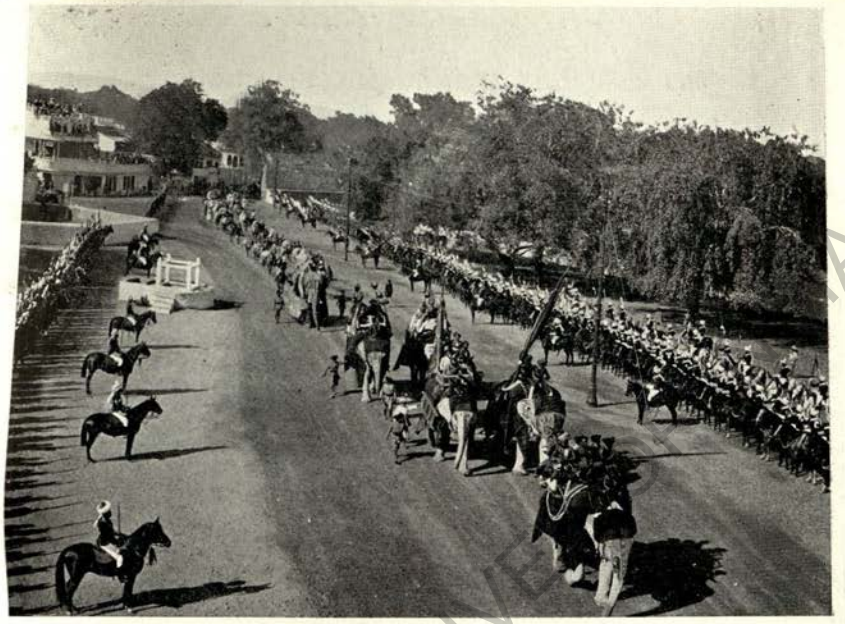
this brave concealment for our sake was especially pathetic. Every tank was dry, the water garden was an oven of baking asphalt, the empty canals cracked under four months' ceaseless sun, the polo and parade grounds were hidden by the parched north wind under a ceaseless surf of dust. Yet all was green about the Palace, a fresh damp odour came from the hot paths, the roses lifted rapturous heads; no one could have suspected scarcity. But it was all for us. "When you gone," said the head mali, looking mournfully over it, "all done; all die." The place was being kept alive only for our visit: after that not another drop of water could be spent upon it; the flowers would shrivel, the grass wither, and the dust which whirled and fumed outside the gardens would sweep over them too.

Seeing how little there is in Northern India which seems what one might call chromolithographically Indian, one was grateful for the elephants of Gwalior, which gave a touch of that expected Eastern glamour that is so glaringly absent from the scene as one sees it. Travellers return and illustrate their books with photographs which are described as typical of the life they illustrate. But the temples, and the shrines, and the palaces are no more typical of Hindustan than St. Paul's or the Tower is typical of London. They are indubitably there, and they have a part—a small part—in the life of the people; but what is

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typical of Northern India in the cold weather is the mud hut, the dusty field, the dry nalah, the shrivelled tree. But none of these things make striking photographs, and so the untravelled reader gets an impression of India as a land of palms and palaces and tigers and snakes. Now, the landscape is really, over thousands of square miles, little different from what may be seen in Europe, a land for the most part level and monotonous and depressing. The trees are not the same, but they look the same; the crops are a mere sprouting greenness or nothing at all; the villages are not so unlike the villages of poor peasantry nearer home as to surprise the eye. There are the people, of course; brown, and dressed mostly in dirty white; and the oxen at the well-head. But these do not go far to fill out the country to the cheated vision; a vision prepared for snakes and scorpions and monkeys and tigers and palm trees, for a land of wild beasts and pestilent vermin and a generous Eastern vegetation. Of these things we have seen little. The snakes and scorpions and monkeys not at all; tigers—beaten up with infinite care and after months of fostering solicitude—only at Royal shoots; palm trees occasionally—in botanical gardens. Even the mosquito is a treasured rarity, a thing of scarcely credible report. The only things typical of India with which we are on intimate terms are the kite

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The End of the Procession



Procession in Palace Court, Gwalior



THE CROWD BENEATH THE FORT



THE ELEPHANT BATTERY MARCHING PAST, GWALIOR

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and the gray-backed crow. Hence Scindia's thirty-six elephants drawn up at the station to mount the Royal party, gorgeous with their painted faces, their howdahs of beaten gold and silver, their golden earrings and necklaces, each a strong man's burden, the great silver-gilt bells and heavy anklets, the gold-embroidered cloths and trappings, these great beasts, filling the whole station yard, cheered, as had nothing before, our disappointed vision; and on elephants at Gwalior we parabolically lived. Elephants guarding the Royal routes, elephants hauling us up the steep rock face of the Fort, elephants for treading out wounded tigers. For once, at any rate, India was better than the Zoo.

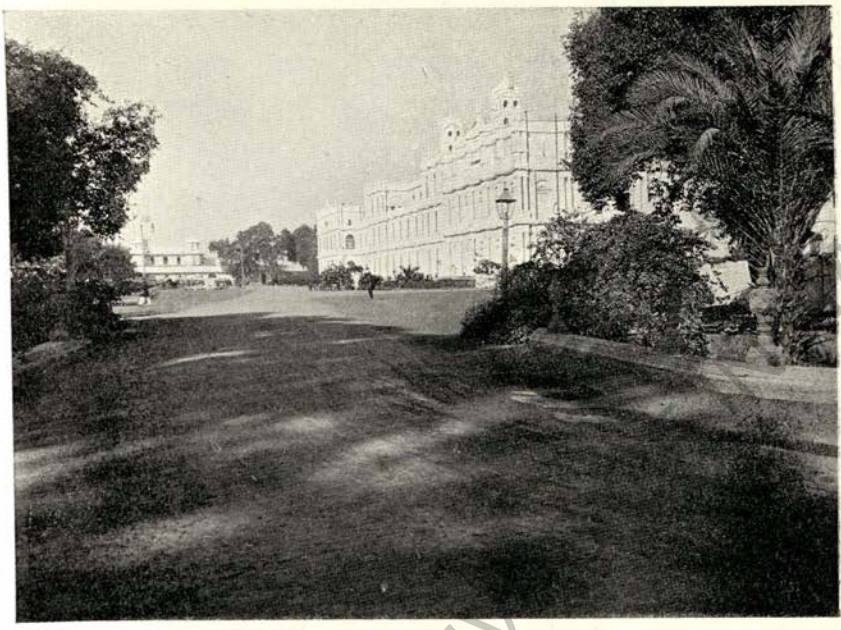
The Maharaja Scindia, our host at Gwalior, is one of the most striking personalities in India to-day. In height something under and in girth something over the average, one might miss at a first glance the impression of energy but for his eager interested eyes. There is a vermilion mark upon his forehead which carries the memory back to the ruthlessness of his raiding Maratha ancestry; about his neck are ropes of pearls or collars of diamonds which would seem exuberantly magnificent even on a woman; he is in all his dealings with his people as regally Eastern as we permit the East to be. Yet under the mark and the jewels and the manner there is a mind as modern as public school and university

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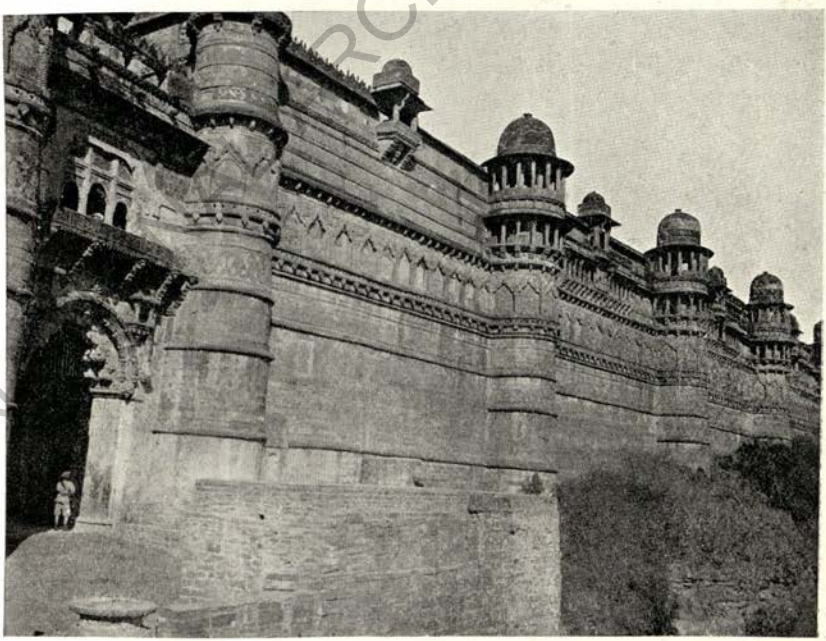
can manufacture at home. Its interests are in schools, markets, hospitals, drainage, finance, municipal affairs: its energies are devoted to making the State Army a really practical contribution to the British Raj: its relaxation is in sport. Taking merely what one may call its Occidental latitudes, it would not be easy even in England to match its breadth, capacity, and variety: to find a man who has proved himself so sound a financier, so practical a philanthropist, so astute a soldier, so good a sportsman. Yet its modernity has not led the Maharaja in the way that young India is most inclined to go. He does not seek his pleasures in Simla or in Paris; he finds them in work among his own people.

He owns a hundred miles of railway which runs up to his Palace doors; he has a garage full of motor-cars, and he can drive car and locomotive, or strip the works of either as skilfully as any chauffeur or engineer; nor is there a point in the working of his line on which he cannot off-hand answer the most searching question. In his thirty thousand square miles of territory are four hundred primary and four high schools, an arts college, a technical school with scholarships for industrial training; while schools for the Sirdars, with a civil and military side, and a special school for civil servants, provide trained recruits for State employment,

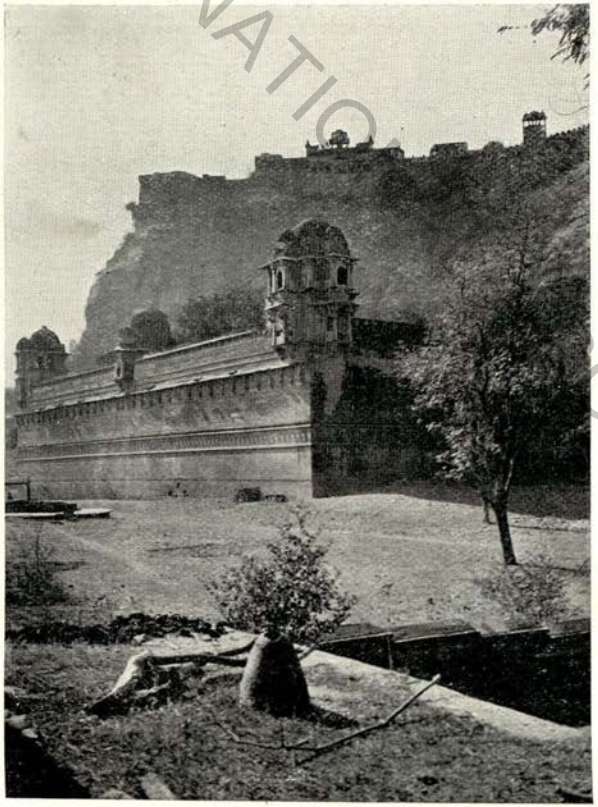
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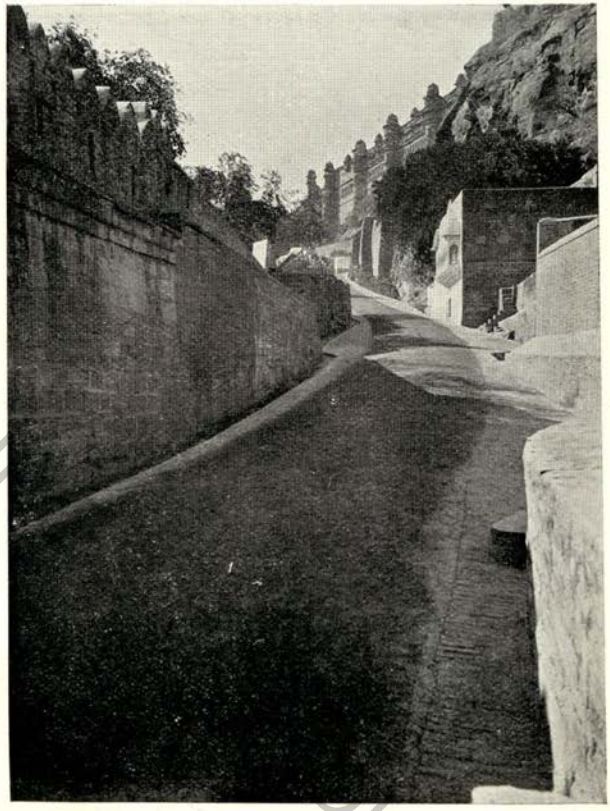
Leaving Gwalior Palace on Christmas Morning



The Chit Mandir, Gwalior



GUJARI PALACE AND FORT, GWALIOR



THE ROAD TO THE FORT

and rescue the sons of the landed gentry from a life of sloth. The Maharaja is his own Prime Minister as well as Commander-in-Chief of his Army, which, apart from its old-time warriors and ancient batteries for horse, ox, and elephant, supplies a valuable contingent to the Imperial Service Troops which he is fully qualified to handle. Really, when one adds that every detail of every function during the Prince's visit, from the procession of elephants with which it opened, to the tiger shoot with which it closed, was organised and supervised by the Maharaja; when one remembers him whirling down alone on his motor at daybreak to greet the first of his guests, himself presenting the Sirdars at the durbar, reading his own address of welcome as President of the municipality, explaining every idiosyncrasy in the local manufactures, leading his brigade of Cavalry at the gallop, tramping with his beaters up and down thorny hills in search of a wounded tiger, and rolling the beast over as it charged him not thirty yards away—one is afraid of suggesting comparisons with a ruler nearer home as multifarious in his energies. But the comparison would be misleading. The Maharaja Scindia is, for all his capacity, as unaffected as a boy.

The cheers, the first hearty cheers we had heard at a Royal banquet, which greeted his professions of loyalty and the honours conferred

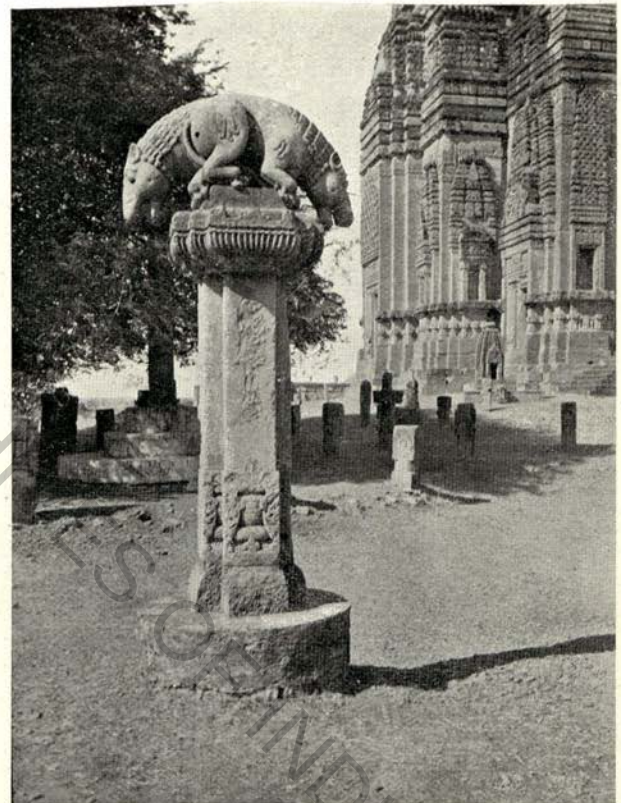
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upon him in the Prince's reply, proved in what real esteem he is held by those who know him; and, when, while still blushing under the proofs of Royal favour, he jumped up with boyish impetuosity to repair with his own hands some hitch in starting the little silver train by which the spirits and cigars were to pass themselves round after dinner, the action was so natural and so characteristic that we cheered him again. Indeed the ability to do everything himself offers a continual temptation to interfere in the working of his administration. Such is the ruler of Gwalior, a product of the new order of New India, the completest contrast that can be imagined to the generation which is passing away, to the venerable Maharaja of Nabha, the Maharaja of Jaipur, and the Maharana of Udaipur. These grew up with the consolidation of our Imperial power during the later years of the past century. They were men of another type, of different ideals, and it cannot be pretended that their immediate successors, the men brought up in the English manner, have all been able to escape the disabilities which must attend every transition period. It is at least of hopeful augury that in the Maharajas of Gwalior and Bikanir the graft of Western training has not robbed the Eastern stock of that virility and intelligence which have left such indelible traces on the past of India.

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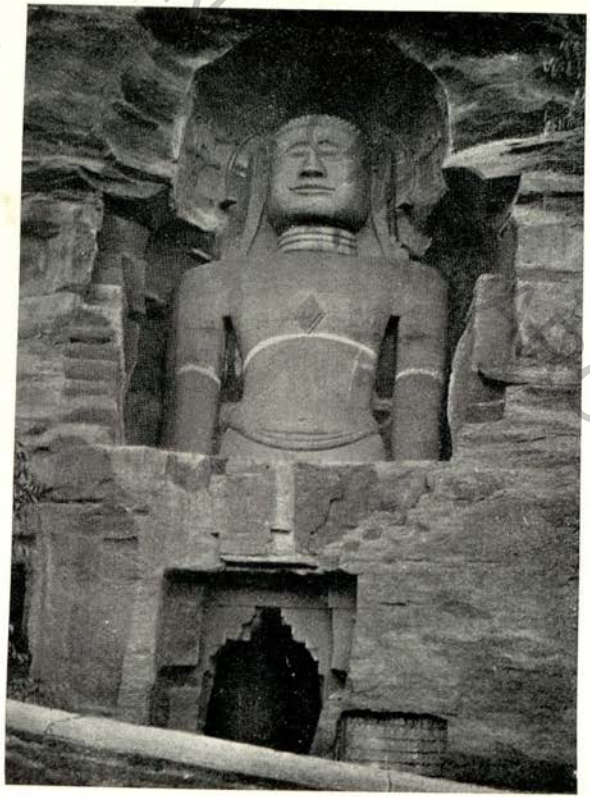


SAS BAHU TEMPLE, GWALIOR

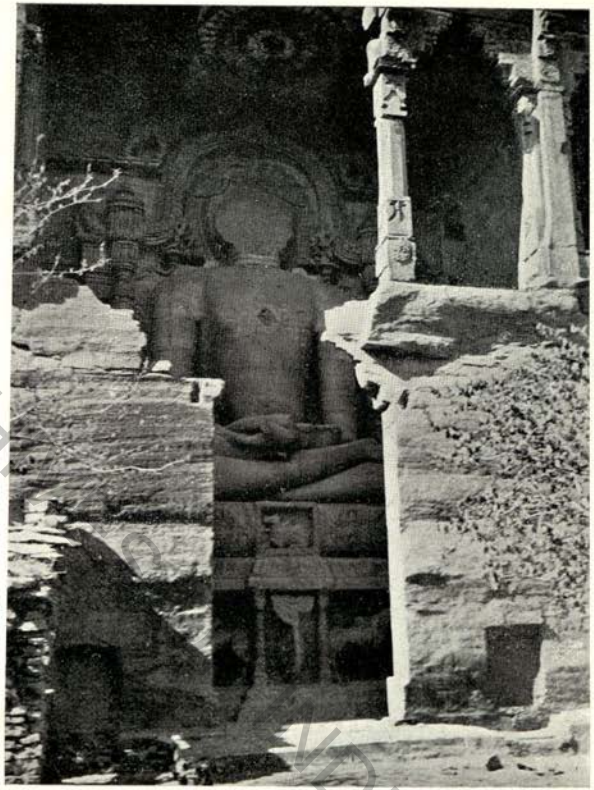


A CEMETERY OF SCULPTURE

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ROCK SCULPTURE, GWALIOR. A FIGURE 57 FEET HIGH



A SAINT OF THE JAINS

CHAPTER XIV

THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT

THE abuse with which one finds the British Raj occasionally assailed in India is the finest tribute to our integrity and toleration that could be conceived. It is the tremendous faith in our honour which the native has which makes him so outspoken of what he takes to be a breach of it: he honestly believes that our devotion to an ideal would prevent our resenting, as unmannerly, the most censorious assistance to its preservation. It is really rather touching, and really rather nice; though coming straight from England one hardly knows, when offered such assurances, in what attitude to receive them. Still such a confidence is proof that it has been deserved; faith is not bred of broken vows; and if one has to blush for England's present indifference to India, one can swell with pride at this evidence of her magnanimity in the past. Thus it was that when, as a result of Manchester's refusal to interest herself in the partition of Bengal, a boycott of British goods was decreed, the Bengali was astonished to find the boycott treated by English officials and in the English Press as an act of disloyalty, when

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he never imagined it could be regarded save as a perfectly legal and the only effective method of calling attention to his wrongs. It was thus avowedly "a political weapon used for a definite political purpose," and those who unreservedly condemn must not forget how tightly closed are their ears to any of India's arguments which does not affect their pockets. The boycott served this useful end; that it called attention to the condition of local industries, and thus directly inspired the Swadeshi movement.

Swadeshism means nothing more than the patronage of home-made goods, and this encouragement has come at a time when the village industries of India were passing, one by one, out of existence. The life of India is essentially the life of the village, the people of India are in overwhelming proportions a village people, and their communities are, or at least were, the most attractive, the most complete, the most contented in the world. Within their self-sufficing confines trade is no vulgar source of profit for which men scheme and strive, but a calling, often a holy calling, handed down from father to son through the generations, each with its own unchanging ideals, its own zealously-guarded craft. At the entrance to the village street beside his wheel, which is only a wooden disc weighted with mud and spun on an axle, the potter sits, with dreamy fingers squeezing the clay to the shapes of his

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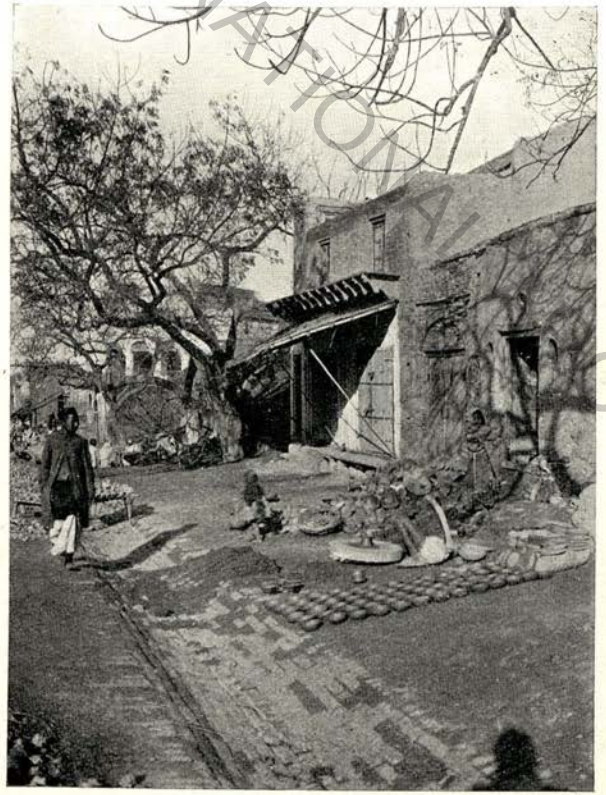
fancy; on one side of him a brown heap of earth, on the other the frail children of his fancy waiting for the fire which shall fit them for use; type, since man made pots, of the unchallengeable authority and detachment of the Eternal Potter. Further down the street, past the green and orange and salmon-pink piles of the grain sellers, raised but a foot from the ground, open to all that care to lounge and look, are the workshops of the brass and copper smiths, ringing all day to the sound of the hammer, and with the red breathing of a furnace in their dusky depths. Hard by is the tinsmith, slowly grinding his amalgam in a mortar; while, further on, a woman with a sari drawn across her face, watches the silversmith, with no tools but a hammer and nail, graving some shape of god or beast upon the bracelet cast from the silver she had brought him; for his wife is the poor man's bank, and on her, against the evil day, he hangs his earnings, a burden to which she does not object. In this district or that the village may be distinguished by a special craft; by carvers in ebony or ivory, blackwood or stone; by some famous maker of swords or worker in lacquer; or a stall may glimmer with the brightness of glass beads and bangles. Behind the houses the looms will be at work, gay spaces of blue and purple and scarlet in the shadow of the green trees on which the frames are hung, and from which, as the shuttle

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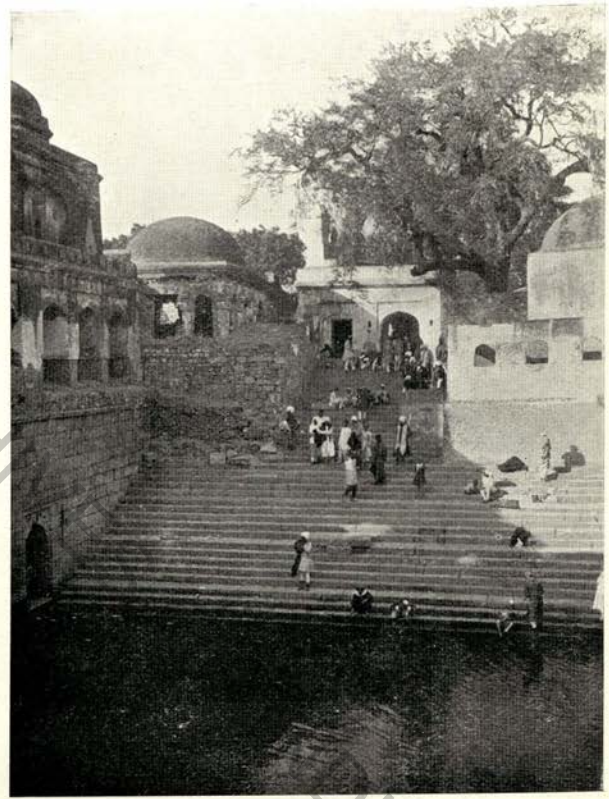
is thrown to and fro, the scented blossoms fall upon the workers' fingers; while, further on, the dyers swing from side to side across the width of the sunlit street, some length of intense and dripping colour.

As the afternoon wears on the women make their way to the well, their robes rich as illuminated letters, brass chattis or brown water jars upon their heads, there to loiter and gossip till the calm-eyed kine are driven lowing from the fields, with a silvery trail of dust behind them. Then the sounds of the hammers begin to cease, a film settles on the red-eyed furnaces, the dyer hangs his last damp sari up, the looms are covered and put away, and the village elders gather in the "gate," there to hear the latest news read out to them from the cheap daily sheets which circulate everywhere, to discuss recent judgments, from Tahsildar to Deputy Commissioner, which have come to their hearing, and to shake their heads at the crops; till the lights begin to glimmer in the growing darkness and the sound of songs—songs straight from the Ramayana or Mahabharata—rise from round the cooking pots upon the cooling air. That is a picture of village life all over India, a picture whose restful and contented charm cannot anywhere be bettered, but a picture of a life which is gradually ceasing to be, as the work of the hand craftsman is undersold and displaced by the cheaper uglier products of the machine-driven West.

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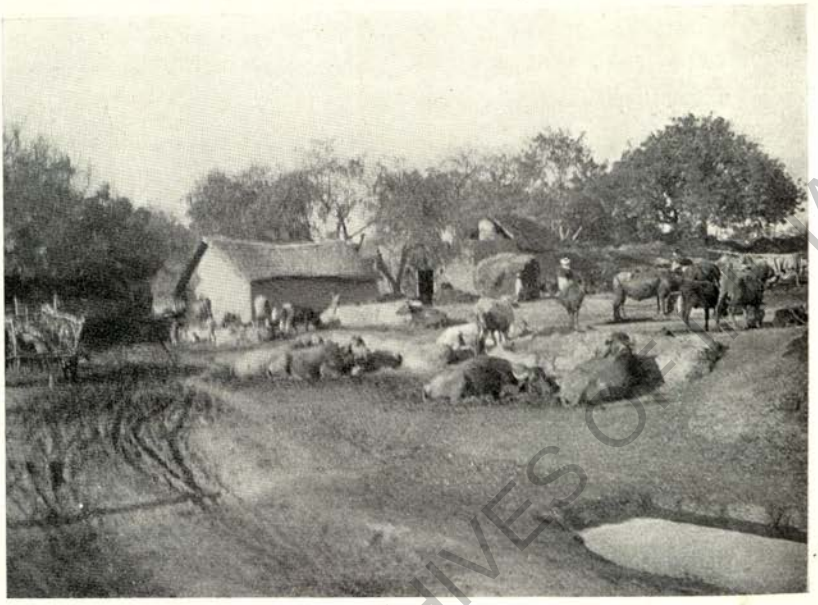


THE POTTER'S WHEEL

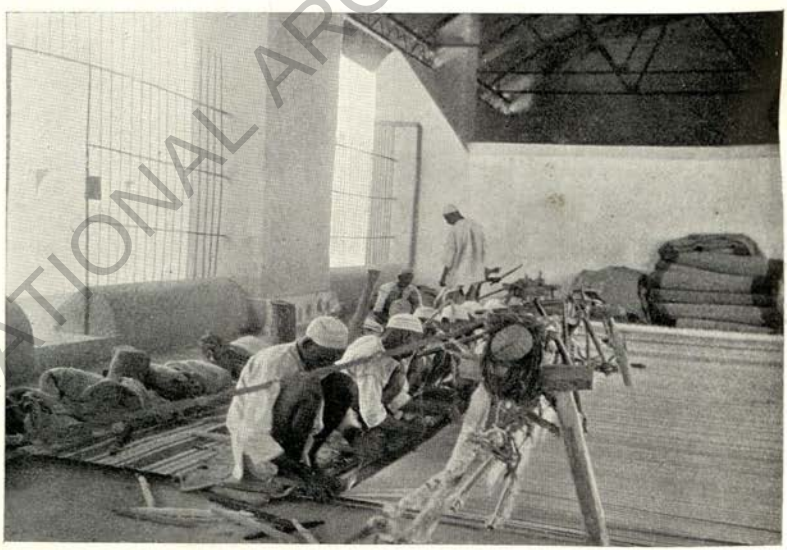


A FESTIVAL AT THE POOL

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A Village Scene—Evening



Forced Labour

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF NIGERIA

It is to reinspire this life, to repaint this picture that the Swadeshi movement has informed its energies. Provoked merely as a reply to British indifference, it has become transfigured by the realisation of its immense opportunity into what promises to be a practical and extremely exacting essay in patriotism. Consider how far British benevolence would support a ministration to the unemployed which involved the paying extra for almost every necessary of existence and the getting thereby an inferior article, and then laugh, if you can, at a movement which is not only doing that, but is trying to enmesh all India in a network of organisation which shall discover the needs, supply the deficiencies, and promote the training of those village workers who still remain; a labour which, in the truest and most essential interests of the country, should have been undertaken years ago by the Government of India, as doubtless it would have been but for the deterrent fear of the British manufacturer. This chance of proving our disinterested concern for our Indian subjects has, however, been lost, and it is left to the chance product of an agitation to take our place with a determination which is, in its small vexatious way, little short of heroic. Little short, indeed! for the Indian, and especially, alas! the cultivated Indian, has a craving for the most awful things of European manufacture, and views

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with indifference, and even with dislike, the characteristic products of his own country.

One enters some Maharaja's palace by an archway of exquisitely-carved stone or of inlaid marble, with gates of beaten silver which Ghiberti would have admired, and between guards with damascened armour and Toledo blades, to find oneself in a drawing-room choked with all the horrors of Tottenham Court Road—glass chandeliers, glass curtain-rods with crimson plush curtains, crimson plush upholstery on the glass chairs, glass tables in double and triple tiers, glass punkah-rods even, which must have been a special order, a deliberate infamy, and fringes of tinkling glass prisms along every edge and cornice where they may be hung. The carpet is a painful Brussels; there are cheap German oleographs on the walls, papered with glistening cornucopiæ of roses, and the rest is all gilding and mirrors and Italian statuettes. That is the top, and the bottom is even more preposterous—the bottom is the Standard Oil Company's square tin cans on the heads of the women, where once were only the lovely chattis of brown earthenware or hammered brass.

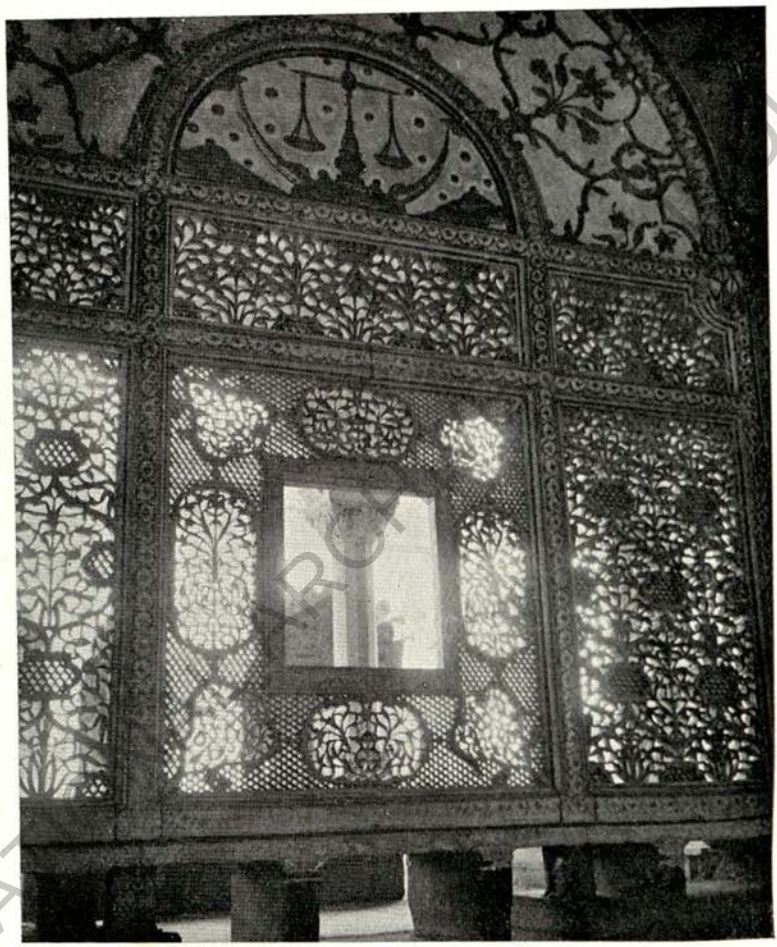
Maharajas' palaces, at least the inside of them, may be avoided, but there is no escape from the desecration of the well and of the village and of the women themselves, by these horrible husks of commerce. In all India there

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A Tailor's Shop

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THE WORK OF THE OLD CRAFTSMEN

is nothing which so constantly destroys the beauties of its scenes as these tin pests; there is no place secure from them to which water may be carried, and the range of their adoption will give some idea of the difficulties ahead of the Swadeshi movement, and the sacrifices it must require even from the poor. Also, to meet the prevalent demand for Western ugliness and cheapness, the small native trader has filled his store and the small shopkeeper his shelves with all the trash the West could offer him, and for both of these some sort of compensation has to be provided. Hence there are many embarrassments to be dealt with, and progress must for some time be slow, but, even if final success do not attend the movement, India will have proved herself capable of carrying an effort of pure patriotism much further than it could ever have been advanced at home; and one cannot but believe that in England there must be many who have neither seen India nor, perhaps, will ever see it, who yet will find themselves in sympathy with an effort to preserve its heritage of beauty, to train its people to an appreciation of that inheritance, and to revive those innocent industries which neither defile the air, pollute the water, nor make prisoners of men's bodies and souls.

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CHAPTER XV

THE CITY OF RICE

CALCUTTA is far astern, Rangoon two hundred miles across the blue water of the Bay, and the red full moon is rising out of China almost ahead of us. The damp sultry air is growing cooler, as though a lump of ice had been dropped into it, and on the coolness comes a faint illusion of blossoms, the mere shadow of a scent, which on shore would pass undiscernible, but out in the empty odourless air of the sea seems like a breath from the Isle of Spices. And with it, proof to the undiscerning, the blue water to the northward is changing colour to a dull brownish gray, which looks strangely in the moon-tinted twilight like a wall of vapour, for we are past Pagoda Point, and north by east of us a land lies, split and scored and swamped with water-ways, out of which gushes, as through some tightened throat, the teeming moisture from two hundred thousand square miles of country. Small wonder that the sea is stained with silt far out of sight of shore, or that the soft monsoon comes laden with aromatic odours which have floated down by river from Tibet and Cathay.

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Elephants Piling Teak

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF MALAYSIA

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Here alone, filtered through the mangrove swamps, they may be smelt, for there are other sources of fragrance in Rangoon River; dense fumes of smoke from rice mill chimneys, rotting paddy husk on the brown water, and the unspeakable effluvia of gna-pi, which is preserved putrefied fish, the staple delicacy of Burma.

Once in Rangoon, indeed, you cease to expect the scent of blossoms or the sound of bells, or anything, indeed, for which you came to Burma, including the Burmese.

There are Burmans in Rangoon, eighty thousand of them, but they have little to do with the life of the city, and for all that, in the ordinary way, one sees of them, they might form of it a thirtieth instead of a third part. There are Hindus—Madrassi and other, Bengalis, Punjabi Muhammadans, Chinese, Cingalese, Cantonese, Japanese, Persians, Malays, Chittagonians, Karens, Siamese, Annamese, and half-a-dozen more; all bent on elbowing out the easy-going Burman and taking his city for themselves. And the Burman looks on, for is not looking on, that contemplation of the shows of things, the end of his ethics, as it is likely in time to be the end of himself? Every year sees extended the invasion of his country and the gradual subjection of himself to schemes for making money out of him; so that unless the example of his charming insouciance is to be lost to the world he will have

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to be allotted his close season like any other hunted creature, and already laws are needed to prevent the alienation of his land.

That the Burman should be driven from Rangoon would, however, be no great loss, for Rangoon is past redemption by any sort of beauty, and must go the way it is rapidly taking towards a turgid and indiscriminate prosperity. At present it is but just started, and is an amorphous mess of hovels, mansions, and half-way houses, spread out over eight square miles of mud at the meeting place of two rivers.

Fifty years ago it was a fishing village; to-day it has a sea-borne trade of nearly three hundred millions of rupees; to-morrow it will be a rich pretentious intolerable city, with all the latest municipal notions and all the modern inconveniences. Already there is scarcely one of its ugly rectangular roads in which some building is not rising higher than all the rest, but not one with the saving grace of the least hint of style, mere stupid ostentatious accumulations of masonry, expressing nothing but the money in them. Rangoon is, indeed, at present rather well epitomised by its hotels. You find a telephone in your bedroom, and imagine every resource of civilisation at your command. But you soon discover that there is nothing in the whole hotel worth calling for, and very little chance of getting even that if you call.

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The Entrance to the Shwé Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon



The Shwé Dagon Pagoda

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THE ENCIRCLING SHRINES, RANGOON

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Between the Burman and the telephone, that emblem of hurry, there is too profound a discrepancy for both to flourish in the same town; and it seems probable that by the time the telephone in Rangoon produces results, and the results are worth producing, the Burman will have betaken himself to less assiduous shores.

Already we have done our best to spoil him, and in these, his southern borders, our success will soon be complete. We have educated him out of his simplicity of manners, and we have given him no equivalent from the complexity of our own. If we have preached to him of the dignity of labour, meaning the dignity of a competence, we have preached to alienated ears. Fate placed him in a land where, for a competence, labour was hardly needed, and he thus discovered a dignity in life without it. Even when he has to work, he hires some one to go on with the work for him the moment he has earned more than his immediate need requires; and then, having spent his earnings, pays the wages that he owes by hiring himself out to his own servant. He has no foolish conception of personal dignity, just as he has no caste, and save for kings and priests and outcasts, no social distinctions; so that, if only he can laugh and loiter and make love, those lesser shifts of fortune do not depress him.

No more unpromising disposition on which to

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graft our severe valuations of life and duty can be imagined. But we educate all the Empire alike, with an arrogant indifference to the stuff we are training. Some one once gave his conception of Hades as a white man's soul in a black man's body, and, so far as we can manufacture such places of torment, we seem doing our best to distribute them with unconcerned impartiality throughout the East. In Burma our good intentions are especially deplorable, for though the Burmese know much less than we of logic, history, and mathematics, they know far more of the secret of content, of practical philosophy, and simple living. It would be impossible to compare the lot of an average Burman family with that of an average British household at all to the advantage of what we esteem the more civilised. In all the real civilities of existence, in gentleness, in temperance, in generosity, in an indifference alike to good and evil fortune, the Burman is as certainly our superior as we are his in industry, in energy, and in initiative. Even in his religion the Burman seems to live on a higher plane than we, though probably, with his denial of the existence of a Supreme Being, his prostrations before sacred relics and the images of Buddha, and his nat and spirit worshipping, he may appear even to a catholic Englishman no better than an idolater.

His religion, in the shape of the Shwé Dagon

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VARNISHING DAY, RANGOON

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Pagoda, the most famous and most sacred of Burmese shrines, supplies the only interesting building that Rangoon can show. From far down the river, one sees it gleaming long before the city's chimneys have risen above the morning mists, a slender golden spire growing out of a golden bell, and crowned with a mitre of golden filigree and precious stones. Loftier than St. Paul's, with plates of pure gold covering the slim dome beneath its jewelled hté, and the plastered gold leaf of pious offerings coating every other square inch of it, the Shwé Dagon would have a right to its fame, even were that first dawn-gilded glimpse the only view to be had of it. Indeed, one would do well to be content with that earliest sight, since one finds on nearer acquaintance its effectiveness spoiled by the excrescences of modern Burmese taste in the shape of hundreds of hideous shrines crowded round the foot of it. A pagoda is not, as generally imagined, a place of worship. A place of worship has no meaning to a Buddhist because there is for him no deity to whom worship might be paid. In his lonely creed the only help for a man is what may come from within him, from his own strivings after a holy life. So his multitudinous statues of Shin Gautama are merely remembrancers of the great teacher to help his mind to meditation, and the words he utters as he bows before them are not prayers, but praises, loving and

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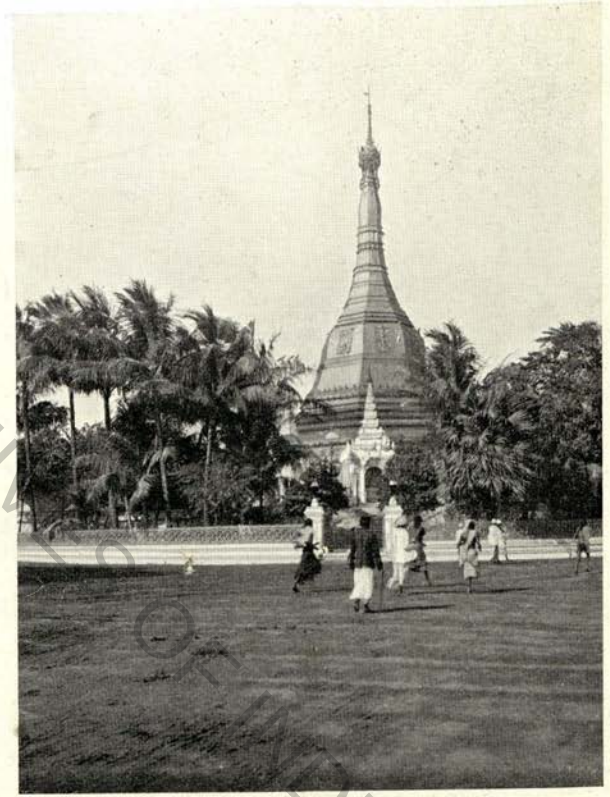
reverent repetitions of the Lord Buddha's virtues, to guide the thought in gratitude and imitation. A pagoda is thus not a place into which one goes to pray. It is impossible generally to go into it at all, for it is a pile of solid masonry erected, as its name—dhagoba, from the Sanscrit *dhatu garba*—implies, over some sacred relic. The imposing mass on Thengutara Hill has been accumulated by continuous encasing of the modest fabric built to keep in place on that sacred site four hairs of Shin Gautama. At the heart of it, enclosing the relics, are said to be jewelled caskets of fabulous value, but, if they indeed exist, only an earthquake or sacrilegious dynamite will ever reveal them.

About the base of the great pagoda is a circle of smaller ones, gilded also, some twenty feet high, and it is still possible to realise how impressive must have been the effect when these alone occupied the shaped and shaven crest of the hill from which the pagoda rises. Unhappily, however, Burman piety has been allowed to express itself by crowding the spacious platform with hundreds of shrines, image houses, figures of Buddha, bells, altars, and tall tagundaing posts, most of them deplorably ugly and all of them out of place. It is now impossible to see the plinth of the pagoda for the surrounding structures, which are plastered with broken bits of coloured glass and mirrors in the most garish and depraved

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THE PLATFORM OF THE SHWÉ DAGON PAGODA

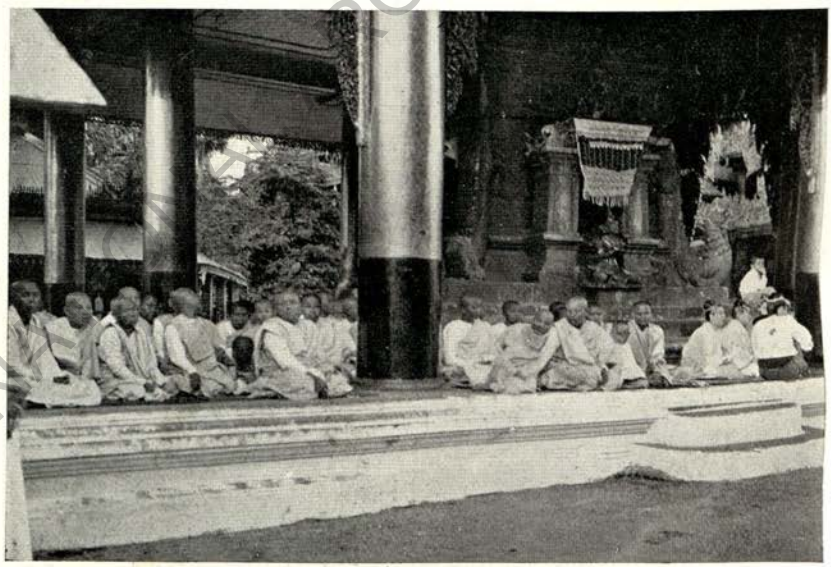


THE SULÉ PAGODA, RANGOON

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Modern Burma



Burmese Nuns

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manner of Burmese art, and impossible, from the presence of the larger and more pretentious image-houses, to stand sufficiently far from the pagoda to form any idea of its proportions. Indeed, for any but the faithful the great Shwé Dagon is irretrievably spoilt, and it would be the part of wisdom not to climb the long ascent to it were not the miniature bazar on either side of the dark flights of steps characteristically Burman, and the heedless depreciation of what is beautiful in his inheritance characteristically Burman too.

The building of a pagoda is unfortunately so profitable a source of merit, so much more profitable than the repair of one, unless it be of exceptional sanctity, that no one with the necessary funds can be expected to forego it. So it often happens that the original pagoda, however beautiful, is allowed to crumble untended into decay, while a growth of uncomely shrines springs up about it, the offerings of Paya-tagas anxious by such simple means to obtain a completed kan, the holy rest, the last release. Clearly a priestly precept, this acquirement of Neh'ban by pagoda building, so different from the relentless logic of the Buddha's teaching, which made the destruction of desire the only escape from its pains.

Yet in that indifference to a shrine's decay, and in the use of most perishable material for its construction, there is a touch of the great

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Teacher. Why build to his honour rather with solid stone than with sun-dried brick, when the difference in their endurance, however great it may seem to us, can be as nothing in comparison with the eons of eternity?

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BOAT RACING AT MANDALAY. GETTING INTO POSITION

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CHAPTER XVI

BOAT RACING AND PWÉS

THE joy with which we gazed upon green Burma made one realise afresh for how many weeks we had looked at nothing that was not parched and brown. Not that Burma showed any recent acquaintance with rain. The dust was deep, very deep, upon her roads, but the dust was not, as in India, everywhere else also. The rice crop had been cut and the paddy fields were full of long yellow stubble; but the sheltered betel vines, the sesamum, Indian corn, and tobacco were still green and growing, and there was a touch of autumn quiet in the few trees which had turned to honest October gold, and in the scarlet or crimson branch load of leaves upon others. For in India there is no twilight of the seasons, no spring and autumn, only hot and cold weathers; and even this hint of that gayer masque of the northern year was pleasing, as was also the touch of autumn in the weather, the warm still noonday suns and the cool dawns and evenings. After the close thunderous heat of Rangoon—which Rangoon protested was quite unlike its January habit—a breath of fresh dry

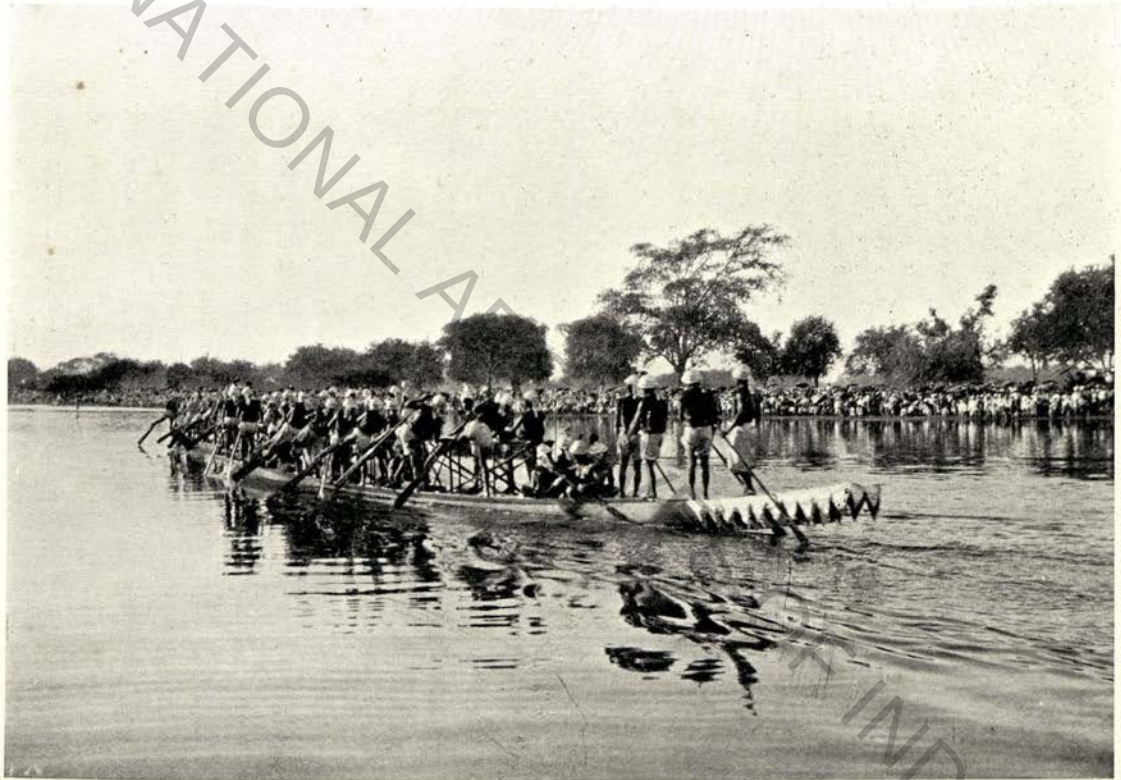
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air was welcome, and had a sobering effect on the mosquitoes, which are in Upper Burma of a size and impudent voracity which seem to vindicate the most lurid tales.

There was an interesting difference in the entertainments which Mandalay offered the Prince from those which had been devised elsewhere for him; everything was Burman, and Burman as arranged by the Burmese. Elsewhere had always been the concession to English taste, or the white directing finger behind the local colour. Here there was nothing done for the Prince's amusement that the Burman would not have done for his own. We saw thus two most characteristic displays, a Burmese boat race and a Burmese pwé. The boat race, or boat racing, as one should more properly call it, since it lasted all the afternoon, was as well "run" and as keenly followed as that at any regatta at home. The spectacle was not quite so dispersedly decorative as might be some racing festa on the Thames, since the water was sternly swept of all but the racing craft and the gilded karaweiks in which the starter and the judge were seated. But in the crowd that stood five and six deep along the northern side of the moat there was a gaiety and variety of colour that could not be matched in the whole of Henley.

Pinks, in a score of delightful distinguishable shades—for pink is the preponderant Burmese

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Intha Crews Paddling to the Post

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colour—hyacinth and rose and peach blossom and fuchsia, pale greens from reseda to eau de Nil, faint lavender and sky and succory blues, lemon and citron and amber yellows, all toned together by the little white jackets which intervene so happily between the bright scarf and petticoat, and all of them lustrous with the gleam of silk.

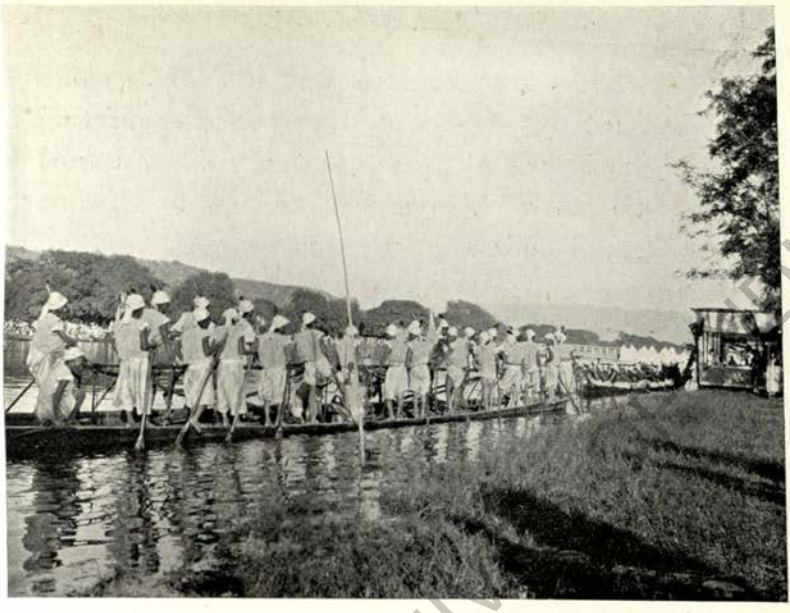
On the south side, too, along the machicolated top of the red walls of Fort Dufferin, with its thirteen fantastic watch-towers of teak and gold, was a trimming of the same brightly dressed humanity, for the men's pasohs are as gay as the girl's tamehns; and on the water itself the long canoes with the brown rowers stripped to the waist, or wearing a coloured band about their breasts, or clad, as were the Intha crews, in gorgeous silks and plumed helmets, driving their painted paddles with wild cries and to the clash of cymbals, quite atoned for the absence of spectators afloat. The racecourse was the north reach of the Moat, and the Moat is a rectangular belt of water, a hundred yards wide, which completely surrounds Fort Dufferin, each face of whose four walls is a full mile and a quarter. The racing boats were long narrow canoes, painted of a single colour, yellow, light blue, dull red, apple-green, and black being those one remembers as lasting longest in the contest. The rowers, who numbered about thirty, sat two abreast except the two bow men, the one on the inner side

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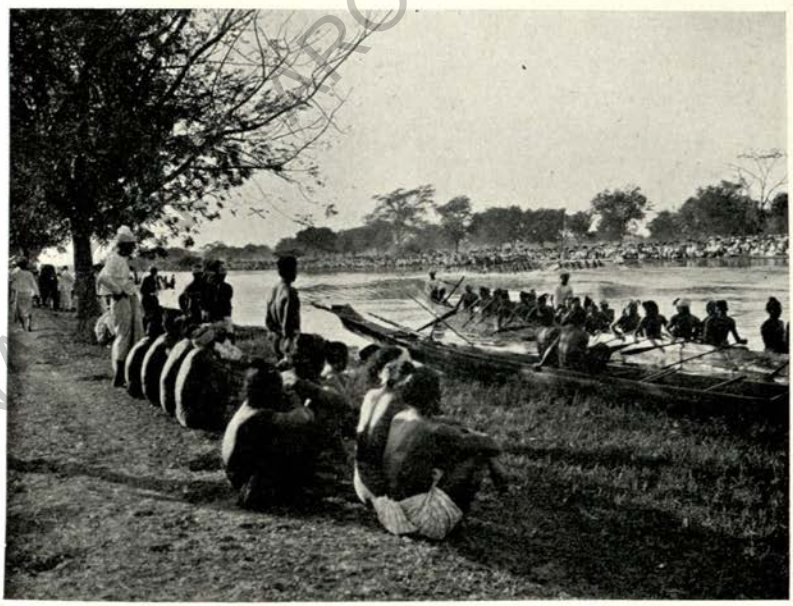
kneeling right forward, and driving in his paddle a foot clear of the stem, his body bending at each stroke like a snake striking. He kneels there, not only to get a longer drive on his blade, but because to win a boat race in Burma not only must the boat pass the winning-post first, but the bow oar must snatch from the post the trophy of victory as the boat dashes past it.

This trophy is a piece of rattan projecting at either end from a length of hollow bamboo lashed athwart the bow of the boat, moored in mid-stream, which marks the finish. Each boat is compelled to keep its own water by stakes fixed in the centre of the stream, and thus there can be no fouling nor hustling at the critical moment. It is no mean feat of steersmanship, especially down stream on a rapid river, to bring the flying boat within arm's length of the rattan, which only protrudes a few inches, and no easy task for bow to snatch the cane out as the boat passes, lurching, leaping, quivering forward, buried in the spray of the furious paddles. In a close race both the bow men may lay hold at once of the opposite ends of the rattan, in which case they are certain to be swept out of their boats into the water; when, unless one can hold on longer to the cane than the other, a dead heat, or thayay pwé, is declared. The boats, though they look rough, and are hollowed out of a tree trunk, have delightful lines rising slightly forward

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An Intha Crew



Crews Watching a Race, Mandalay

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from amidships, and running to a high galley-shaped stem to which the steersman's oar is lashed.

The sides are drawn out by charring and wedging, and are so frail that the boat is practically held together by its thwarts and by the strand of twisted cane and wire running down the centre; and, though it looks somewhat crank when laden, carries its crew of thirty without drawing more than a few inches. A man standing upright on the centre thwart sets the time with the clashing of a pair of cymbals; and he also chants the recitative of the wild river songs, to which the rowers bark explosive responses.

The heats were rowed off, at a few minutes' interval throughout the afternoon, the paddles starting at about sixty, slowing down to between forty and forty-five, when the boat was well under way, and doing a tremendous finish at anything over eighty.

After the first round all the finishes were very close, a quarter of a length being the outside between any two canoes, and the win being more often a question of feet and inches. The Burmese are great gamblers, and boat racing is the form of gambling they most enjoy; but they are likewise great watermen, and the most exciting moments of their lives have been those spent at village races on the Irawadi. Swept as his country is by noble rivers from its uttermost

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boundaries to the sea, the Burman's highway has always been a waterway, the river his road. And, since where trade goes youth goes, and where youth beauty, all the sterner training of his young men has been on the strong waters, and the most reckless encouragement of his young women for the straining craftsmen of the canoe.

It is only at a boat race that a Burmese maiden is sufficiently excited to ignore what happens to her scrupulous neatness: to forget her sedulously powdered face, the set of the comb and flowers in her dark hair, and to risk the soiling of her silken skirts and the breaking of her long da-lizan necklaces in struggling along the edge of the water to get a last glimpse of the boats. Thus, though the Mandalay races were of a less breathless sort than an up-country contest, there was plenty of animation over them, apart from money lost and won. An advancing expanding roar of excitement followed the boats from start to finish, almost drowning the clang of the contending cymbals; and the acclamations were renewed as the winning crew in each heat paddled back up the course, chanting their savage boatman's songs and swinging their paddles to the curious broken rhythm of the music, their wet faces gleaming and their breasts swelling with excited pride. Well-made men they were, perfectly fit, with the full pectoral and firm loin muscles which the paddle breeds; but their notions

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TOWING THE ROYAL KARAWEIK

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of training did not preclude a big banana before a race or a big cheroot after it. Bananas in plenty were carried in the canoes, some doubtless offered, with rice, flowers, and betel, to propitiate the river nats, who otherwise might have shown their displeasure by hanging on to the keel, or even by upsetting the boat with a flip of their fingers.

The two most interesting crews engaged were the Inthas, Shan tribesmen, who had journeyed all the way from far Fort Stedman to compete. They paddle standing up in double rank, facing the bow, with the outer leg twined about the paddle and the outer hand on the head of it. The outer shoulder is swung forward for the stroke, the blade dipped well in advance of the body, the whole weight of which is used in driving the stroke through. It is a very taking style when the stroke is kept long, and all the gaily-dressed bodies with their tinsel plumes swing back right out-board together, and then bend forward with all their force against the straining blades, and perhaps over a longer course they would have worn down the Burmans. But they lost ground in trying to hold at the outset their quicker-starting opponents, and could never afterwards get on terms. Also they had to row in borrowed canoes fitted with a hand-rail to which they were unaccustomed, and this was sufficient of itself to account for the failure of

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either boat to work its way through to the finals. They and their Shan supporters took their defeat depressingly to heart, the elder rowers, some of whom, keen old sportsmen, must have been past fifty, looking quite childishly woe-begone, for they had set all their hopes on beating the Burmans, who are disposed to look down on them as a people of inferior attainments, and who even rather resented their inclusion in the regatta.

Before the rowing of the final heats the Prince and Princess embarked in a gorgeously gilded karaweik, which is a barge with a pyathat or pyramidal roof to it and weird wyverns at the bow and stern, and were thus towed round the course by canoes manned by white-robed white-filleted rowers, with singing and strange music, to which in the central canoe a Burmese girl danced. Burmese dancing is one of those things for which very few Occidentals can report a ready-made liking. There was a Burman who danced in one of the canoes which towed the Prince's karaweik at the Rangoon illuminations just in the same way as did this girl at Mandalay; but, whereas she was all unbecoming clothes and fantastic contortion, his lean tightly clad body, with its angular spasmodic expressive posturing, and face flung up to the stars, seemed in some rapt inspired way like an incarnation of the uncouth music, a real interpretation of

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THE TOP OF THE ARAKAN PAGODA, MANDALAY

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its barbaric vision and spell. But no other dancing that we saw came anywhere within reach of it, though there was a pretty touch on the lake the same evening, when, on the approach of the Prince's barge, great clusters of lotus blooms, pink and blue and white, seemed to rise from the water, from each of which floated as it came into view the sound of little cymbals and the thin reedy wail of the native clarinets and flutes, the central blossom opening as the music quickened, and a girl rising slowly from the heart of it like some entranced spirit of the flower.

Really it looked like that; and it is impossible, if you could expect a human shape to come out of a lotus, to conceive anything more appropriate than the affectedly fantastically decorative figure of a Burmese dancing-girl.

We saw all it could do and all it could not at the pwé given in the Prince's honour on his last evening in Mandalay. A pwé is a Burmese play, with which it is pronounced to rhyme, and it is the Burman's favourite amusement.

There is a pwé when he is born, when he is named, when he goes into a monastery, when he comes out again, when he marries, when he divorces, when he dedicates a pagoda, and when he dies. Pwés to celebrate a girl's ear-boring, a boat race, a horse race, a buffalo fight, a boxing match, the rice sowing and harvesting,

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the beginning of a house building, or a great haul of fish.

The pwé is given in the open air and is free to all, the giver roofing over and furnishing with a bedstead and a few rugs a space for himself and the friends whom he invites by means of little palm-leaf packets of pickled tea distributed by his sisters or daughters.

The neighbours shoulder their mats, and with a store of provisions and cheroots camp out all round him, and there they sleep and eat and smoke as the pwé draws itself out through the long hours of the night, since no pwé would be considered lengthy that only lasted for twelve hours, and there is nothing exceptional in one continuing through an entire week.

Pwés are of many sorts, sacred and profane, topical and classical, with marionettes or real figures. The puppet plays are very well dressed and done, and, even to a foreigner, occasionally amusing. The Burmese prefer them to the real thing, and the unseen actors in them become just as famous as those taking part in the legitimate drama. Also on to the mimic stage can come nats and belus, dragons and elephants, and all the spirit creatures of the woods, fields, and waters which occupy so large a space in the Burman mind. Thus it is possibly its air of superior realism which most commends the puppet play. To appreciate the

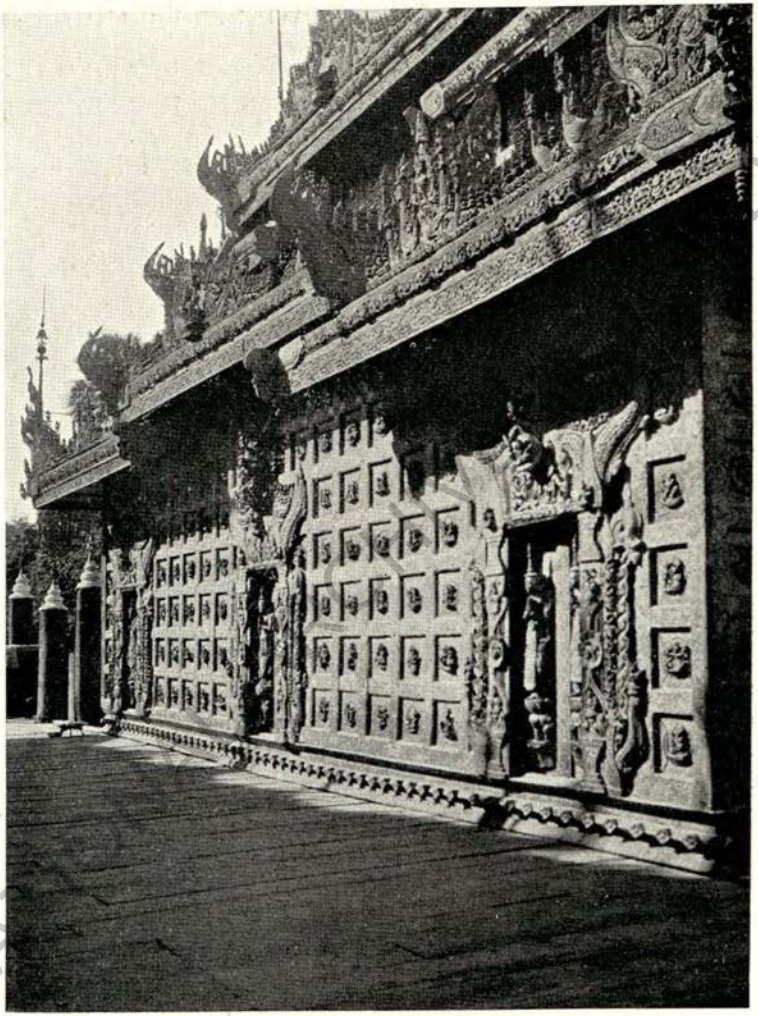
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THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN MONASTERY, MANDALAY

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OLD GOLD AND TEAK. THE QUEEN'S MONASTERY, MANDALAY

drama proper—the zat-pwé—is a more considerable effort to one's insular intelligence. The music is immensely interesting, differing in its mode, its tone divisions, and its cadences from that of the West, so much so that much of it cannot be recorded by our notation, and is as difficult to repeat as the song of birds. Also the curious tone values of the instruments—from the great seing-weing, a circle of drums some eighteen feet in circumference, in which the player sits, to the wah le' khoht or bamboo clappers—brought the suggestion of music significantly nearer to the sounds of common things, and really to hear "The British Grenadiers" played, as it heroically was, on this plaintive reed and dully resonant wood and skin was to register a new sensation.

But no assiduous patience could bring one to admire, nor even willingly to endure, the prima donna's nasal singing, and only an artist could take pleasure in the contorted ingenuity with which she danced.

The charm of a Burmese woman's costume is its gay simplicity. A pair of sandals, a few yards of bright silk wrapped round her waist and falling to her ankles, a short white silk jacket, and a gauzy silk scarf. That is all there is of it; and, though in decorative quality not to be compared with the Japanese, its dainty sufficiency cannot be beaten anywhere. The Burmese prima

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donna, who is likewise première danseuse, spoils it all by converting her skirt into a narrow sack by stitching it up the front, by fixing something like a lamp shade round her waist, and by wearing an elaborate and unbecoming head-dress. So handicapped she does wonders in the way of movement, but it is movement which can only seem seductive to the elongated Burman eye. Also she is often incredibly clever with her muscles: makes them talk, one might say, where ours are not only incapable but unconscious of speech.

Her bosom will be passionately convulsed while her face and lips and every other part of her remain absolutely placid, and she has taught muscles to contract and throb, over which we have consciously no control. Such feats are to us mere gymnastics, but to the Burman they speak conceivably another language; just as the kisses, which for us have so much meaning, say to him nothing that he would care to hear. Her acting, by our standards, is not more acceptable, and, seeing that she is often "on" all night, one is chiefly surprised by its limitations. The "funny man," who is a feature of almost all pwés, seems to have a wider range, and is amusing even when he is only funny in a Burman way, which is, alas! much more subtle and refined than ours.

There are other sorts of plays and other sorts of dances, with less of art and more of nature,

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A Well-head, Mandalay



THE BEAST IN THE JUNGLE

some of them mere excited stampings. such as even stately dignitaries indulge in when the spirit moves them, at a boat race or a buffalo fight or a procession to the pagoda. And these really are the more attractive, as they are nearer akin to the nature of the people, attractive, at any rate, to those who find in that nature, light and lazy and laughter-loving, an unaffected charm.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE TWO WOMANHOODS

HERE, in mid-ocean, steaming from Burma to Madras, one is conscious of a curious sense, the sense of having the East to the West much more than to the East of one, of its dark lustre lying rather ahead than astern across the warm blue water.

The sense is curious, because the East ahead of us is India, to which we have brought all sorts of modern illuminating things—education, newspapers, and the tongue of the free—and astern is Burma, to which, so far, happily, we have brought very little.

And, when one reasons whence the sense has come, one grows aware that it has emanated altogether from the women. That it is owing to her women, and to her women only, that Burma wears such a modern air, and that it is about the women of India that the Eastern glamour lingers.

The men after all, taking them by a rough mixture, are very much alike in their manners, their morals, and their mode of life.

By the book, their faiths are far apart, but

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there is little appreciable distinction in the working out of them. The man of many gods often reverences above them all the immemorial sanctity of an idea, and the man who has no god at all will sacrifice to a whole thearchy of spirits.

The common people everywhere are worshippers of the shapes of Fate; and Fate has a great similarity of appearance all over Asia.

And the life of either is the life of the fields, the life of a people that does not take kindly to cities: and their labour, the labour of the fields, or of such simple industries as the country life requires.

No, the men, however one measures them, are not at all dissimilar, and yet their women are, by any sort of reckoning, a thousand years apart, and it needs no knowledge of their inner life to become conscious of the detachment.

The Hindu draws, if she sees you, her sari across her face; the Burman looks a trifle more pointedly in your direction. One has the shy reserve of a wild creature, the other the simple manners of a child; and the outward diversity is significant of one inner, deeper, and more enduring; a diversity of dreams and of desires wide apart as the Eastern and Western worlds.

In some ways, indeed, the Burman woman has what the West is still striving for. She has not the franchise, but she has the power; and she has the power because she has the capacity—

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how or why it is not easy to say. Buddhism, it is true, means a freedom for her unthought of in Hindustan, but it is probably rather its effect upon the men which accounts for her position.

All Burma is stained yellow, a rich pervasive yellow, by the robes of its monks.

Through the monasteries its entire manhood passes. There is no profession in the land so honoured as that of poverty, humility, and chastity by the Yahan. The youngest even of the Pyit-shin, or "religious," bears the title of Prince; his person is sacred and inviolable; the most reverend layman would defer to him, and all bow when he passes. He is relieved of every care for his existence; it is an honour and a source of merit to provide him with house, clothing, and food. And in return for these no services are expected. He is not a priest to dispense teaching, to conduct a ritual, to console the poor; for there is none poorer than he, no more humble learner, nor any ritual to conduct.

And the monastery doors are always open; all can come and stay or go as they please. It is a school of "humanity," a place of retreat, a house of holy living, as you please to regard it.

The majority of the Burmese only wear the yellow robe for a short time; but the mere fact that all of them are thus secluded even for a brief while from the world, from its struggles and pleasures, as are the woman never, and live in

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dependence on the labour and bounty of others, which must mean in large measure woman's work and care, makes an inalterable difference in the relation of the sexes.

Though a Burmese woman makes her bow to the world by having her ears bored like a savage, with a band of music to drown her cries, and is supposed to be disposed of by her parents as they please in marriage, she is really freer as a girl and less dependent as a wife than any of her European sisters.

Her maiden property remains her own in marriage, is kept separate from her husband's estate, and is settled on her children. If she is divorced she takes it with her, and any other possessions which may have come to her by trading or inheritance. Practically she marries whom she chooses, and may obtain a separation from her husband by going before the village elders and stating her case; while, by the Laws of Menu, she can obtain a divorce when her husband is too poor to support her, when he is always ailing, when he leads an idle life, when he is incapacitated by old age, or when he becomes a cripple after marriage.

Yet her freedom seems to make for happiness, and she is her husband's partner in more ways than one, taking a share in his business, carrying it on in his absence, and claiming a part of its profits in the event of divorce.

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Yet she has rarely any education, knows of religion only what she picks up from her brothers, and all her accomplishments are to dress neatly, powder her face, and do her hair.

She seems to be born with a capacity for business, and cultivates it, even if she be quite well-to-do, by keeping a stall in the bazar, though she does so rather for the sake of variety or of attracting the young men. Yet this life, lived under all men's eyes, does not seem to rob her in the least of modesty.

She probably makes the first advances to a mutual understanding, she certainly looks as if she could; but for all that seems to have more impulse and less wile than goes to her sort of charm in other women. She will quite frankly whiten her face or add the false tresses to her hair while you are looking on, yet seems incapable of any glance or gesture which could be thought equivocal. She smokes a big white cheroot, six to eight inches long and an inch through at its thickest, made of chopped pith and tobacco and sometimes a pinch of sugar, rolled up in a teak-tree leaf or the bark of the betel, which rounds her little mouth when she puts it in; but she has been too long a smoker for any suggestion of masculinity to cling to the habit.

Her skirt is a simple piece of silk or cotton, a yard and a half square, which, wound about her bosom, is only kept in place by the tucked-in

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ends. As she is a small person, very slimly built, the tightness suits her, but there is an end to grace when she moves. As the skirt opens in front she jerks her heels outward in walking to keep its folds together; also, wearing sandals held on by a single thong, she bends her knee and instep in an unlovely shuffle to keep them on her feet. The bent knee has thus become fashionable and an accepted curve of beauty; the dancing-girls exaggerate it ludicrously in their sewn-up skirts, never for a moment standing upright, and doing many of their most applauded steps with their knees a few inches from the ground. Thus the highest compliment you can pay the grace of a Burmese lady is to tell her that she walks like an elephant. That is the ideal. Her arms are always thin, as she is generally, but they are very mobile and expressive. She does her long hair into a little tight knot on the top of her head, and its blackness is intensified by the powder she rubs into her face. She admires pallor, and spends hours working the sweet-scented straw-coloured powder of the thana 'kha to an even surface over her features, thereby spoiling their rather pleasant olive-brown. Her good looks have been much overrated. It is very rarely that one sees even a pretty Burman face, but there are plenty with a childish susceptive charm which is unquestionably taking.

We saw the whole range of Burman girlhood

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in a school which had turned out to view one of the Royal events. They marched two and two, in green silk skirts, white silk jackets, and white veils over their heads, from tiny things of five years old to big girls who blew graceful kisses, or the Burman equivalent for kisses, at their admirers. They made a most delightful picture, but what impressed one most was the absence of graduated development in the whole range of faces, and the likeness to grown womanhood even in the smallest. The guess that the Burmese girl does not grow up, that her charm is a child's charm with a woman's fingers, seems to go some way to explain her cheerful practical romantic personality.

To that personality what completer opposite can be imagined than the India which looks at you with a veil across her eyes. It is a difference physical as well as psychical between this woman who walks barefooted with such a splendid stride, her skirts flung out, her sari fluttering, a burden on her stately head, and that other with her artless eyes and her shuffling footsteps. For while the Burman is the freest woman in the world, the Hindu neither has, nor wants, nor would accept freedom. She does not desire to be a man's mistress or his partner or his companion; she only craves to be the mother of his child.

And so bound up with motherhood are all her longings that when death takes from her the

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The Women on the Housetops

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further chance of it her life is ended. Sati was the veritable expression of her despair.

She has not chosen her husband, but that to her is no hardship. She has not embraced matrimony for the sake of a new house, pretty clothes, and increased importance. She takes her vows of marriage as a Western sister might take the veil. She consecrates herself to motherhood, and to what is often a more than cloistral seclusion. Asked what they hoped for most from the Royal celebrations in Calcutta, some little purdah women replied: "Oh, something with noise in it!" There would be nothing they knew for them to see, they would be shut up too securely. But they did see some of the *Hyacinth's* rockets burst above their walled-in housetops, and were incredibly happy.

These same small women spoke always of the Prince as "the Great Queen's little grandson," his sonship being the link between them, and it was her having parted so recently from her youngest that won their concerned sympathies for the Princess.

Their being thus debarred from everything did not strike them as unkind. A woman was used to leave the world alone, to keep her eyes on the ground in her husband's presence, to refrain from asking him the simplest question, or to challenge any act of his however completely it ignored her. It was for other ends that a

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woman lived. "Not unto ourselves" was the device of her existence.

No deeds which she could do would make for righteousness, for merit might not be accounted to her. Her integrity, her long-suffering, her renunciations might win merit for her husband; they could earn nothing for herself.

To the West her contentment, her enthusiasms may seem circumscribed and even contemptible, yet is there in the story of altruism any sacrifice more splendid and more complete? One is speaking of ideals. In reality doubtless there is the pettiness bred always among secluded women, and many another unlovely littleness. But behind them is the glad acceptance of a life which is only lived for others, and the proud assumption of motherhood as a woman's supreme reward.

That may seem a limited outlook to the West, but can its more ample horizon show anything finer?

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NAUTCH GIRLS AT A FESTA

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CHAPTER XVIII

WITHIN THE TROPICS

To Madras our good fortune in the way of weather once more followed or rather preceded us, for it was the rain that came first; came, too, in such exceptional measure that six inches of it fell in four days. Indeed, it overdid what was desired of it, since it descended with so much vigour along the coast that the railway line was washed away, and the Royal trains coming down from Calcutta to meet the *Renown* were forced to add days to their journey by a long detour into the interior.

Also, after the manner of rains at this season, it very sensibly increased the temperature of the air and added a considerable load to its dampness. It is curious that, wherever we go in India, we always find it hotter than it ought to be. One may refer the coincidence either to misfortune or to the sensitiveness of the Anglo-Indian for the reputation of the weather in which he happens to reside. One expects him to rise to the chance of saying the hardest things he can of it. Instead he is grieved and apologetic and explanatory, and says the hard things about

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some one else's station. Which is charming of him, and incomprehensible.

Even Rangoon, with a cold weather average of 75°, and an atmosphere out of which you can squeeze moisture by closing your hand on it, had only unpleasant remarks to make about some less favoured locality.

There is an amusing and true story in Rangoon that the contractor for its huge new hospital referred the delay in its progress to the difficulties he had been put to in obtaining the frost-proof pipes of his specification.

Rangoon, that shivers when the mercury approaches the sixties, found the story funny; but really, from Rangoon's description of its "cold" weather, there seemed something to be said for the contractor's lapse.

In Madras the heat and the rain together had roused the drowsy winter life into surprised activity. In the thick steamy air there was a ceaseless singing of insects, which swelled into a noisy vibration when the sun went down.

The leaves had been washed to their most glittering green; on the trees heavy-scented blossoms were beginning to open; great white rounded clouds hung lazily in the blue sky, holding down the heat upon us; the sapphire scarcely-ruffled sea broke in long white lines of surf against the honey-coloured sand; while in the air was the continuous whinny of the kites

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THE PRINCE'S LANDING, MADRAS

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and the maddening iteration of the coppersmith's one monotonous note.

The sudden heavy rainfall had turned the ground on which our camp was pitched into a lake, and the forcing heat which followed drew a soft rich dampness through the carpet which had been laid above the mud, and filled the tent with a thick swampy concentration of the outer air.

A frog croaked bass responses from beneath one's bed to the shrilling of the crickets in the further corners; one's bedding drank in the damp till it seemed to hold an almost expressible moistness; mosquitos flapped noisily and greedily, like blackbirds in raspberry time, about one's netted head; and not a stray breath travelled between the tent doors from darkness till dawn.

We had at last the happy sense of having reached the Tropics, of having found the India of our expectations; the India of palms and green paddy fields and luxuriant vegetation.

Even in Madras City you can have this fecund sense of the East, for Madras is no huddled assemblage of houses; it covers in its expansiveness close on forty square miles, and includes creeks, lakes, islands, canals, and a couple of rivers. This feeling of space is the first you are conscious of on landing, conscious of uncomfortably, if compelled to exchange time for it, and find the day consumed by merely getting about the city.

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But the spaciousness comes not merely from dispersion but from wide streets and parks and open places, which one cannot but applaud, and from sequestered public buildings which one tries in vain to admire. Tries—because they have an air of taking themselves seriously, of striving, after a style, of doing what they can to be impressive—but tries in vain, for there is not in any character or device of them one touch of genius or of redeeming capacity.

They show much more ambition than those of Calcutta, and ambition of the right sort; but in their efforts to be Indo-Saracenic they only amplify the weakest features of both their models. But they assist in giving Madras the look of leisure and competence which she wears, explains the rest of India, only by virtue of having lived her hour and having had her day.

She has at any rate outlived her difficulties; she is happy in having no problems, unless the prospect of not being able to find labour enough for her requirements may be accounted one. For the Madrassi goes far afield in his search for wages—eastward to Singapore and beyond the Straits, to Bangkok, Saigon, Burma, and Assam, and westward to Mauritius and Eastern Africa —and finds the search so profitable that he can do all his travelling and yet make from six months of it more than double the sum that he could earn in a year at home.

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CATAMARANS, MADRAS

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It is curious what unlikely people have the commercially adventurous disposition. The Irish labourer who ventures to English harvest fields, the Italian labourer who allows himself to be transported to the Argentine, the Chinaman, and the Madrassi are none of them of the type to which adventure normally appeals.

We carried back a deckload of Madrassis from Rangoon—men, women, and little children—so tightly packed that, as they slept, their bodies fitted into each other like a fretwork puzzle in bright colours. They seemed to sit all day, with their little bundle of belongings, just where they had slept, playing strange games of cards with strangely-painted packs, chattering incessantly, so that the forepart of the ship—for the hold also was full of them—was for four days like a warehouse with a hundred phonographs at work together.

But they were unfailingly cheerful, and though their least movement disturbed some one else, and they had samples of every sort of irritating catarrh, rarely seemed to lose their tempers, and only on one occasion came to blows. They cheered and sang and shouted for hours after we dropped anchor in the dark outside Madras, with an ardour and delight in home-coming which alone would have persuaded one to think well of them.

The promise of Madras, the real air of

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India which seemed to exhale from it, bore no fruit, unfortunately, for the Royal visit. Nowhere else in our wanderings have the arrangements been more complete and more admirably carried out; but, with one exception, they savoured of anywhere but India.

That exception was a native entertainment provided for their Royal Highnesses by the town of Madras, and it cured one of requiring diversions more edifyingly Oriental. The preparations for it were quite magnificent. A semicircular pillared arcade, in the centre of which the Royal party were seated, reached its arms about a white-sanded area, beyond which a little theatre had been built. A canopy of red and white stretched from the theatre to the arcade, shut out the more imminent of the stars, and reflected the gleam of electric lamps on the performers. It was a setting worthy of the highest efforts, and one felt that on an occasion so exalted and so auspicious some of those Eastern mysteries might be unveiled of which travellers have been telling since the East was discovered.

Well, we were shown a green parrot which swung a match in its bill and fired a cannon, a strong man who supported a block of stone on his chest, a conjurer who used his breast pocket in a fashion which made one blush for him, an acrobat who turned single back somersaults,

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a singer who accompanied his barely audible voice on some stringed instrument, a swordsman who cut lemons in a handkerchief, and a dreary little troupe who twined and untwined Maypole ribands. That, with the exception of a quaint but rather boring dance by the Khonds, comprised, as far as one can recall it, the entire performance, a performance one would expect to find surpassed at home in any travelling country circus.

It may or may not be typical of what the East can do, but it has cured us of inquiring for local colour.

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CHAPTER XIX

MODEL MYSORE

We are here in Mysore, at our furthest South, within some twelve degrees of the Equator, where the sun lays that warm heavy hand upon one's shoulder that can only be felt near the ecliptic, and in a week or two we shall be fifteen hundred miles away to the northward, shivering in a fur coat on the borders of Baluchistan. Thus we have at least in climate that variety which in other particulars one has looked for in vain. Indeed, one might almost say that the programme which has been arranged for the Royal Tour forms the most instructive homily on India one could imagine. Planned by men qualified by a long acquaintance with the country, and anxious doubtless to turn so exceptional and expensive an event to the best advantage, we may take it that the dull repetition of events, illustrative of so little and so lacking in distinction, was the best calendar that could have been compiled. But what a commentary it is on the lives of India and Anglo-India, on the lack in each of anything significant and individual, on the failure of both to produce any effect of

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WAITING FOR THE PRINCE, MYSORE

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correspondence and coalition; that nothing less insipid nor more edifying could be found for the Royal visitors than the recurrent round of garden parties, foundation-stone laying, and opening ceremonies. From the recorder's standpoint the consequence has naturally been deplorable. Everything after the first few weeks was either a repetition of what had gone before or not discernibly different from the same event at home; and thus one has been continually compelled to fall back on India for one's material.

That may seem to open untold opportunities, but it does not. One soon begins to realise that to the Englishman in India, India is a great way off; so that one comes to regard it as might a captain, who never left its bridge, the ship which he commanded. He has his chart-house for instruction, the steersman and officer of the watch for company; his hand laid at any moment on the engine-room lever may effect profound changes in the fortunes of the ship. But into the great hive of life beneath him he never enters, and of its activities he knows next to nothing. As far as the proportion of numbers goes, those three men on the bridge of a crowded ship represent pretty fairly the comparison of the directing influence of India to its crew and passengers of three hundred millions, but no isolation which one can imagine in terms of the sea will compare with that of the Anglo-Indian.

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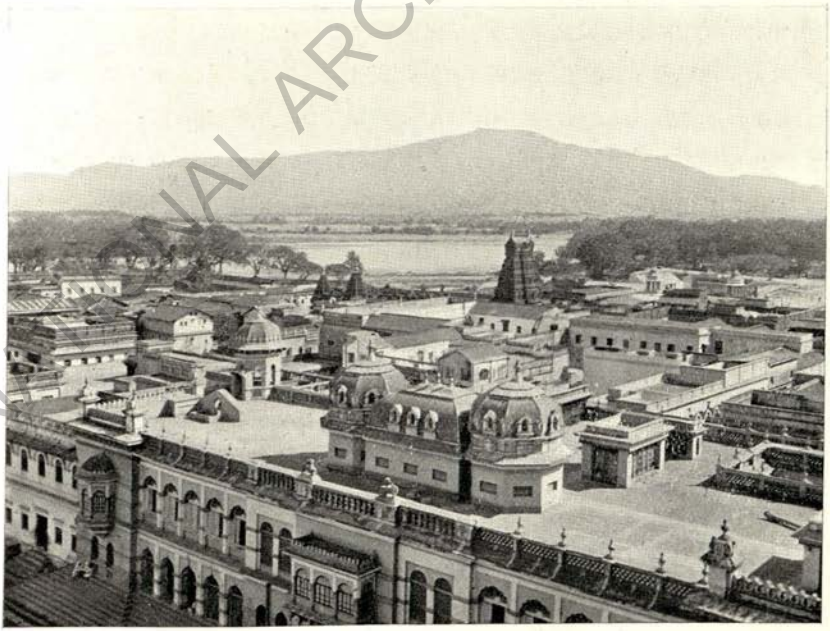
Hence, when one talks of falling back on India one only indicates a descent to the superficial crust of it.

Here in Mysore the superficiality is accentuated by the fact that during the recently ended minority of its present ruler we have had a good deal to say to the State's affairs, and the exterior appearance is in consequence somewhat Anglicised. Still, Mysore must not be robbed of due credit for its progressiveness, seeing how considerable and how enlightened was the influence of its late Prime Minister, and that it was in Mysore that the present Diwan of Travancore received his training; a Minister whose zeal for learning seems likely to make its Southernmost State take in the question of primary schools the lead of all India. Mysore, with its industrial and engineering schools and its Technical Institute just begun, its green parks and substantial buildings, its asphalted drains, its standpipes along the streets, and its clean neat air, has a quite Western suggestion of modernity. One cannot help lamenting the displacement of the picturesque old wells, whose leisurely deliberation was so characteristic of the country, by the bright brass taps from which water gushes at a touch of the finger. But a tap from which a woman draws water into a lovely brass chatti is better than a well to which she brings a hideous tin can; and the oil tin as a household ornament

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FRONT OF THE NEW PALACE, MYSORE



THE OLD PALACE FROM THE NEW

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does not seem to have penetrated into Mysore, and one hopes that the efforts of its legislators to cultivate village industries and an appreciation of beauty will include the banishment of the American can.

An aid to that sort of education, an object-lesson in beauty, is at present available in the shape of the new Palace which is in process of building in the heart of the town. A quarter of a million rupees have been spent upon it, a fourth of the sum which would have been needed in England, and it is still a great way from completion. But enough is already there to challenge one's admiration and to indicate what is to come. Massiveness is the note of it; there is a sense of weight in all its stones, in the black marble domes, in the pillars of red and green porphyry, in the deep-cut serpentine, the soapstone lattices, and the rough-grained gray granite of which the walls are made. All of these, save the serpentine, are quarried within a mile or two of Mysore, and the only stone which has been brought from outside the State is the sparingly-used white marble from Jabalpur, which serves, inlaid, as a frame for doors and windows. What Mysore can do in the way of carving may be seen in frieze, cornice, capital, and tympanum, which are mostly of serpentine, and in the splendid teak and sandal-wood doors and ceilings. Cast iron is used in the audience and marriage halls, in both cases

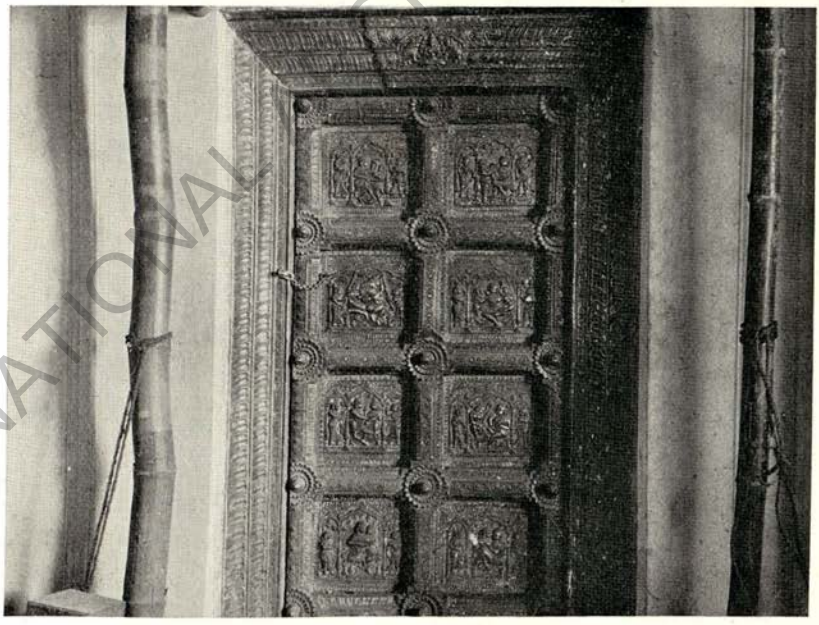
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with deplorable results; but one cannot suppose that the architect is altogether responsible for the spoiling of the admirable western court with unsightly pillars, for which constructively there seems to be no need. One spoke of the Palace as a school of beauty, and that to one's surprise was what one found it. The place resounded to the mallet, the chisel was everywhere eating its way into uncompleted carvings; chips of granite flew from the low-vaulted roofs; the floors were littered with men at work upon blocks of marble, slabs of porphyry, junks of teak, and panels of sandalwood, intricate lattices and delicate inlay, on ivory doors and jambs of silver; yet there was no attempt made to exclude the public, whether it came in a loin cloth or a black silk coat. Men, women, and children, the whole populace streamed in, watched with wondering eyes the brown teak turn to birds and flowers, and the shapes of gods and beasts grow out of the green serpentine; shook the granite chips from their hair, brushed the dust and the mire of masonry from their saris, humbly removed themselves when found in the way, and so wandered on from room to room, and out into the square again without any marshalling or supervision, so much more civilised and better mannered than any English crowd could be—if you can imagine one permitted into a palace which was in course of building—and acquiring, doubtless, new ideas

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THE MAKING OF A PALACE, MYSORE



A FAMOUS SILVER DOOR

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of beauty and decoration and the dignity of craftsmanship at two annas a day. The Palace is proof that with proper training and direction the native workman is equal to anything connected with architecture that can reasonably be asked of him, and one is glad of the chance to express one's admiration of Mr. Irwin's design, having written in a different sense of buildings in Madras with which he was associated. There is nothing in that city worthy to be named beside the new Palace of Mysore, which must rank among the few great modern buildings in India.

There seems to be a variety of opinion as to what is really the Deccan, some authorities considering the Kistna its southern boundary, others carrying it right down to Cape Cormorin. The name is no guide, for it only means "the land to the right"; to the right, that is, of the invader marching eastward across Hindustan from the north-western passes. But, however incorrect, the name seems to have come to mean for most the great triangular tableland, two hundred thousand square miles of it, skirted on its three sides by mountain ranges, which ends here in Mysore. From the top of Chamundi, the precipitous hill close on four thousand feet high, which overshadows Mysore, one looks out across the flat fields, of a deeper red than any loam of Devon, at the southern boundaries of the vast gneiss plateau which the sun and the weather of

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innumerable years have worn down from its imposing thickness to the red and gray laterite blanket which lies porous and thirsty over these interminable plains. Far away on either hand, converging towards the southward, are the last spurs of the Western and Eastern Ghats, which have followed the coast-line of either Presidency for seven hundred miles; while, closing the gap between them, a full eighty miles away, looking cool and fresh beyond the blazing levels, with white clouds curling on their purple heads, are the lovely Nilgiris, where the parched ear can hear the unceasing sound of waters, and downs green as Hampshire uplands greet the scorched eye; where oranges grow wild in the sheltered valleys, and heliotrope and verbena tower high above the head. With two months of winter still before us and the mercury in the nineties even now, one can imagine how men, slaving in the summer heat, and wondering with each exhausting day if their sapped energies will last to the end of it, may, looking across the plains at that cool paradise, long for the help of the hills as they lift up their eyes to them.

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CHAPTER XX

THE WAKING OF THE JUNGLE

EIGHT miles away, with the rock-bound waters of the Kaveri gurgling on every side of it, lies, in the island of Seringapatam, what was mortal of a man whose name was once well known in England, but whose identity and achievements very few to-day would probably be able to recall. Here, though histories are scarce and those who can read them not many, Tipu Sultan's name is still a living memory; not so much because of what he did, though that should be enough to endear him to Mysore, but because he died fighting. It cheered one's faith in the value of making a good end to find that the big thing about him which has stuck in the minds of his countrymen was the fact that he would not surrender. The circumstances of his defeat and death were really very little to his credit. He was beaten by a mixed force, a twelfth of his own in strength, and after being wounded he was shot through the head in trying to defend his jewelled sword-belt from a common soldier. But these things do not remain to soil his memory; perhaps they are wise enough not to insist on

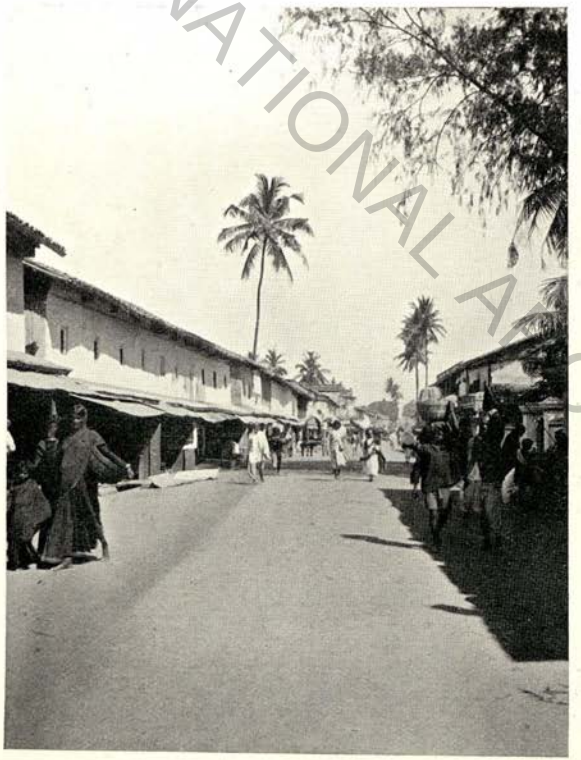
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such details in the Mysore schools, since all the scholars remember of their lost hero is that he would not be taken, which gives him at any rate a spiritual value for them which is not always achieved by our more elaborate biographies.

But the native memory is not tenacious only of its own elect. It has been interesting everywhere to find with what undimmed appreciation Lord Ripon's Governor-Generalship is still recalled; and more unexpected was it to discover how revered is Lord Dufferin's name, and with what grieved and intimate resentment the financial disasters which clouded his closing years are regarded, owing to the share he had in the restoration of Gwalior to the Maharaja Scindia—proof that magnanimity is no more wasted than valour in our dealings with the East. Tipu Sultan lies beside Haidar Ali in the midst of a lovely garden, under a dome supported by wonderful columns of black hornblende—a stone rarely seen in anything approaching the size of these monoliths, dark as jet and almost as highly polished—which, flanked by gaunt cypresses, surround with such a gloomy fitness the resting-place of the dead.

Magnanimous as have been our dealings with Mysore since Seringapatam was taken, it was not of magnanimity one thought, looking out across the river from the dungeons in which close on four hundred British soldiers dragged out an

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A Street in Mysore



The Mausoleum of Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan, Seringapatam

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incredible existence for three years and a half, but of the strong hand and the prescient determination; for it was not the Tiger of Mysore alone that drew Lord Mornington into his jungles, but the menace of a greater and more distant Power. It was French intrigue in Southern India and French support to our foes there, coupled with Bonaparte's overwhelming victories in Europe, which forced upon the Governor-General the immediate necessity of deciding whether the control of India should fall to France or to ourselves. In those days, so hard now to realise, nothing seemed out of Napoleon's reach. He had equalled Alexander's conquests; he was credited with an ambition to surpass them, to draw that girdle of the tricolour about India too. Ambassadors had been sent from Tipu to Mauritius, and the Governor of the Isle of France had called for volunteers to drive the English out of India. In Haidarabad Frenchmen officered the Nizam's soldiery, which was stiffened with French troops. The risks of invasion were thus considerably increased by the footing France already had in the country, and Lord Mornington found in that risk a sound reason for his comprehensive measures.

It is curious, as a sample of the way Fate has of throwing man against man, that one should find the future Duke of Wellington fighting in engagements which were aimed at the

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possibilities of Napoleon. Colonel Arthur Wellesley served under General Harris during the second siege of Seringapatam, was once well beaten in the advance upon it, and occupied, after its fall, Tipu Sultan's summer palace, which still stands in its garden just outside the fort. On its walls is a most humorous picture of Colonel Baillie's defeat by Haidar Ali and the French at Perambakam, a fight, like many another that we have lost, so creditable to the fashion in which it should not have been fought. The picture, which covers one of the verandah walls, has been twice repainted, but does not seem to have lost the character and innocent freshness of the original artist, who was unhampered by the cares of atmosphere or perspective, and who, native though he was and on the other side, has given a stiff sort of valour to the British square which looks quite like our idea of ourselves, and a touch more of grace and a hint more of figure to the advancing Frenchmen who also look quite like our idea of them. And one wonders afresh if these men, who could fight all through the hot weather in their queer black top hats, high stocks, and tight long-tailed scarlet coats, were of stouter stuff than their descendants, who find the sun pretty intolerable in solar topes and loose white kits; or if the British soldier of to-day could outlive, as did the survivors of that gallant square, the horrors of

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over three years' captivity in an underground dungeon not big enough to hold more than a tenth part of them.

One had the chance at Mysore, while the Prince of Wales was at the khedda, of seeing the swift, abrupt, and unromantic coming of spring to the jungle. That coming interests no one in India. How should it? Spring means to those who live here not the loveliest season of the year, but the door of entrance to the most detestable. Every gleam that suggests, every sound that heralds it, are to them hateful. And so to those sights and sounds they pay no heed, and of any, save such as are dinned into their senses, they remain unconscious. They are forced to listen to the coppersmith's pestering iteration, but they do not hear the note of the dove; their eyes are compelled to blink at the gold mohur's glory; their noses are assailed by the mango's scent; but of trees, almost as lovely, now coming into flower in southern jungles, they know neither the beauty nor the hour, and with odours far sweeter than the mango's they have made no acquiantance. He would be unsympathetic indeed who should expect from exiles any other attitude. In full beguiling flower now are the plants that remind them most of home; all the year's blossom of an English garden massed into the pomp of a month, in which black raspberries and long red strawberries ripen amid the petals of

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May, July, and September. That sounds a queer mixture, but to the unaccustomed eye the jungle confusion is just as curious. In England the spring takes months to its shy courting, but here it is marriage by capture—a sudden forcible shaking down of the old green leaves and an outburst of new ones almost on the morrow.

A week ago you might have taken the great silver-stemmed Indian fig for an evergreen, since scarcely one of its dense green leaves had fallen or faded in all the long avenues. Then, one morning, one heard a sound on the tent, a little different from the scampering feet of squirrels, and before night the heavy stiffening leaves were strewn all about it, and in two days the silvery outstretched arms were bare. But ere then one had seen young fig trees in the jungle, which had put forth their tender shoots, through which the sunlight filtered red as through a rabbit's ears. So sudden here are the ways of spring.

But there is often something prettier in its swiftness, for in many of the trees of which no one seems to know the names, the fall of the leaves is followed by an outburst of flowers before leaves come again. There are tall trees, like Spanish oaks, with waxen rose-red flowers all over their bare pearl-gray branches, and flushed pools of fallen petals about their roots. Some are covered with crowns of flame-coloured

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tulip-shaped cups; some with bright orange spires, which match the lantana which blossoms beneath them; and from others hang citron tassels or long trumpet-shaped bells.

But the rich heavy scents of the spring do not come from the gay flowers but from the pale ones. From the mango most of all, because mangoes are so many, and this year their slender leaves are almost hidden under a cloak of greenish yellow plumes, from which is shaken the thick sweet scent, like a mixture of meadow-sweet and mountain ash, rather drowsy at mid-day but delightful in the cool morning as one gallops under the laden trees. But away from the mango's dense shadows are more delicate flavours. There are odours of jasmine, azalea, and heliotrope from trees with flowers in fleecy white clusters, drooping creamy racemes, and feather-like cymes; while, more arresting than them all, where the jungle is thinner, their ivory censers scatter incense over the magnolia's bare boughs.

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CHAPTER XXI

NORTHWARDS ONCE MORE

FROM Mysore we started upon our last great zigzag across India, which is to cover some four thousand five hundred miles in taking us to the port of departure, which is but a quarter of that distance to the north of us. Once more we shall pass, though in an opposite direction, through the United Provinces and the Punjab, across which two months ago the dusty train took us. Meanwhile we are leaving the south, the wonderful South of India, without having seen the least fragment of its treasures, without having had so much as a glimpse of those marvellous temples which are its especial glory, and which go so far, if not to make intelligible, at least magnificently to illuminate that all-embracing theism of the Hindu, "humorous, amorous, obscene, subtle, and refined." The answer, doubtless, is that we went to Mysore and have come to Haidarabad for sport, and not to make acquaintance with the mind of India; but even so adequate a reason cannot eliminate one's regrets. For here in the south we were away from all the "show" places and off the main tracks of the trotter. We were

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in touch with the real thing, with the great fanes which are still a part of the life of the people, as none of the beautifully preserved antiquities we have visited can quite be said to be.

Sport at Mysore hardly fulfilled expectations, but it provided one amusing incident which was distantly related to the khedda drive. Coming back to Mysore one evening along the road which led out to the scene of the drive, when the warm odour of the mangroves was dying out in the night dew and the white trees, amid whose balsam-scented azalea-like blossoms the sunbirds, like jewelled shuttles, had flitted all day, were a mere ghostly dimness, the acetylene glare in front of the motor became thick with dust, and the driver threw out his clutch and listened for the throb of the engine which he imagined must be in front of him. Not a sound came, however, to suggest another car on the road, and, suspecting dust-devils, he ran on again into the murk of it. The dust grew denser, and, just as the lamps were becoming useless, between their thick milky cones of light appeared a huge dark lurching mass, which a jerk of the lamps showed to be the hinder parts of an elephant. Surprise and habit tightened the driver's fingers on his horn, and, as the hooter blared behind him, the elephant, instead of turning to trample on the car, as the driver, alarmed at his unpremeditated rashness, expected, flung back over his shoulder

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a terrified bellow, and undulating monstrously from side to side, plunged forward at an undignified gallop, his great haunches quivering and his big pads meeting the road like the beats of a piston. Whether he took the hoot of the syren for the hoarse voice of some infuriated female of his species whom he was anxious to avoid, or for that of some new and dreadful beast with eyes of fire and a throat of brass, he was so flurried that, in his desire to escape it, he took the only course which could keep him in its path, and for three miles went straight along the road at a speed that would have shocked a Surrey magistrate, filling the dust churned up behind him with outraged howlings, with the motor hard upon his heels. Amusing as the experience was, there is something incongruous in motoring through an Indian jungle in search of game, and one suspects that the failure of so promising a district to provide the Prince with sport may have been due to the noise and the taint of the number of motors that not only took the Royal party to the khedda but continued to run daily between it and Mysore. Were that the cause one would regret it less than any other, since all such luxurious facilities, especially where the quarry is worth adventure, have a tendency to rob the title of sportsman of all its old honourable implication of hardihood.

From the blank covers of Mysore we went

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north-east to that small space of British territory in the centre of the State which was assigned to us when Mysore was restored to its native ruler. The journey is typical of the joys of travel in Southern India; our express special, which had to make no stops for passengers or baggage, doing the journey of eighty-five miles, down hill in six and a half, and up in seven and a half hours, an average over the double journey of twelve miles an hour for fourteen hours. One hastens to add that there are better lines in the Deccan, the "Poona Special" of the Great Indian Peninsular, which picked us up at Guntakal, and will carry us to Benares, being, at the price, equal to a comparison with any train in the world, and ahead, save in the matter of speed, of anything that we can show in England. It has a dining-car which is a model in effective simplicity of what such cars should be and never are; it cooks you a dinner which is as different from an English train dinner as the dishes of Piccadilly are from those of Peckham; so liberal is its electric lighting that reading is as easy by night as by day; an electric fan is always ready to pour its ministration upon you; it has a window of wooden lattice, a window of wire gauze, a window of smoked and of plain white glass, according as you may wish to keep out the dust or the flies or the glare or the wind. There is a telephone in every one of its corridor

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compartments, its abundant lavatories include a shower bath, and all this on the amplitude of a five foot six gauge, without the expenditure of an extra penny; the only practical difference between its two classes being that four may sleep in a second class and only two in the first. One writes with grateful appreciation, because one has said hard things of Indian railways, and the hard things have been deserved. One does not abate a single epithet one has used of them in making one's salaam to the G.I.P.

But the Great Indian Peninsular takes one away from Bangalore, while the perplexing question was what took one there; for Bangalore is as utterly bare of objects of interest as Anglo-India can possibly be. It is a cheerful healthy station, a couple of thousand feet high, whose large Eurasian population advertises its suitability to the European temperament. It has a park, a parade ground, a palace, some tanks, and a bazar. As a consequence of our visit it has a statue of her late Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, but even the consequence hardly seemed a sufficiently adequate excuse for our presence. In addition to the unveiling there was a banquet, a garden party, and a presentation of colours, and really, coming to think of it, one can imagine nothing more that Anglo-India could have desired. These things may seem inadequate from an Imperial point of view; but though it is easy

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to acquire Imperial views while the railway wheels grind slowly out the Imperial miles beneath us, and Imperial vistas stretch for months from the carriage windows, it is unreasonable to expect the same exaltation from people whose every limitation and inconvenience is a garrulous reminder of what Imperialism costs them. Who can wonder if they consider themselves exempt from any further contributions to it, and regard a Royal visit as something on the other side of the account, and the Princely approximation at a garden party, or the brief sublimity of a presentation as their only means of "getting-back" on the Imperial idea.

Bangalore complained of the heat, which not only proves how favoured it is, since we were rejoicing in its breezy coolness, but also that if you want to hear the best of a station you must go to a bad one. The gods are adepts at plaguing us with our good fortune.

From Bangalore, without having discovered why we had come there, we continued northward to Haidarabad through a country which suggests a titanic and saturnine humour. The more southern part of it is astonishingly like the Karoo. If one is not mistaken the resemblance is honestly come by, since the Karoo is also the result of a decomposed plateau of iron-stained gneiss. It is, thanks to the sage greens and grays, dull creams, russets, and yellows of its

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little bushes, the more charmingly coloured, it is also, of course, incomparably more arid, but in this month, with the parched water-courses, the rocky hills, the abrupt undulation, the lean scrub, and the green mimosas, the resemblance is astonishing. As one passes into the Madras Presidency the resemblance ceases, and for mile on mile the scene suggests only a big brutal indifference to humanity. Rose-coloured rocks, tons in weight, are piled fantastically one above the other. The hills are made of them; loose boulders, heaped together, from the enormous blocks at the base to the pillars and cubes and pyramids perched along the sky-line. Often it looks as if a mere touch would send masses the size of a house tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom. And, running along the crests of the ridges like the rough hair on the spine of an angry wolf, strange broad black veins, thrusting up their ribbed out-crop above the rose-red rocks, lend to the landscape an indescribably savage and sinister aspect. In that adamantine welter there seems no place for man, no hope for human industry, no opportunity for human strength.

It seems a place in which giants have played, and of which giants have tired, leaving these granite blocks which were their playthings flung about in some last fit of bored caprice. Yet men, humble and patient, have scraped the red

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earth, wherever there was room between the stones for a plough to be driven, and the withering greenness of their meagre crops offers for miles the only contrast in colour to the scattered stones of that iron solitude.

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CHAPTER XXII

THE CAPITAL OF THE DECCAN

HAIDARABAD, the capital of the Deccan, is perhaps of all the cities of India the one regarding which the visitor's expectant attention is raised to the highest point by the allegations of travellers, and it is unquestionably the one which most copiously disappoints that expectation. There must be something in the air of the place which breeds exaggeration, as it seems also to breed in its proprietors a false sense of importance, for there is nothing else to do it, save it be the distended size of the city and its suburbs, eighteen miles through in one direction and fourteen miles in the other, so they tell you, and the more than half million of its people which make it the fourth largest of India, in a State which is as big as France. But with its size ends all its claim to note. It is true that one may see in its streets a queer mixture of races, Rohillas still reminiscent of French occupation in their baggy red tunics and cutaway coats, Arabs who might have come as they stand from the desert, and coal-black negro faces under the fez. But where in any living city of the

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THE CHAR MINAR, HAIDARABAD

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East will you not find mixtures as unexpected and even more remarkable? And what are its buildings but mere straggling aggregations of undistinguished stone? The Nizam's Palace, which covers close on half a square mile, almost a quarter of the walled city, and which is really a nest of nobles, each with his own half-disciplined retainers, is so inconspicuous that it would be impossible from any of the hills round to pick out its position among the multitudinous roofs without the help of other landmarks. The new Palace, in which the Royal party was lodged, magnificently placed on a crest of a ridge just south of the city, is a pile of whitewashed stucco without style or distinction, and nothing better can be said of any of the great glaring buildings which stand out with such effect in the curiously theatrical landscape in which Haidarabad lies; a surf of rocky rose-red hills amid lakes of blue water and levels of emerald-green rice.

Then, too, the sights of which the traveller tells, the men who are walking armouries, and who "draw" at the slightest provocation, take so much seeking that one gives them up in despair; and the truculent and reckless tendencies of the mob are just as difficult to discover. The wild riding through the streets of the chiefs' retainers does furnish scenes which are occasionally amusing, as when three of them the other day, galloping madly to pick up the rest of their

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escort, were suddenly held up by a jutka which had turned at right angles across their path. A jutka is something like a long coster's cart with a piece of linoleum bent over to form an arched roof to it. It is generally horsed by an unbroken rat of a pony, who is uncertain on the level, and jibs and shies when asked to go up or down hill. This particular specimen had spun away from the slope as the three impetuous swashbucklers were hard behind and about to pass it, and the sudden swerve put the whole length of the jutka against their horses' noses. The horses had to stop, but the three riders continued their flying career, lance in hand, over the top of the jutka, which, struck by the breasts of the charging steeds, turned completely over, with the driver and his family upside down inside, the pony upside down between the shafts, with protesting hoofs in the air, and the three horses on top of them all, scrambling and slithering amid the still revolving wheels to get on to firm ground again. No one emerged from the incident without some alteration, the jutka especially was affected, the lancers' facings had disappeared and one of their lances was broken; but there appeared no disposition, even on the pony's part, to take the affair seriously; it did not seem to strike any one as outside the ordinary Haidarabad routine.

Still, save in these small light-hearted ways,

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THE TOMBS OF GOLCONDA

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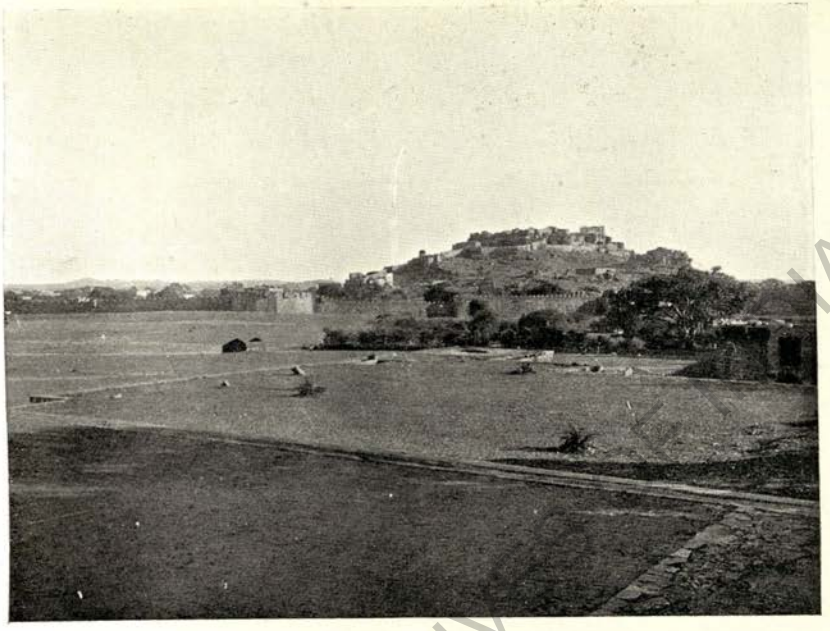
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Haidarabad no longer lives up to its reputation, and there is little of interest left beyond the un-Indian gaiety of its brightly painted shutters and the immense straggling intricacy of its interminable bazars. One was able to appreciate that by getting lost in the heart of it after nightfall, cycling, lampless, back from Golconda. The dark that comes with one stride suddenly made it impossible to ride further through the dim moving figures with which the streets teemed, and forced one to plod along a rough and uncertain roadway covered with dust so thick that one felt to be walking on a layer of feathers. The dust was thick in the air, too, gritting the teeth and clogging the nostrils, mixed with the odours of cardamom, clove, and cinnamon, betel, incense, and the musty warmth of half-naked humanity. For the darkness was full of people and stray beasts and creaking bullock carts, and it was only diluted here and there by the light which escaped from the small square open-ended stalls, where some dealer sat with a lamp beside his wares; rolls of stuff, brazen vessels, heaps of sweetmeats, or piles of grain. Sometimes in the bazars, with shops on either side, there was enough light to show the colours on the moving figures, but at the next corner there might be so inky a blackness that one could only guess where the houses were by their blotting out of the stars, and one was likely, even

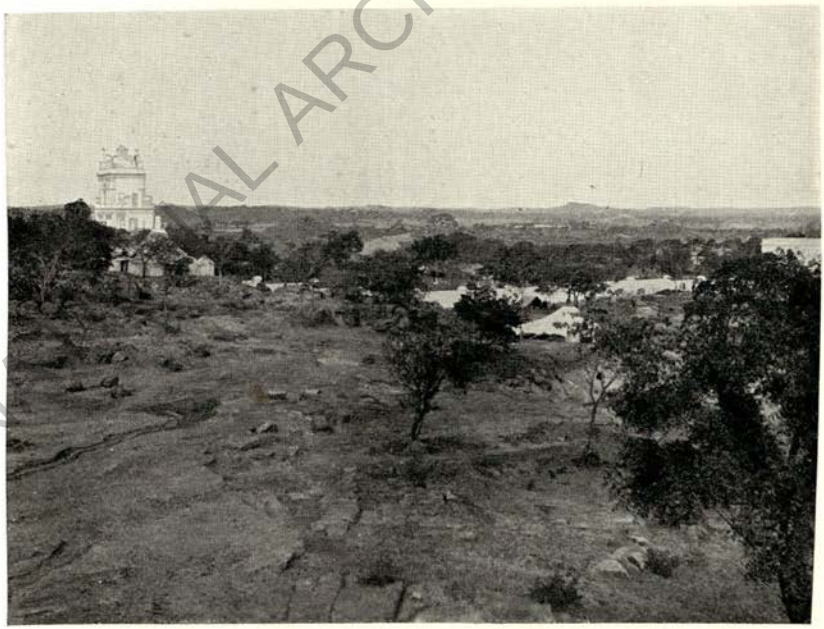
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groping one's way, to stumble over some meditative cow lying munching in the road. And on every hand there was music: tom-toms and thin reeds and cymbals; music indoors and out. In the glow of a room musicians could be seen playing, their backs to the wall, their long oboes thrust out before them; or the strange clamour would descend from some dark upper chamber, or the street would grow thick with a noisy procession of drums and pipes, which might, for all one could tell from the music's character, be accompanying a marriage revel, with the bridegroom perched up above the wreathed cattle, and the beds and bales and boxes of the new household, or 'be escorting under a gaudy awning, with flowers and spices laid about it, some dead gray face looking up at the sky. One plodded on through it all in the dusty redolent air, steering, as well as one could, by the stars through the obscure tortuous interminable labyrinth, since one's best Urdu or Gujerati was thrown away where only Tamil or Telegu was understood or spoken. Really a more helpless position in an ordinary way amid a people with so unflattering a reputation could not well have been achieved, and the experience proved how undeserved was the reputation, since instead of a knock on the head one was offered nothing but obliging assistance; an assistance not always according to knowledge but obviously inspired by

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THE FORT OF GOLCONDA



THE VIEW TOWARDS GOLCONDA FROM THE FALAKNAMA PALACE, HAIDARABAD

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goodwill. Indeed, in a city where the Muhammadan ruler pays the salary of the pastor and contributes largely to the expenses of the Christian church, and his nobles are the best helpers and largest buyers at church sales of work, one can scarcely expect to find a truculent and contentious spirit. All, indeed, that one did find was the curious gradation in soldiery to which other Native States had accustomed us, from queer-looking footmen with the ancient musket to the smart Lancers of the Imperial Service Troops, which, if not trained to such a remarkable pitch as those of Mysore, carried off the honours on parade from the Indian Cavalry.

That parade at Secunderabad produced an interesting ceremony in the presentation by the Prince of Wales of colours to the 2nd Rajput Light Infantry; not that a presentation of colours is an exceptional ceremony, but because the regiment, of which the King is Colonel-in-Chief, is one of the two in the Indian Army that have the honour of carrying three colours, the third, which bears the words, in English and Hindustani, "Lake and Victory," having been conferred on it for exceptional gallantry in the campaign of 1803, which was ended by the battle of Laswari and the capture of Delhi. The regiment, with its eight companies of Rajputs, is as fine a one as can be found in the Indian Army; in drill no Infantry battalion that one has seen

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out here could give points to it, and the physique of its big broad men made even the Lincolns and Manchesters, both above the average, look small by comparison. There was another interesting contrast at the review, though only a picturesque one, between the uniforms of the 26th Light Cavalry and of the Nizam's Bodyguard. The 26th, which were the Madras Light Cavalry, wear the old French-gray blouse with buff facings, silver cross-belt and lace, gold sword-belt, worn in the case of the native officers over a crimson cummerbund fringed with gold, and silver braid on blue breeches. It is, perhaps, the prettiest uniform in the whole British Service, and in vivid opposition to its avoidance of the primaries was the cardinal and gold turban, the vivid gorse-yellow blouse with gold belt and cardinal facings, the white breeches, and black top boots of the Bodyguard. Bright yellow is the Haidarabadi colour, and there is a fine smear of it over everything immediately connected with his Highness the Nizam.

The distances in Haidarabad offer an interesting example of the difficulties attending the distribution of troops in India. Secunderabad cantonment, where the Haidarabad contingent is quartered, which will supply the nucleus of the future Ninth Division, covers nineteen square miles. Bolarum is some six miles to the north and Trimalgiri three miles to the north-east of it,

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and the troops, from considerations of water supply, have to be spread out over the entire area. Consequently the distance each regiment has to march to take part in brigade drills makes of itself quite a respectable day's outing.

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CHAPTER XXIII

MUD AND MARIGOLDS

We came into Benares on a still Sunday morning, with white and blue skies and the scent of the wild limes, like orange blossom, in the cool air. And we turned from the station, not into the crowded town, but out through the open green cantonments, past English faces above summer frocks driving in to the sound of the church bells. It was not a bit like England, but what leagues and lives apart from the city behind us! For Benares, commonly called Kashi —"The Splendid"—is the concentrated essence of Hindu Hindustan. Splendid it is not in any obvious particular; if it were, how should it be typical of Hinduism to-day, unless there is in sanctity any sort of splendour? For Benares is still, for the Hindu, the Holy City, the most sacred place of his pilgrimage in all India, the home of Shiva's worship in these northern plains; that grim obscene poetic vision of God as the regenerator and the destroyer. But splendid? No! One wonders if India has built anything splendid in the last two hundred years. Not that Benares dates only from the seventeenth

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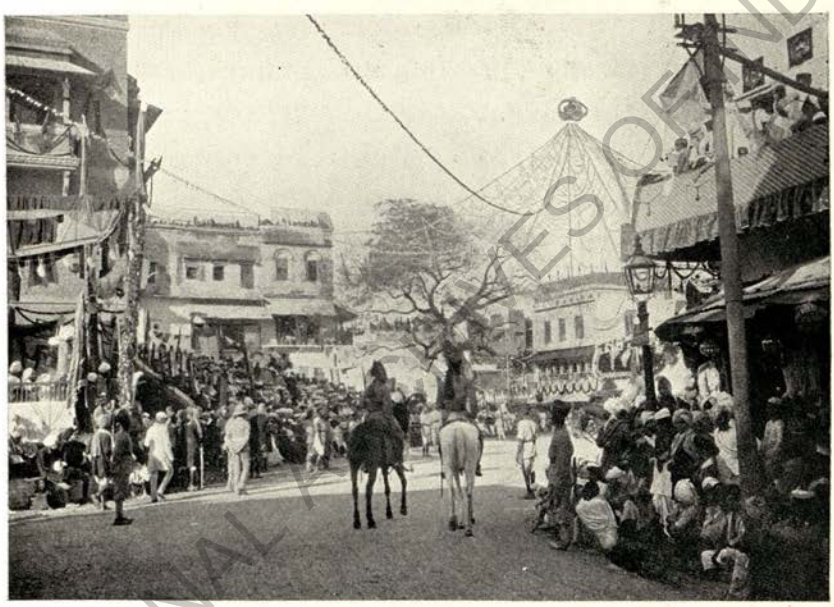
century. But the glory of her temples and palaces was demolished by Alla-ud-din seven hundred years ago: Aurenzeb laid his heavy hand on what was left nearly five hundred years later; and she was still at the mercy of the Marathas after a hundred years more. Small wonder that sanctity is all that is left to Benares. Not that she makes no boast of what she has. You are bidden by no means to miss the Monkey Temple, the Golden Temple, the Nepalese Temple, the Annapurna Temple, and the Mosque of Aurenzeb. Really you might miss them all and lose nothing; but the Annapurna, which is called the Cow Temple, is worth seeing as being to Benares what Benares is to India, a concentration of Hinduism; especially if you can see it, as we saw it, in mud.

The wonderful subservience of the weather to our plans—which might make the most sceptical superstitious of Royal influence—continued for us here. For though we travelled for three nights and days from Haidarabad, through a country reporting rain in every direction, not a drop of it touched the train, and we arrived to find Benares only just lifting her head from a deluge which had lasted all the time of our travel. The roads were dry again, but the roads are not Benares. The few broad streets through which one drives do not at all reveal her, for it is in the labyrinth of narrow tortuous alleys, in

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scarcely one of which can three men walk abreast, with houses towering up crookedly to the blue riband of sky, does Benares work, and move, and have her being. And since down to the floor of these in winter, not even the mid-day sun can reach, the mud lay still in slime, the water spread and trickled from puddles, and one had to slip and splash by half a mile of them before, stooping under a doorway, creeping through a hole in the wall, clinging to a chain, with a long stride across to a ledge between two pillars, one found oneself looking down on to a small and filthy courtyard, surrounded on all its four sides by the high walls of houses, in the centre of which, and occupying indeed almost all the space, were the columns and conical roof of a shrine. In the narrow space round about it, spattered and besmeared with mud, white oxen wandered; and in and out through the central doorway the worshippers pushed their way, a continuous crowd of them, mostly women, low-caste women, in faded crimson saris, with the mud to their ankles, pressing up the steps, turning for a moment to lay their offering in the enclosed part of the shrine, and passing out again with contented faces, making a way among the meditative cattle, sliding a brown hand along their sleek sides. The mud slipped from the floor of the temple and flopped down the steps, mixed with the grain and the white and yellow and purple blossoms

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THE MARIGOLDS IN THE CHOWK, BENARES

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which had been brought as offerings. It looked like—it was in fact—a shrine in a byre, and by what phrase can Benares be more fitly described? An hour spent watching those poor people come and go, while the stale reek of the place settled in one's nostrils, and the foulness, the irreverence, the piety, the simplicity of it all sank into one's heart, taught one more of Hinduism than could be learnt from books in many days. It seemed like a key to all the rest of it, a key that gave, indeed, nothing to one's hand but the consciousness of other men's possessions. But how grateful may one not be even for that when the possession is a faith from which all one's instincts are averse. And Benares needs sympathetic interpretation. With no reconciling loveliness of its own, no bond of beauty, such as have some of the other great cities, no strong link even with the past, it stands naked in its squalor and its fervid faith, and one may ever so easily take a disliking to both of them.

Perhaps, remembering the river front, one should not deny its claim to beauty; but that beauty seems somehow not its own, something accidental, unmerited, an intrigue of time and the great green river and the evening skies. The city is all on one shore. On the other is a waste of white sand, which the river that now slips a blue and silver arm about it scourges in the monsoon with its discoloured fury. On the

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other bank the town rises steeply from the water above its interminable flights of steps, in a tender crescent of more than three miles. As one looks along it down the river in late afternoon, sliced by the slanting sunshine into sharp light and shadow, or sees it with the rose of dawn in its face and the mists still floating about its ankles, there can be no question of its beauty. Yet there is not in all that long curve a single building that could be praised, and there is a suggestion rather of Mediæval Italy than of India in the stained russets, sage green, and cream of its huddled irregular uplifted palaces. Now, with the river fifty feet below its flood level, the bare exposed brown bastions on which the houses stand give the effect of a fortified city, and dwarf the decorated many-windowed upper storeys. The bluff walls rise from the flights of steps with which the entire front is terraced, which reach up from the river, contracting, as they meet the abutments of the walls, till they disappear into temple or palace under dark arches or end in the streets that lead out of the town. The steps seem Italian, too, just as the narrow by-ways through the city suggest a Venetian calle; but on the steps India comes in again, dense enough and dark enough and bright enough to blot out the impression. It is there in its thousands every morning before the light has crept into the sky,

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and till the sun is turning again to the west continues to wash its sins away and cleanse its soul in the sacred river. The women are there as well as the men, the women who take so small a space in the East's convictions of immortality, with their wet saris clinging to bodies so much more beautiful than the West can show, and that strong satisfaction of faith on their faces. Under broad sunshades of plaited palm thrust into a hole in the stone floor holy men sit and expound the law, and the sound of songs, of strange songs on men's voices, floats to and fro along the front of the ghats. A thin stream of smoke drifts up from the centre of the crescent where are burnt the dead, happy enough to die in or to be brought to Kashi. They lie waiting their turn; what were men wrapped in white and what were women in crimson, their feet to the river, while other pyres are being consumed. A pile of wood is made, and on it is laid the next in order, tied to its bamboo litter, and over it more wood piled. Then the torch is touched to its lips, a few poor strips of sandal wood—unless the dead was wealthy—are slipped into the pyre, and the logs are lighted. There can be for mortality no more lyric ending than these scented tongues of flame, but one can better appreciate the poetry from a little distance on the river, whence one sees only the leaping fire and the coil of smoke, and misses

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the crushing by the burners of some obdurate skull, or the thrusting back of some slim foot into the flame. So all Hindus are burnt who die in the city except little children and the victims of small-pox and cholera. These are rowed out and dropped in the middle of the river. So Sitla, the Goddess of small-pox, is propitiated; but one would fancy that the propitiation hardly extended to the disease.

With the river and the ghats one leaves the beauty of Benares behind one, yet in leaving it one feels to be going back to the inner secrets of the city. One may feel, however, while still on the ghats, how uncommunicable are these, by standing by that tank which Vishnu dug and into which Devi dropped a jewel. Jewels are not dropped into it now, but flowers, milk, grain, sandal-wood, and sweetmeats, and the sacred pool exhales in return a reek which might warn even a troubling angel away from it. On the steps that lead to its dark foul water the infirm, the diseased, and the leprous sit; and down them the faithful go to drink of it. But nearer still to those inapprehensible secrets is the Gyan Kup, the Well of Knowledge, in the quadrangle behind the Golden Temple, where the emblem of Shiva still lies in hiding.

Here where naked long-haired fakirs, smeared with dirt and ashes, mix in the muddy crowd of pilgrims, beggars, Brahmans, women, cattle, and

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THE TEMPLE OF HANUMAN, BENARES



MASQUERS IN A HINDU MIRACLE PLAY

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children, the surroundings are even more holy and more mephitic, since, penned in by high walls, there is no draught from the great Ganges to carry off their stagnant fetor. Yes, here the whole thing is if one could but understand it; its foulness and its sweetness and its greatness, its seeming failure and its age-long success. Here centuries ago a man preached a faith that was all serenity and kindness and beauty; within a mile men preach another that is all nobility and love and light. But on the crowds by the Well of Knowledge neither has any influence, neither offers any beauty which they can desire.

But while writing of the mud one must not forget the marigolds, if only because they were the one pretty thing to be set against all the inanities of decoration we have endured. The marigold is Parvati's flower, and Parvati, who is the Hindu Venus—not the smirking mediæval Goddess, but the Greek one, terrible in her beauty as "an army with banners"—is the wife of Shiva, whom Benares honours. So it was that marigolds met us; marigolds in garlands hung from green bamboos; wreaths of marigolds nailed to wall and doorway; carts laden with their pale primrose yellow; women, clad in apricot pink, with piles of golden marigolds in brown baskets on their heads, and heaps of them at street corners, amber and orange and deep velvet bronze, being strung deftly into endless cables.

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The joyous colour everywhere caught the eye, an aromatic odour hung gratefully in the air, covering even the multitudinous stench of the bazar. At the temples priests hung marigold garlands about one's neck, and marigolds wreathed the prow of one's boat on the river, and were scattered about her as she slid down the stream.

So to the last the impressions mingled, the beauty and the deformity, the fineness and the foulness, mud and marigolds.

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CHAPTER XXIV

THE LAST FESTA

SINCE, proverbially, the best wine is seldom served at the end of the feast, one was unprepared at Benares for a scene which overshadowed everything that India had shown us, a scene which one could imagine no brush but Turner's having the courage to face or the power to render, and Turner's only at its most riotous and magnificent hour. The scene was really, in a sense, a pictorial accident; it was not, that is, what we went out to see.

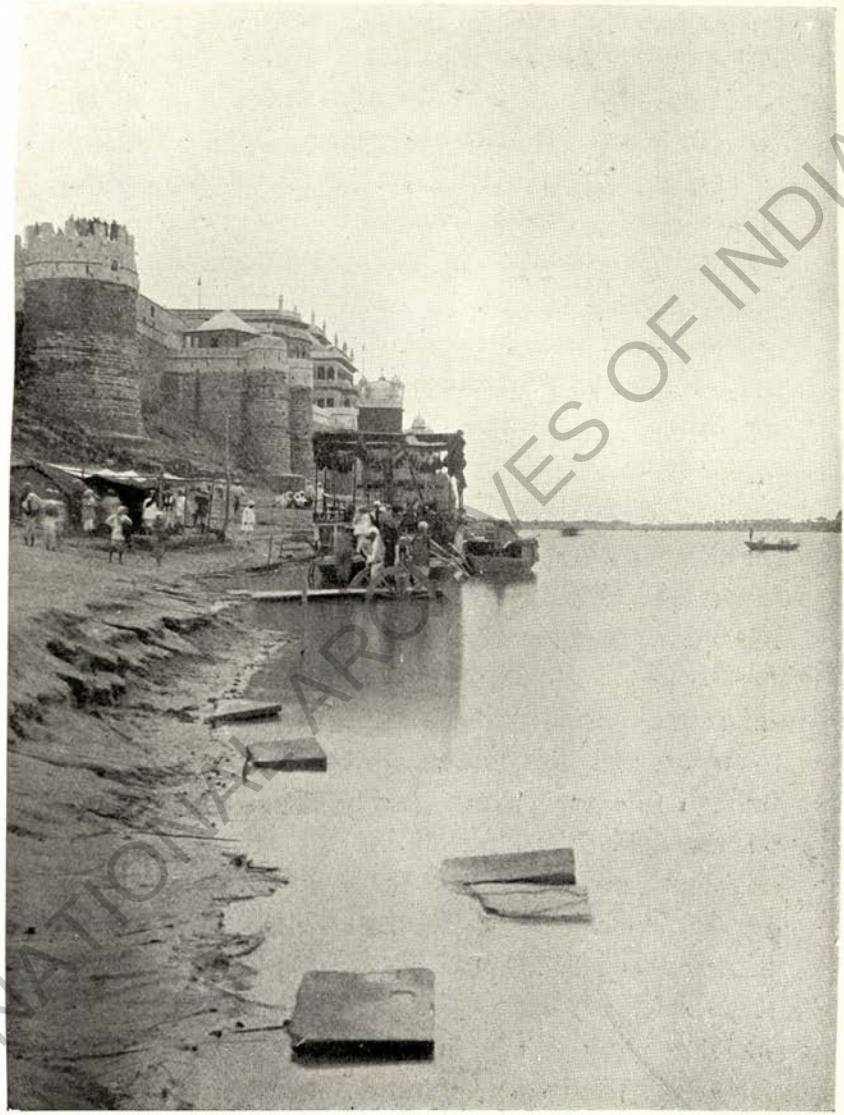
It was only when the lights of that entertainment were burning low, when the last sheaf of ineffectual rockets had been flung into the air, and when everything officially was all but over, that the picture made itself, piled itself, as it were, under the glaring torches from the thronged river up the astounding ghats into the sky. But that moment was the last of the day, and, being unofficial, came so late that the Prince and Princess must unfortunately have missed it, since the picture's foreground, on which all its uplifted colour rested, was made from the crush of boats of fantastic sizes and shapes and decorations, which swarmed suddenly out of

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the darkness of the river to reach the stage where the Royal party had landed. There were, however, so many other charming moments in the afternoon that the whole of it is worth recounting. The occasion was a visit to his Highness the Maharaja of Benares, whose curious fort-like Palace lies in flood time like an ivory crown in the green swirl of the river, but now stands like a pleasure-house above a donjon whose mighty stone bastions reach down to thrust their feet into the shrunken stream. It is built on the opposite bank to Benares, about a mile above it, and the river, leaving the Palace, takes a great double curve, which shows the city's lovely crescent partly over the water and partly over the white wastes of sand, while immediately in front of the Palace, westward across the river, is the level wooded rich green plain.

It was out of this, by a road which had been cut through the high banks, ramped up across the paddy fields, and carried out across the white sands to what, in the monsoon, is the centre of the river, that the Royal party came, embarking, from a stage which had been built there, in barges that were an odd opposite to the motors which had carried it, barges with leaping horses, weird griffins, and purple-winged peacocks at the prow, driven by rowers in orange and crimson, who, seated in the low stern under the great painted tiller, swung their backs flat to

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RAMNAGAR. THE MAHARAJA'S PALACE—LATE EVENING

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the deck as they pulled at the great sweeps. Across the river which, even shrunken, is a good deal wider than the Thames at Westminster, the Maharaja's retainers lined the road leading steeply up over the sands; green forest guards with hatchets, bows and arrows; spearmen in brick-red and carmine, with lance points fifteen feet above their heads; old-fashioned halberdiers, with murderous-looking axes and maces which it was about all they could do to carry; and a company in green and orange, with matchlocks ten feet long, having stocks inlaid with such mother-of-pearl that when they moved together a nacreous shimmer ran along the line. Above them was a swivel-gun camel corps, with green and scarlet trappings, small scarlet petticoats tied with green cords to the camel's knees above their heavy silver anklets, while, lining what was left of roadway between these and the Palace, was every elephant in his Highness's stables, with furniture that ranged from simple pack saddles of the pervasive green and scarlet to all the magnificence in apparel of which the elephant alone is capable, the ear-rings and necklaces, frontlets and bells of gilded silver, and above the gorgeous embroidered cloths the howdahs of beaten silver and gold in which the Royal party the day before had ridden in procession through the city.

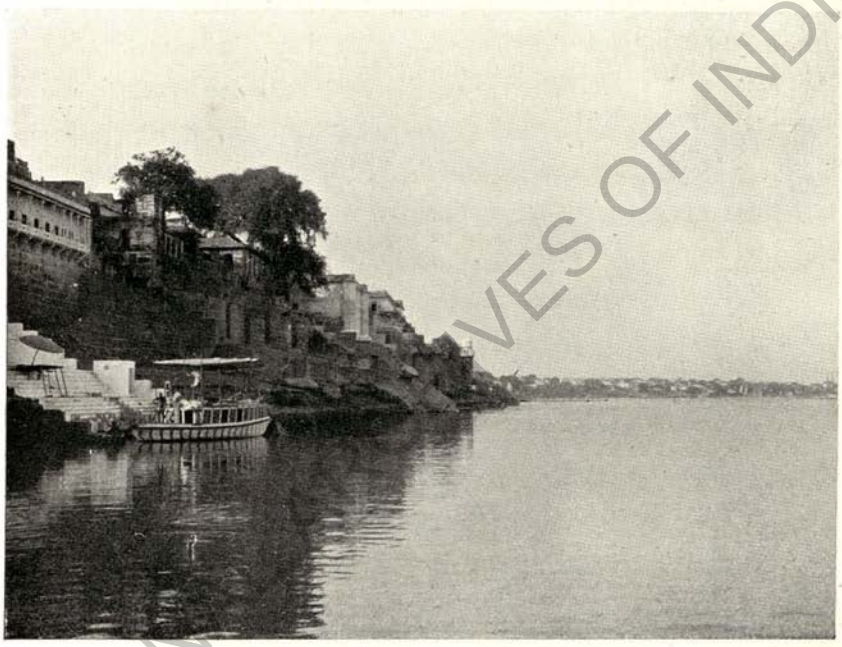
Silver palanquins were waiting at the landing

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stage, but the Princess preferred to walk, and so, escorted by the Maharaja, with the empty palanquins swinging behind them, the Royal party passed up the short steep slope, between the quaint footmen and the great beasts which recalled the entries, that seem already of so long ago, into Indore and Jaipur and Bikanir and Gwalior. There was tea on a graceful marble balcony, overhanging the river, from which the best view could be had of what was the most charming moment of the day. The sun was down, the west, across the river, still burned with colour, when the illumination of the evening was begun by a boat anchored in mid-stream up the river, setting hundreds of flower-shaped lamps afloat to drift down to us, spreading out from bank to bank as they came like a fleet of pink water-lilies manned by fire-flies. As the eye followed them down stream, it was taken by a strange change that had come over the great crescent of the city. There was still light enough to see the cream and russet of the walls in that suave curve of temples and palaces, but instead of the colours fading, they seemed to be growing more intense; it looked, indeed, as if the walls of the entire town had become transparent to the glow of some wonderful illumination within.

What had really happened was the prosaic lighting of tens of thousands of little clay lamps

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THE RIVER FRONT, BENARES

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along the innumerable steps of the ghats and the roofs and cornices of the houses above them.

But from the Palace, in the clear twilight, as one watched the fleet of radiant water-lilies float through the orange reflections of the sunset, there was no appearance of rows of lights; only of this wonderful transparent city, glowing with the colour of its hidden fires. Of course, as darkness came, the illusion vanished. The lines of smoky smelly flickering battis gave forth their appropriate effects, which are, as has been said before, quite admirable in their own very pretty fashion. But the illusion, while it lasted, was so amazing and so mysteriously lovely, that it was impossible for a moment to take one's eyes from it, till one became suddenly conscious that a move had been made to the steps which led to the water's edge, and that the Royal party was embarking on the Maharaja's barge. Other galleys not less fantastic and ornate were filled by his guests, his household and Ministers, guards and musicians, and the queer flotilla started through the tiny floating fires towards the lighted city, which now, with darkness really come, showed for what it was. There were little lamps all along the sands on the right bank, where the flowing water makes its own graceful indentations, and on the other were the lines of flame, lines above lines along the steps of the ghats, till the bastions of the great houses broke them, and

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the threads of fire were carried straight upward to the other lines, a hundred feet higher, along cornice and roof. There was not a curve nor even a single line aslant in the whole of it.

The lights blinded one to everything that was happening on shore; yet, as the boats drifted down, one became conscious that there was a vast company of shadows moving along the ghats, moving slowly but unceasingly, and in an ever denser volume towards the steps where the Royal party was to land.

And then and so the great moment came, the great moment of spectacle, the tremendous picture. The plunging horses of the State barge were still rocking at the landing-stage, the air was discordantly full of the drumming and wailing of a dozen native bands, the scene was lit by the wild white flare of magnesium torches above men, conspicuous on plinth and pedestal, half-way up the ghat, which showed with lurid intensity the colours of the huge crowd pressing in from both sides upon the narrow winding crimson-carpeted lane up which the Royal feet had gone, and which, kept clear with difficulty by its guards from the encroachment of the multitudes, climbed up from the water through the coruscating brightness into the shadows of the overhanging palaces high up in the sky. At the foot of it the clear space of black green water about the stage had suddenly disappeared

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under a crush of strange craft; house-boats somewhat resembling their kindred of the Thames, carrying the same summer frocks and the same English faces that one would expect at home, and beside them, on platforms built over great cotton barges lashed together, roofed with silks and lit with quaint lanterns, were seated crowds of well-dressed Hindus to whom nautch girls sang; while among these and a dozen other such extemporised shipping moved the State barges of Maharajas carrying gorgeously robed dignities glistening like iridescent beetles, the fantastically shaped and painted vessels of the original flotilla, and all manner of lesser marine monsters made out of the river boats, each carrying its own fanciful illumination; the whole of them rocking and colliding together in a vain effort to come first to the shore; the gigs of the smart river police darting in and out under the huge prows and sterns, trying out of the struggling chaos to evolve some sort of order, while the river that lapped and gurgled about its keels was ever carrying down the picturesque disorder, while the sweeps of the rowers struck at galley and air and water in a frantic effort to hold it to the shore. That was the picture. The outlandish welter of boats heaving on the dark water with the light flaring on the dark faces and the white, on vivid Eastern magnificence and the cool simplicity of linen and laces; and towering above

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it the packed ghats, redolent and vociferous, lit by the wild beams and overridden by monstrous shadows, rising up and up to the dark arches and colonnades with their burden of palaces, which seemed, blotting out the stars along a solid front of blackness, with some strange beetling menace to overhang the scene.

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CHAPTER XXV

THE NATIVE STATES

SINCE at Benares the Prince of Wales said farewell to the last of his Indian entertainers a word of appreciation from those who have enjoyed their hospitality may not be out of place. But one would like to say something more which, while but indirectly connected with that entertainment, has been facilitated by the opportunities which it has afforded. The Native Rulers of India are in a somewhat curious position. They are, politically, a sort of hothouse plant. Over their secluded heads the British Empire has been raised as an inviolable protection, which acts not only as a shield from the rough weather out of which their beginnings were evolved, but as a forcing house which stimulates them to a growth not inherent to their unassisted development. We have made them what they are by freeing them in a quite unnatural way from the national struggle for existence, and we insist, as a sort of return for that unnatural position, that they shall strive to be what they neither find desirable nor, without our assistance, could possibly have conceived. The situation is alert on either side with

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delicate considerations, and there is occasionally a tendency on ours to regard only the benefits conferred and not the implicated obligations. No doubt the benefits are many and exceptional. An Indian Prince is beset by none of those cares to which independent rulers are liable. He is guaranteed against trouble from within and without. The tribute which he renders to his suzerain repays him over and again as a mere insurance policy. It saves him not only from all anxiety as to his position, but from all expense in safeguarding it. Apart from the Imperial Service Troops which his loyalty may lead him to maintain, he need make no show of force and keep up only such troops as it may please him to have for ceremonial purposes.

Though his dominions be, like those of Haidarabad's Nizam, as large as France, he can entrust the maintenance of good order throughout them to a mere force of police. His revenues are more completely his own than the taxed income of an English gentleman. He can choose his fiscal policy and levy what duties he may please on everything that enters his domain. He may have his own mint and issue his own coinage, putting his own pretty rupees in competition with the unlovely silver of "John Company," as the Imperial currency is still called. When drought and famine assail him and his revenues dwindle, he can draw at moderate

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THE FLAG THAT NEVER COMES DOWN. THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW

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THE ELEPHANTS OF A NATIVE BATTERY SALUTING THE PRINCE

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charges on the credit of the Sirkar; and he knows that he can not only trust the pledges given by the Government to himself, but the certainty of their being extended to his successor, whose rights and security that Government has guaranteed. To his own people he is incarnate power: there is none to question or interfere with his authority; his word to his subjects may mean life or death; nor need he fear from us any restriction unless he should grossly misuse his prerogative. How inviolate is his position one had an opportunity of noting in Haidarabad, where had the Nizam been the mightiest potentate in Islam he could not have been approached by his Ministers with a profounder deference.

To these advantages there are certain counter-vailing limitations. A Native Ruler can have no external relations save with the Government of India. He cannot increase his military forces to indefinite dimensions. He must submit to restrictions on the importation of arms. He must maintain, as has been hinted, a reasonable standard of government. He must submit to British jurisdiction over such lines of railway as pass through his territory. He must allow the appeal to the suzerain authority of any of its subjects condemned within his boundaries. But none of these matters can be regarded as a serious depreciation from the privileges of his position, and they are by no means those which

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he dislikes the most. It is really in mere trifles that he is made to feel, and resents being made to feel the power above him, and his resentment might with tact and a more consistent procedure be quite easily avoided. It has been too much our way to greet him on one occasion as "our faithful ally" and treat him as a naughty schoolboy on the next. The native mind, which keeps a guarded niche for its dignity, does not understand such deviations, and is very slow to forgive those by which his *izzat* suffers.

It has been suggested by a writer having much acquaintance with native affairs, that, with the Government's increasing frontier and Asiatic responsibilities, there would be many advantages in entrusting the care and the claims of the Native States to a special department. But even without that it should be possible to contrive what one may call a more continuous attitude in dealing with native rulers; and, indeed, in that direction already a good deal has undoubtedly been done, and the worst errors of the past are unlikely to be repeated. There are those, but one hopes they are few, who would like to see the Native States absorbed into the Empire, and the whole of India coloured with humdrum British red. One trusts that such a consummation may be far distant. The Native State serves many useful purposes. It may be valuable even as a solemn warning, an object-lesson in

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how a people should not be ruled. Its office in that particular is unfortunately not as conspicuous as it might be, since the native fails to find any compensating advantages in the tedious and calculable effects of justice. But the Native State is at present, and may increasingly become a trial plot where the seeds of new ideas can be given a far better chance of germinating and bearing fruit than they could hope for in British India.

Measures which would ensure inveterate opposition if promulgated by the Government, might be introduced without clamour and almost without comment in a tributary State; and their success there, after some years' trial, would be the strongest argument for their introduction on a larger scale. Thus the experiment of compulsory primary education has possibilities in Travancore, but would be quite out of the question if engineered from Calcutta. Likewise the State, so long as it remains a State, has a certain collective interest in its own progress which it would never retain as part of a province, and there are signs that this wholesome sort of rivalry will be even more in evidence in the near future. There will thus be considerable opportunity for the experimental introduction of reforms, which have much more likelihood of being acceptable to the people when presented as *hukm* by a ruler of their own race. These States serve, too, as a

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valuable safety-valve for native ambitions; they offer a career to Indians with a capacity for statesmanship which at present the British Dominions do not afford. As Diwan to a feudatory chief a man has a chance of bringing into service all his abilities; he may rise to a position of distinguished regard. The names of men who have thus used their opportunities are known and honoured throughout the entire peninsula, and the opportunities are more numerous than may be commonly supposed, for the territories under native rule are only a quarter less in extent than those within our jurisdiction.

Finally, and it is by no means the least important consideration, the Native States may be regarded and do in a measure act, as the groins driven across pebbly beaches to resist the encroaching energies of the sea.

They serve to keep within their boundaries some remnants of the illuminated East from the efforts, or perhaps one should say the tendency, of British rule to civilise everything it acquires into a depressing and unimaginative monotony. There is a real charm in Anglo-India, where it is still what one may call "in opposition" —in opposition, that is, to circumstance and climate and isolation and the powers of darkness. Under happier auspices it develops a concentrated and triumphant littleness which has all the importunities and very few of the resources

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of social life at home. From its further encroachments one cannot help desiring that what is left of ancient India may be delivered, and that there shall always remain within its boundaries some remnant of the old spacious thriftless prodigal spirit to offer at least the consolation of contrast to our own immaculate conformity.

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CHAPTER XXVI

A MODERN MIRACLE

TAKE a perfect English April day; scent it faintly with mimosa from Southern France, with dewy-eyed Florentine violets, a hint of homely wallflower, a few lavender threads of deodar smoke from clear-burning fires, and a far-away thought of the sea. Filter it at dawn through ice-cold water, flood it with radiant sunshine, and set it singing across illimitable fields, and you have a Punjab February after the rain. But of a new Punjab, mind you! A Punjab which is the nearest thing to a miracle which India can show you to-day. The weather is old, perhaps; Alexander may have felt this joyous wind in his face. Under this vast blue dome of a heaven—such a blue, as of gentians and forget-me-not mingled—his armies may have dreamed of Greece. But never before was the desert dusty floor of it paved in February weather with emerald fields of wheat. Never, that is, since its rivers went their present way, settled down into their sands, and left the fields they once had fed and watered to lapse into parched wastes and thorny jungle, where only the wild goat and the camel could

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find a living. And so for thousands of years it has remained: roamed over by a homeless people who asked nothing of it but what their herds could find; in winter swept by the driven sand, with the mercury sometimes at the freezing point and lower; in summer scorched by a heat from which men cower as from the blast of a furnace, the very shade of which is hotter than the hottest English sun. The Great Wilderness is the name which its worthlessness won for the Rechna Doab between these rivers, the Jhelam and Chenab which, though they still foamed through it, laden with rain-scourged silt or swollen with snow-water, had long since ceased agriculturally to be of the slightest value.

To learn the secret of its transformation a journey must be made to the Doab's northern edge, whence the water is taken by which the transformation has been wrought. The hundred miles of imperceptible ascent does not take one from the plains, the absolute level of which is only broken to the north-east by the dark profile of the Salt Range; that strange rich unfathomed ridge, wave-marked still by the waters of the Indian Ocean.

No other rise anywhere in the smooth land! but away to the north-west, above the blessed bare winter boughs—so dear to a northerner's eye after the heavy perennial greenness—piled up into the blue air from the low horizon, vast

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masses of white cloud mark the borders of Kashmir.

For the past week, while the plains have been deluged with unseasonable rain, Kashmir has been taking in snow her share of the moisture, and now, when we have shaken ourselves clear of cloud, the huge piles of cumulus lie still upon her highlands, their ramparts veiled in vapour for four hundred miles, while here and there the sharp whiteness of a peak, thrust through it into the dazzling air, adds, by its virginal aloofness, a contrasting loveliness to the spring fervour of the fields. Beyond the green of these a grove of pear trees is white with blossom, sprinkled with the diaphanous bronze of the young leaf, while, further on, the dense pink of the wild almonds against the blue sky almost oppresses the sense with its incommunicable beauty, and their faint sweet orchard odour is added for a few fortunate moments to the cool wind. But these things are but happy accidents at Khanki. What has brought one there, far away from the civilities, is not its scenery but its dam; for here, with a splendid indifference to difficulties, man has broken the Chenab to his bidding, and constructed the biggest irrigation canal in the world. So far is it from everywhere, so unimportant in itself, that there is not so much as even a road to it. To reach it one rides on a trolley pushed over the

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rails by which its building materials were carried, and, arrived there, one understands the isolation, for one's chief impression is the simplicity of the result on which such immense labour has been expended. The river where it has been bitted is just a mile wide, and the foundations of the great dam—this bit which has been put into its mouth—had to be laid for lack of better holding on the sands of its bed.

The simile of breaking in has a considerable congruity, for not only had the bit to be fitted, but fifteen miles of shafts in the shape of embankment and groin had to be built to bring the flooded river up to it, and, as one swings across the mile-long weir in the frail traveller which, with its steel cable, alone links shore to shore, the checked water foaming over the barrier is like nothing so much as a horse straining at the curb. The Chenab is a snow-fed river, though it is to rain that all its dangerous floods are due, and it is to meet the whims of its swollen waters that the containing embankments had to be constructed by which the current is cleverly made to spend its furies upon itself; for the distance between its high banks is often close on seven miles; so that, stripped of its harness, the river might one turbulent day evade its headstall altogether, and carve out for itself a new course to the sea. It is from the high bank on the left that the dam starts across the stream,

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and from the further end of this the embankment runs to the high bank on the right, the waters being thus held in flood time by over fifteen miles of dam.

Through the left bank, just above the dam, the great canal has its beginning, growling under the sluice gates into its new channel, red with rain, chafing at the imprisoned space in which it finds itself, after the amplitude of its wide miles of freedom, but lured by the easier descent to take the first plunge on its amazing mission from the river to which it never can return. And just as the faith of a chosen instrument may be tried by the utter absence of opportunity, so for thirty miles the canal flows on with banks unbroken and with no benefits conferred. But in those thirty miles lies the secret of its power, for in them its new efficacy has to be acquired. If the water could be led straight from the river to the land there would be no need of elaborate irrigation, but to lead the water thus would be to lead it upwards, for the river has eaten its path so deep below the plain that the only way to spread it once more over the surface is to tap it where the plain is entered, and to carry it down by gentler gradients; only beginning to let it out on the land when a certain fall has been obtained from the level of the canal to the river. Hence the thirty and more of costly and seemingly-profitless doubt-provoking miles through which it

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runs beside its parent stream, but rising ever above it, before even a single tributary can be led away.

But, when once the distribution begins, its waters are spread abroad with such an intricate discrimination that the map of it resembles nothing so much as a chart of the veins and arteries of the human body. Three million acres of ground its ramification covers, and so accurately is its flow arranged that only a quite insignificant proportion of these derive no benefit from its ministration. Consider what this means! Where a few years ago there was a wilderness, a no-man's land, there are now fruitful fields and thriving villages, a chance of comfortable and even, by their standard, of opulent existence for upwards of a hundred thousand souls. In those few years the worth of the land in one colony has risen from something less than a shilling to more than five pounds an acre, the value of its annual produce is close upon three million pounds, while the return upon the total expenditure was last year 24 per cent. And the significant part of this prosperity is that not only is Great Britain the chief contributor to it, but it is she who derives from it the largest benefit. The main crop of these irrigated lands is wheat, and that wheat goes straight from the Indian tiller to the British table. This direct supply from the greatest of her dependencies gives

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an added stability to the Imperial idea. Instead of having to rely on a foreign Power for the most important of her foods Britain can now obtain it from her own provinces. During 1904–5 India exported a million and a half tons of wheat, or 67 per cent. of the total, to the United Kingdom, thus taking first place among the countries from which British supplies of wheat are drawn, her exports in that year being 66 per cent. higher than in 1903–4, which could show a rise of 150 per cent. on the year before.

This phenomenal increase is due to other causes than the advance of irrigation, but it is irrigation which for the first time bids fair to make the Indian wheat crop a calculable asset, independent, over certain areas, of the effects of drought and famine.

It only remains for England to secure for herself the advantages of these new conditions by encouraging the direction of their produce to her own shores. An account of operations so profitable must not, however, give a false impression of what is possible to irrigation. Much still remains for it to do, but what it can accomplish has been carefully defined by a recent commission, and limits can be accurately set to the wheat yield, at least, of Northern India, before the water still available for distribution has been all used up.

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CHAPTER XXVII

WHEAT

To take, as it were, the full force of the wonder in your face you should come into it out of the desert. On a camel preferably; for there is something in the deep jolting of a camel which gives a penetrative force to impressions—at least until the penetration begins to come from the camel itself—and because the desert never looks so sinister, so unconquerable, as from the back of the only beast who can be trusted to cross it. Then, when you are heart-sick of the yellow gray-green monotony of sand and scrub, of the dust in your teeth and the glare in your eyes, you can appreciate what has been done by the mere spilling of water on this barren soil.

Ahead of you, and on either hand, far as the eye can travel from its lofty perch, nothing can be seen but a solid emerald greenness, the greenness of young wheat just opening the ear; of wheat that has never wanted sun nor water, which has been soaked and burnished by three days of rain: emerald it is, but with clear breadths of beryl, with deep spaces of malachite; waist-high, strong and sappy as young shoots of

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bamboo, an armful of blades to each generous crown of it, and closer than clover in a May meadow. There are no hedges, but here and there lines of young trees have been planted beside the cart tracks and distributing canals, their bare boughs gleaming as they sway in the exhilarating air, and intermittently as one rides along—on a horse now, for there are twenty miles more to be covered—the dry mud track through the waving greenness is bordered by the intense pink of the wild almond, its blossoms—above the vivid emerald and against the keen blue—looking as though they had been worked in silk upon the sky; or an orchard of cherry trees—the reddish cinnamon of the clear young leaves showing above the snowy tassels—speaks amid the wheat of some more ambitious experiment.

The district of which one writes is that which has been converted from sterility by the Chenab Canal, the head works of which have been described already. The ground, which was practically worthless, was acquired by the Government, and when the Canal was completed settlers from poor and congested districts were invited to take up the land. At first it was very difficult to lure the ryot away from his starving farms to these fields of plenty. He was distrustful, he always is distrustful of the benefits offered him by a change of address; but despite his shy beginnings the fame of the new soil spread, and now the Colonisation

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ISSACHAR IN THE DESERT



A CAMEL CARAVANSERAI

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Officer can take his pick from the eager candidates. The method of one of these hard-worked men is to ride through the villages from which he wants to draw his new tenants, explaining what he has to offer, and threatening that if any proposed colonist be presented to him with a false character he will wipe off the name of that village from his list, so that no one from it should ever be permitted to settle on the new land. Next morning he would go through the village records, which are kept with a completeness space would quite fail one to explain, and thus see how every man had farmed his holding, what sort of enterprise was in him, and how much he might have ever been in debt. He would learn likewise his moral and social character, and be able accurately to judge if the making of a good colonist were in him. Thus he would select, say, a score from a village, some four of whom would be deputed to inspect and report upon the land offered them. If these disapproved of it they might be given a chance of selection elsewhere, but if the report were favourable the colonists moved down into the new district, and the site of a village with its surrounding lands was marked out for them.

But in these new settlements no casual occupancy is allowed. The village must be built according to a fixed plan, with a well in the centre, sunk at the colonists' expense, on which the four or more main roads converge.

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Suitable dwelling-houses must be erected, and compound walls carried at least six feet high. No manure is permitted inside the village; even the cakes made from dung, which is the staple fuel, have to be shaped and dried outside. The land belonging to it, which is generally in the form of a square, surrounds the village, and it is apportioned according to the ability of the colonists, each of whom has at least one lot of about twenty-five acres, but a capable farmer may obtain two lots, or even more, and the lambardar, or headman, can claim an extra lot, on half of which trees for afforesting the district have to be grown, and another on the understanding that he keeps a mare for breeding mules, which the Government have the option of buying. For the first year's crops nothing is charged to the new settler and only half rates for the second; he can thus raise three crops before having to pay for them, and he can, before or upon completing two years' tenancy, express his dissatisfaction with the land and ask leave to try his luck elsewhere. After the second year he must stay where he is or clear out altogether, and after the fifth he becomes an occupancy tenant, which means that, excluding the right of alienation, the land is his and his heirs for ever. He does not pay for it a fixed yearly sum, his rent varying according to the crops he rears and the water he uses, and even the fluctuation of

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the seasons. On a rough average one may say that he pays for it about a quarter of what it yields, which may often mean wealth undreamed of on his ancestral farm. Many of the two-lot cultivators admitted having made as much as £100 a year from their holdings. That may not seem riches at home, but the average annual income of all India only amounts to some thirty-three rupees, a trifle over two guineas, and seeing that the ordinary ryot can live quite comfortably on twopence a day, the canal colonist with six shillings is plainly a person of considerable opulence. His villages bear evidence to his good fortune, evidence of great interest, since it offers proof that the Indian is by no means a poor creature who delights in squalor and cannot easily be weaned from it.

One of the Sikh settlements on the Chenab, which is typical of scores of others, was an object-lesson to any peasantry in the world. The houses were big, clean, and airy, with stables and granaries, stored still, though harvest is close at hand, with ample sacks of corn; in the compounds were fine cattle and great piles of wood, and wood in these treeless plains is no inconsiderable treasure. The houses were all of brick, faced with mud, and built with a manifest pride of possession, showing primitive efforts at decoration in even the darkest corners; a frieze painted over the arched doorway, incised stencillings on

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the mud walls, shapes of bird and beast squeezed out of the mortar brackets, gay decorations daubed on the family chests. There was the satisfaction of artistry and good living written all over the whole village, and yet the men of which it was composed had been used all their lives to dirt and penury and unwholesome squalor, and their education to a more liberal conception of life had been regarded as well-nigh impossible. Yet here they were, after a few years of freedom from the old conditions, putting civilisation to shame.

Of course the Jat Sikh is one of the fine types in this country, and a finer and more delightful lot of men than some of these village communities it would be hard to find. They were most of them over six feet, with frank kindly smiling faces, and one had a good chance of observing them, since, during the hours that we spent in the village, the entire male population surrounded us, following us from house to house, pointing out with eager geniality everything we should admire, and squatting about us on the ground when we sat in the porch of the lambardar's house to examine the village books; the wonderful books which tell you the genealogy and history of every villager, his record of rights, the condition of his occupancy, the crop and yield of every field in every season since it has been under cultivation, the rates, water and other,

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which have been paid, the trees planted, the revenues accruing, in short, everything that the owner, which is the Government, could possibly wish to know.

When we made inquiry of the temple we were taken into a compound at the end of the street, where, under an awning which did not shade him from the sun, an aged gray-bearded man, clad in glistening and spotless white, sat before an illuminated book laid on a stool draped with pale green and white and crushed strawberry silk, with a chauri of peacock's feathers laid beside him.

He was the Granthi, reciting passages from the sacred book; reciting just the same, though the courtyard was empty and there was none to hear. A religion with less of ritual, less of formality, could scarcely be conceived. No sacrifices, no offerings, no worship. Only the care of this grave old man, and his repeating and expounding of holy precept. No shapes of idols, no superstitious craft. That white-clad priest serenely reading in that happy village amid the sprouting corn seemed charmingly appropriate to its simplicity and its good fortune.

Of these colonies there still remains much to be said, especially of their camel and horse and mule breeding, which is already being attended with quite significant results, which may not only mean a vast improvement of breed over great

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tracts of country but the making of India sufficient for the needs of the Army in chargers and transport animals. In addition many of the Silladar Cavalry regiments have been granted breeding and rearing farms in these colonies, and there is no reason why they should not provide remounts of the wonderful quality already achieved in the same district by such a regiment as Probyn's Horse. At these farms everything is of the simplest. No splendid stables, no costly staff, such as Government breeding establishments seem always to require. The roughest shelter from the weather is all that is provided, with paddocks for the mares, for the foals, and for recent purchases. A jemadar is the only officer on the resident staff, and visits are paid to the farm by British officers of the regiment from time to time. Yet the results are already most encouraging; the stamp of horse bred and purchased continues steadily to improve, and on all the runs which one was able to visit the animals were as fit and as friendly as home farm pets.

One cannot take leave of Punjab irrigation without one word as to the daring projects of its future, and one cannot explain them without some reference to geography. Roughly speaking, the back of one's left hand represents the spread of its great rivers over the Punjab. The little finger—it should be the longest—stands for the Indus, and the others reckoning towards the

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thumb are the Jhelam, Chenab, Ravi, and Sutlej. At present the space between the Indus and Jhelam is practically unirrigated, and only the half of it nearest the Indus would profit by irrigation; the Jhelam Canal covers the lower part of the space between the third and second fingers; the Chenab Canal deals with most of that between the second and first; and the Bari Doab Canal, drawn from the Ravi, fertilises the upper part of the broad space towards the thumb. Thus three of the Doabs, or desert areas, have been partially dealt with by the water from three rivers, but, when every available drop from these has been used, there would be still great tracts of country between them left unreclaimed, and the pressing problem was how to obtain more water. Now the Sutlej has already obligations to the eastward—it has been to the eastward, so far, that all the great canals have been carried—and may reasonably be requisitioned for sustenance by Bahawulpur and Northern Rajputana. It was thus to the Indus that the engineer was forced to look for assistance, and his adventurous project is, after taking from it all the water required for the Sind Sagur Doab—the so far unassisted space between the little and third fingers—to carry across to the Jhelam a supply sufficient for its present works, making, with the water thus set free, a new canal to irrigate its upper reaches and pouring the surplus into the Chenab. The

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swollen resources of the Chenab could then be drawn upon not only for its present colony but for a further canal which, having its head works higher up the river, should irrigate the northern part of the Rechna Doab, between the second and first fingers, and then, carried across the first finger, which is the Ravi, complete the irrigation of the lower portion of the Bari Doab in the angle of the thumb.

All which doubtless sounds rather confusing, but reference to a map will make it clear. Yet as even that, on the scale to which maps of India have to be drawn, will give no conception of the magnitude of the project, let it be remembered that, if England were laid in this favoured space, her western and eastern coasts would fall within its outermost rivers, and her southern border reach in vain for the head waters of its canals.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

AN UPLAND EDEN

All night the wind has been tearing itself to pieces against the corner of the bungalow, a wild hoarse sibilant rending asunder, as of something with fibre in it and woven threads; a ceaseless pestering rush of air, with scarcely a pause in its screaming vehemence, and in the pauses, curiously distinct, a wet muttering whisper on the windows as of soft paws feeling at the panes; a sound for which nothing else in the world can be mistaken, the quiet falling of damp flakes of snow. And at dawn—a late dark dawn—the thick flying whiteness shutting everything out, the road and the mountains and the threatening sky, driven this way and that like the white threads whirling above a dance of bobbins in the weaving of some wondrous braid. March weather in Quetta, and not the worst of it either. That comes when the slushy carpet of snow is melting, and the icy wind picks up a raw edge from it, which seems to cut like a frozen saw. A wind that blows for a week on end with a sort of roistering brutality, slicing at you with its blade as a man cuts at thistles.

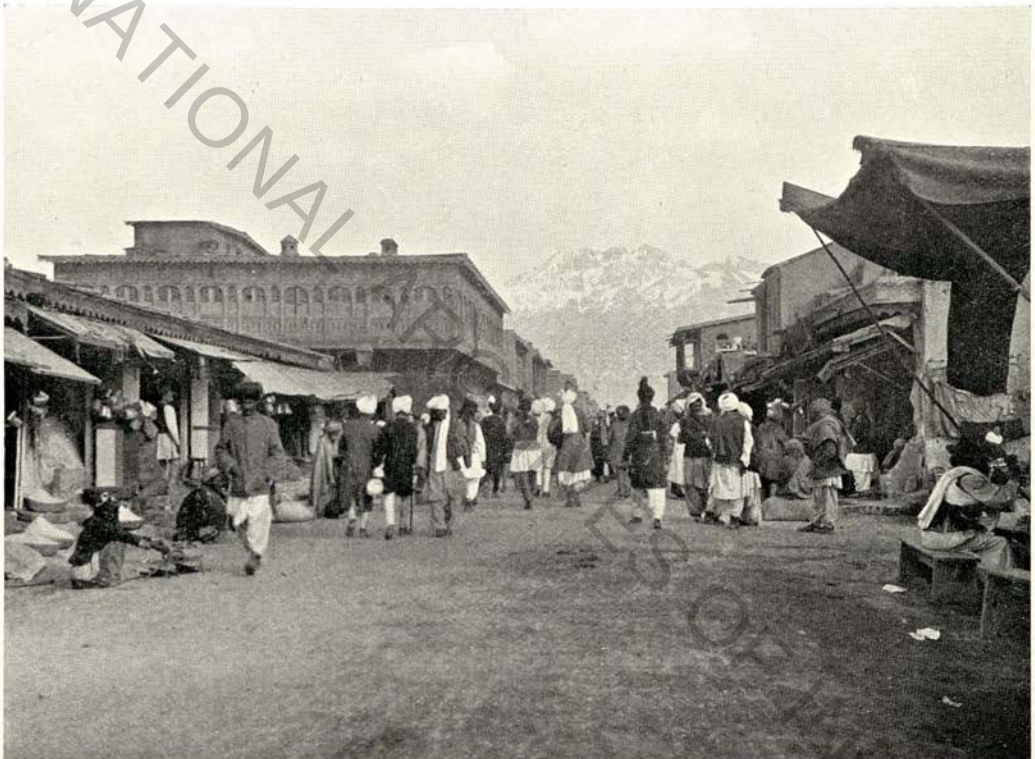
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But even Quetta at its worst fades quickly from remembrance when the worst is over, for there is no weather that can be better than Quetta at its best.

The town lies near the northern end of twenty long miles of a level valley over five thousand feet high. The very sound of valley gives a false conception, so flat it is, like a piece of plain pressed down smooth and compact into some vast rent of the hills; hills which rise up in a snowy fence all round it to between ten and twelve thousand feet. The air at such a height is perceptibly rare, as the lungs declare, if set hard work before becoming acclimatised.

It is clear, too, and cold as spring water, blown over the snows whichever way it may come to you; the sky is a pale speedwell blue with just a hint of violet, and the sunshine, as sunshine only can be high up in the hills. Of Quetta as a place of habitations nothing kindly can be said. It is scarcely fair to speak of the sort of thing it has as architecture. Labour here is, for India, abnormally dear, and, though millions of tons of rock are piled up to Heaven on every side, building stone has to be brought from a considerable distance. The houses are in consequence of corrugated iron, *cacha* brick, and mud. Fortunately they are likewise so insignificant that one is only incidentally aware of them. From the hills the cantonment lines

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In the Bazar, Quetta

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look sufficiently depressing, but the town houses are hidden, even in winter, by the screen of the great straight avenues which give to Quetta its most delightful character. The trees of the place seem to possess in a quite extraordinary proportion white stems and branches. The walnut is a pure silver, the chinar a greenish pearl, the ash a silver gray; but it is the white poplar, white beyond all our English knowledge of it, which gleams in the moonlight as though it were carved of ivory, that is Quetta's peculiarly delightful possession.

The white high peaks of the hills fill the ends of all those gracious avenues framed by the poplars' exquisite boughs, and through their delicate traceries, in every direction, the lustrous ridges of the snows may be seen. No words can render the charm of their contrasted whiteness, from daybreak when the trees are dressed in rime and the hills veiled with melting vapour, till in moonlight the ghostly branches fret their vast vague bluish-silver shapes. Trees are at present a very sad theme in Quetta, for in the last few years all the annals of arboreal destruction have been outdone by the ravages of a boring beetle. Some of her avenues have fallen to it already, and it is feared that the finest of the trees, the white and *reamer* poplars, the weeping, Kandahar, and Kabul willows, the elms, and perhaps the chinar are doomed. Of what

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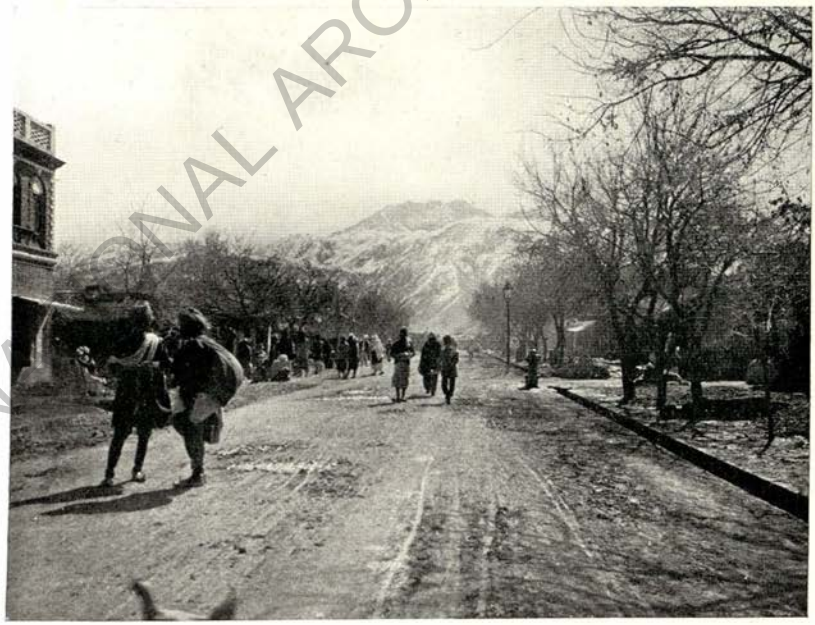
this means those who love her can scarcely think without tears, for the threatened timber is not only the most beautiful she has, but, being all soft wooded and quick growing, a generation will not suffice for its replacing by less vulnerable varieties. Yet, perhaps, her greatest treasure, though the beauty of them is brief, are her peaches, apricots, and wild almonds. The almonds are out already, with the nectarines' flesh-coloured petals and snowy tufts of plum; but the apricots and peaches, which border the streets, overhang the stalls of the bazars, and overflow from the gardens, have not yet cloaked the town in their gay bright pink, which, before March is out and while the snows are still around her, turns her into a colourable imitation of one's childhood's dreams of fairyland.

Quetta is full of horticultural surprises. That her lawns should be strewn in June with nectarines and peaches seems curious enough when in mid-March one has to wade through snowdrifts and muffle oneself in furs; but it is still stranger to find that her grape vines go uninjured despite the rigours of a winter which often feels forty degrees of frost. Yet Quetta grapes are famous from Attock to Karachi, and Quetta peaches find their way as far south as Bombay. It was indeed probably as much the admirable climate which assisted the selection of Quetta for the new Staff College as its proximity

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THE WOOD MARKET, QUETTA



PEACH BLOSSOM AND SNOW

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A Bridge in the Pishin Valley

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to ground which it may be essential for Staff officers to know. The college, or so much of it as exists at present, stands on the bare slopes that rise towards the hills on the north-east of the cantonment, and is as bleak a contrast to its prototype, nestling in the Camberley woods, as can possibly be imagined.

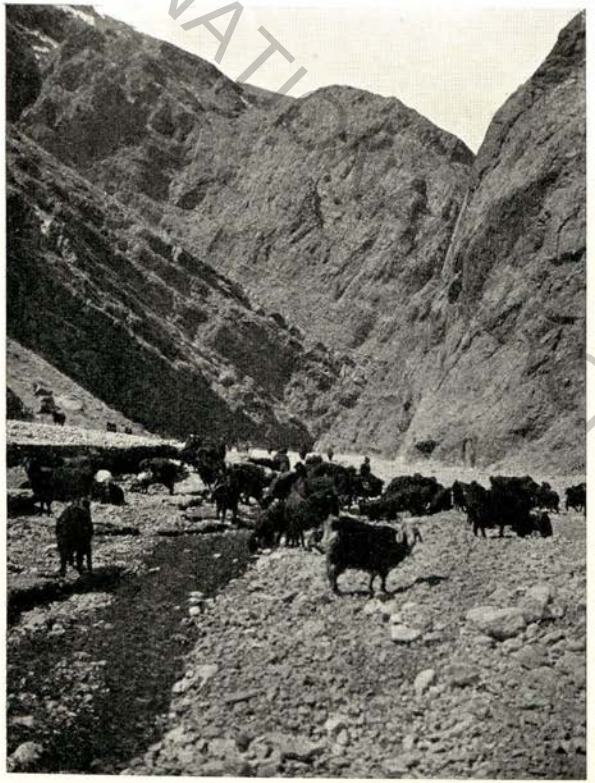
Bleakness is inevitable about Quetta till the water problem has been solved, and how pressing the problem is may be judged from the sedulous subdivision of every little rivulet that outlives the seasons. It is almost pathetic to see a mere trickle of water led into a brick-lined trap, and thence measured out through an iron grating into tenths or fifteenths or twentieths, each insignificant fraction being carried therefrom away by a guarded channel in its own appropriate direction. What water rights hereabouts are worth was brought out strikingly a short while ago when sites were being sought for barracks required by the redistribution of troops. One spot which found favour with the authorities was in the Mastung Valley, south-east of the Quetta-Nushki line. It seemed all that could be desired, a green seclusion where cavalry would be most favourably placed, but inquiry as to its water rights disclosed their value at very little under a quarter of a million pounds. Not only are streams few, but many that seem to have a promising existence

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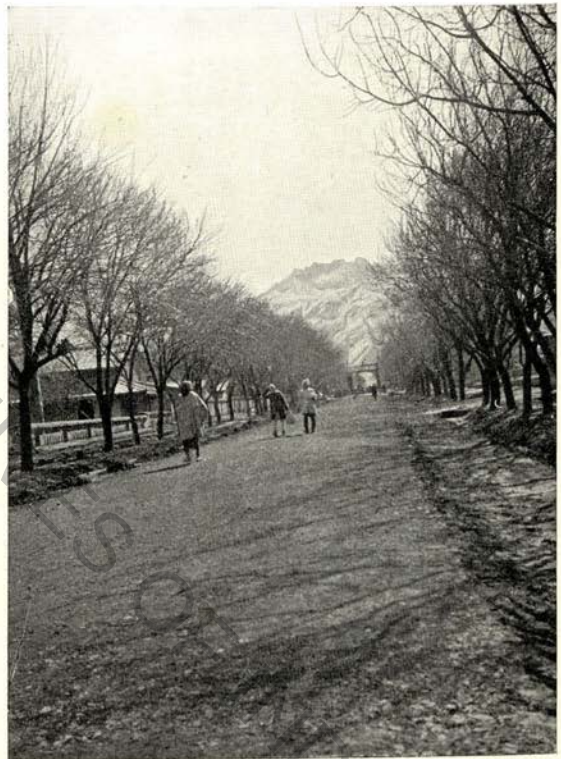
disappear disconcertingly into the ground. One may follow a gurgling stream down one of the gorges with which these extraordinary hills are cleft, wondering how soon one's mule will find it unfordable, to discover at the next precipitous turning that the stream is gone. Or, one may be even more astonished, toiling up the parched stones of an empty watercourse, to meet the abrupt end of a bubbling river that disappears beneath one's feet. The Baluchis dig for the courses of these underground streams; and a very characteristic feature of the long slopes of detritus below the foothills is the output from these diggings, which look like circles of great ant-hills, twenty to thirty yards apart, which often follow for miles the unseen water before the fall of the ground brings it to the surface. The channel between the bottom of these wells is often enlarged to a tunnel many yards in width, and the *karez* when completed is to its owner a source of very considerable wealth.

General Smith-Dorrien, to whose direction the military future of Quetta has for some years been most fortunately committed, has evolved a scheme for supplying irrigation water to the town and cantonment by damming the entrance to a valley a few miles away; a valley which seems almost designed by nature to act as a reservoir, since the gorge by which its water escapes could be almost spanned by a man's

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WATERS OUT OF THE ROCK



THE LONG BARE AVENUES, QUETTA

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arms. With such a supply of water the entire face of the valley might be changed. Gardens would flower where now are only stony wastes, there would be shady borders to the bare roads, the depressing cantonment lines would disappear, and the brown valley be filled with greenness. Moreover, the water would not only pay its way, it would pay the way of a dozen things as well that Quetta will very soon require. Coming up from the wheat-fields of the Punjab one is impressed with the lesson that the price must be extortionate and the pains excessive for which in India water will not give you a return. Already in Quetta, with the very meagrest opportunity, General Smith-Dorrien has proved by his Soldiers' Park how much may be accomplished, and seeing that it is about to become, perhaps, the most important station in the whole country, this project, on which its endurableness depends, cannot be too promptly undertaken.

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CHAPTER XXIX

QUETTA IN TWO CASES

However assiduously one may pore over maps, the most generous in scale, however closely one may have followed the descriptions of men acquainted with a country, one fails to attain a vivid certainty concerning it till one has marched the long miles of it, climbed its hills, crossed its torrents, ploughed through its snows.

Only thus does its actuality take shape in one's conception, only thus can, not the mere bulk and height and breadth of it, but its more subtle, more sinister attributes, its moral forces, as it were, acquire in one's determinations their real significance. Of no country is this more true than of the hills which guard for India its north-western frontier, and along that frontier one needs everywhere a particular knowledge, a personal acquaintance with the different parts of it. Even geologically the problem varies; for one does not find on the borders of Baluchistan the Vindhyan formations nor the Archæan schists through which the Indus at Attock or the Kabul River westward have carved their way, which frown along our northern borders from Kashmir

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A Boundary Pillar in Baluchistan, looking towards Kandahar. Spin Baldak Fort in the Distance

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to the Brahmaputra. And thus no intimacy with those wild hills will quite prepare one for the conglomerate desolation and the limestone gorges which guard the western slopes of Sind, a desolation of brown stones, which looks malevolently averse from human companionship, and gorges so abysmal that the mountains seem as if torn asunder from their snows to their sources. These *tungis*, "tight places" as they are called, are a most characteristic feature of Baluchistan, and might complicate considerably the defence of an imperfectly surveyed position, since they are so narrow that their very existence might be unsuspected, yet often offer passages many miles in length by which troops might be moved through the very heart of apparently insurmountable hills. They are locally believed due to volcanic action, but there seems nothing in their character for which water will not account, though the water-worn appearance has been removed by the effects of frost on the laminated and contorted strata.

The entrances to them are often completely concealed, and one may ride over a chaos of rolled stones and boulders, across which only a mule could pick its way, close up to what seems the sheer unbroken mountain face, before discovering the overlapping buttress behind which the tungi is concealed.

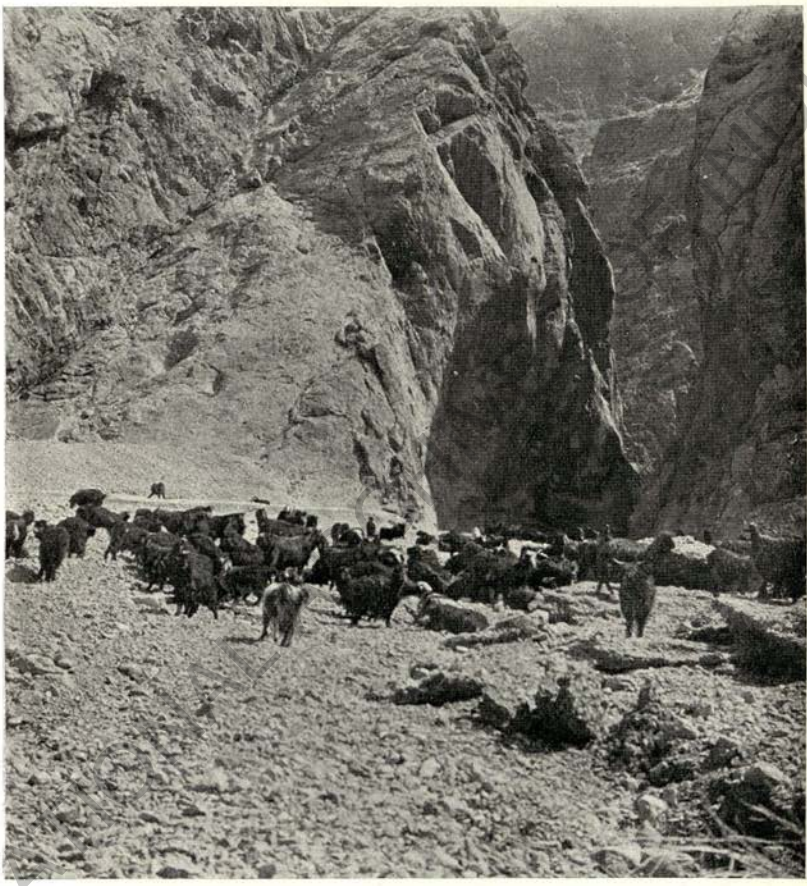
And even at the entrance there is no suggestion of continuity; the mountain seems, a few

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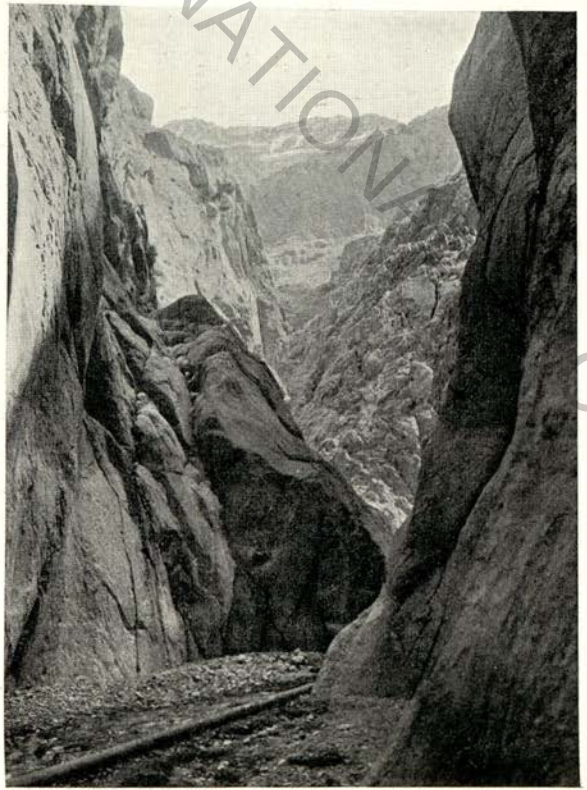
yards further on, to bar the way, for the tungi doubles and winds through the thickness of the hills, as a river does in the flat of the plain, and one may have to travel many miles for every one of direct progress.

The hot sunshine dwindles to rare spear shafts of light, thrust down here and there into the covert shadows, till between the narrowing walls the sunlight ceases altogether, and the air has the stony chill of perennial darkness. The sky dwindles to a jagged riband of deep blue, four or five thousand feet above one; the stupendous precipices lean inward till one can touch either face of them with outstretched arms; there is not a sound but the gurgle of the stream over which one has to leap at every crook of the chasm, or the splash of some thin waterfall melting from the snows to meet it. Yet with warm rain upon those snows the stream would be a torrent fathoms deep, carrying everything before it, and the force caught in such a plight—and a brigade with its light transport has been led through the worst of the Pishin tungis—would be in a more hopeless case than Egypt's chariots in the overwhelming sea. But if their tungis seem to suggest a touch of treachery in the hills, what one most feels in Quetta is their almost invincible protection, and it is a protection to which engineering has added the last artifice of defence. Some seven miles from Quetta the long valley,

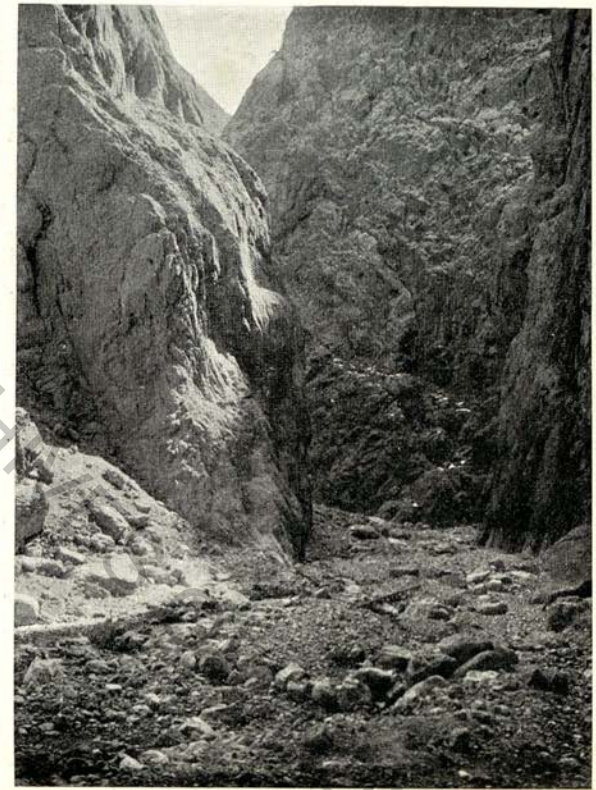
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The Entrance to the Tungi



The Opening of the Hills



The Last Glimpse of the Sun

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in which the town lies, turns abruptly to the northward, and the mountains about which it bends thrust out a dwindling spur half way across the plain. This position has been selected for those elaborate fortifications on which three millions have been spent, which, in conjunction with the proposed concentration of troops about it, will make Quetta the most formidable place of arms in India.

Looking down on the centre of the position, which is some thirty-six miles long, from the mountain crest two thousand feet above it, on the elaborate intricacy of forts, gun emplacements, trenches, traverses; on the blasted rock fastnesses, and deep-sunk ditches of the plain; on, as it were, the whole reply to the attack written out in advance for the attacker, one was able acutely to realise the distracting complexity of the factors involved in the defence of India.

All these defences are as well known to those likely to assault them as they are to ourselves. Not plans only, but raised models of every part of the Quetta defences are in the hands of a Power who may desire to possess those defences to-morrow. Thirty-six miles of field works cannot be shut up and jealously guarded as may be the secrets of a fort. Here they lie, and here they must lie, to the observation of any one who desires to make their acquaintance. Thus the element of uncertainty is for one side eliminated

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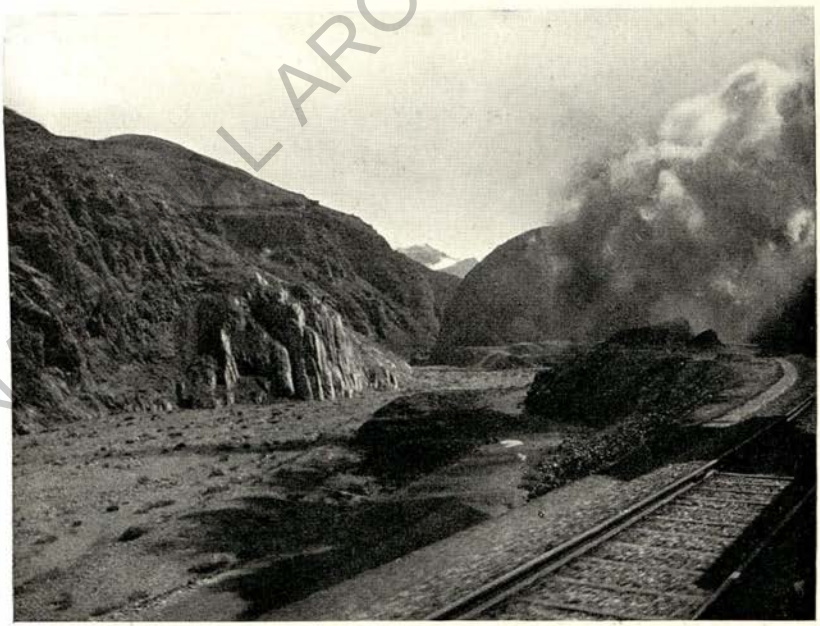
from the beginning, while the other can profit by it up to the very hour for which its schemes are laid. It is this superiority in concealment which gives the attack very much of its immense advantage and which leads it so frequently to success, and it is the consideration of this advantage which makes one, with its miles of entrenchments at one's feet, anxious to regard Quetta not as the southern flank of our defences but as the culminating focus of our attack. For this its position admirably fits it, from whatever direction an advance on India may be presumed. Whether the necessity should arise to strike at an Army intending to operate from the Kabul-Ghazni-Kandahar line, or to sever the communications of an attempt to enter Sind, or to threaten the security of a force advancing through Persia to the Gulf—which sums up the practicable dangers—the rôle of a force at Quetta would be clearly not that of passive resistance but of swift daring and unexpected assault. Only thus could the balance of uncertainty be readjusted in our favour, and to that end the defences of Quetta will not be wasted, should they do no more than produce the impression that we intend to invite defeat by sitting down behind them.

There is this also to be considered in rejection of a defensive policy, that while the natural protection of its hills adds so greatly to Quetta's security, the same configuration will lessen as

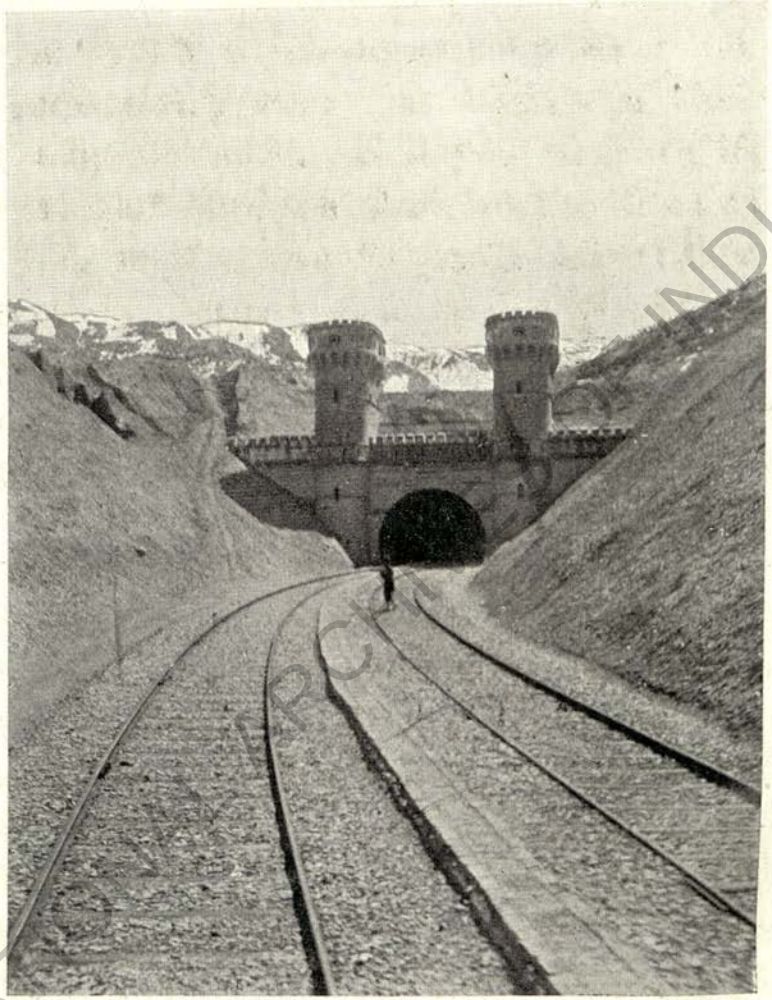
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THE BOLAN VALLEY



IN THE BOLAN. A STIFF GRADIENT



THE KHOJAK TUNNEL LEADING TO THE AFGHANISTAN FRONTIER

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considerably the task of containing any force within its defences. Should we elect here to await attack we might speedily be debarred from doing anything but await it.

One does not intend to suggest that the defences of Quetta are a mistake, though one considers that a mistaken conception of strategy has largely influenced their designing. At present they suggest an elongated fortress, a place that shall oppose a fixed plan to whatever variety of tactics may be employed against it. There is the least possible liberty of device allowed to its defender. His guns are rigidly tied down to positions even where it would have been possible to present them with a considerable and effective range of action, and where, moreover, their service is very particularly dependent on those positions remaining undetermined. And this fixed idea of defence seems enforced by the failure to provide adequate lateral communication between the flanks of the defences. Lateral mobility on such a line of front should be the chief advantage of the defenders, but, as things are, they are worse placed for concentration than their opponents. Worse placed, that is on the assumption that Quetta is to be a base of operations and not a first line of defence. The fear that it might be so regarded sinks into one, looking down on those elaborate positions and reflecting on their

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enormous cost, a fear which not even the thought of Chaman, beyond the Khwaja Amran's snows to the northward, nor of Nushki, ninety miles away to the south-west, serves altogether to allay. By the strategy for which these outposts stand one feels emphatically here that India can alone be successfully defended. Nail your defence if you please to the northern flank of the frontier, for there your nails can find sound holding; there, at any rate, an energetic defence can obtain distinct advantages, and a twofold barrier lies to your hand. To talk there of danger from a turned flank, to consider the threat of such passes as the Darkot, the Dorah, Nuksan, Khatinza, and Sad Istragh is merely to indulge in academic diffusion. The army that takes such perils will perish by them. The real dangers of invasion lie south of the Kabul River, and the best possibilities of defence lie in such schemes as oppose to them fixity of support combined with mobility of action.

It would be better to err on the side of energy, to assume the initiative along the whole line, than to trust to the passive assistance of the desert and the hills. But still wiser it seems to combine the methods, to hold and to strike; and, if such a policy be determined on, there can be little question which flank should be detached and which should be the pivot. At Quetta one has, or one should have, the full advantages of

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An Outpost of Empire



Chaman Decorated

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THE CHAPPAR RIFT. THE CLEFT IN THE HILLS THROUGH WHICH THE HARNAI ROUTE TO QUETTA GOES



A BRAHUI ENCAMPMENT ON THE BORDER OF AFGHANISTAN

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mobility. Railhead at Chaman, less than ninety miles away, is within four days' march of Kandahar, with no difficulties of water, and the desert for protection southward nearly all the way. In that direction, beyond Chaman and the Khojak, we cannot and do not need to go. But our position on the extreme flank might be immensely strengthened with no violation of territory and without any very considerable expense. The railway at present ends at Nushki, ninety-one miles on the trade route to Sistan: very well as far as it goes, but not going far enough to form an effective base for offensive operations, seeing that any advance must follow the trade route westward for a hundred and five miles before striking north for the waters of the Helmand. There are no engineering difficulties to be considered in carrying the railhead by this route four marches forward to Yadgar Char, and very few to be overcome in taking it thence the seventy-four miles north-westward to Barup Char, which would bring it to the border and within seventy miles of the Helmand at Khwaja Ali. Barup Char would make a magnificent station, a sanatorium almost, placed as it is on a lofty plateau, admirably supplied with water, as its name, "the place of the breaking forth of wells," implies, and strategically of a value it is difficult to overestimate, with the river beneath it, Sistan at its mercy, and the most inhospitable country for a

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defence to the south. Here we should unquestionably be if the policy outlined above be accepted. No haste thereto is needed, and so far as the trade route is followed the advance of the railway should need no excuse. But some definite determination of policy is seriously of moment before the very strength of Quetta becomes a menace to Hindustan.

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CHAPTER XXX

THE PRINCESS

THE occasions in men's lives of which one can say determinedly, "This cannot happen thus again for a whole generation," are so few and can touch so few of us even when they do happen, that one may be pardoned for taking any such too seriously of which, when it occurs, fate chances to make us interested spectators. Yet for that pardon one felt there was no need to ask when watching the great ship which had hung for five months about the shores of India slip her moorings to them for the last time, and steal down the long harbour from Kiamari toward the open sea. She had come to India in the hot still haze of a November morning, wrapt in the smoke of guns; she left it at the close of day, under the sunset's glories, cleaving a wind that spread out her splendid flags against the emblazoned cirrus of the sky, and swept after her, like some wild flight of birds, the white and amber wings of a great fleet of fishing-boats, which had set sail to fling to her, across the blue water, their last farewells.

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The Prince was leaving, never, probably, to return; the war-ship that bore him, with years briefer even than those of a man, was still less likely again to make acquaintance with these unfamiliar seas. Looking thirty years ahead, one could dimly wonder what strange shape of ship would bring the next English Prince who came to show himself to his Eastern subjects, and to what new people would he be brought, a people fecund with aspirations which are to-day but in their green beginnings, vigorous with determinations which are as yet but dreams.

There are those in India who seek excuse for their own inertia by speaking of the immobility of the East: but however that epithet may have been justified of the past, the man who now uses it must live blind to the significance of what is nearest to him.

At home, where our modes of locomotion, of sanitation, of education and of government are in a continual flux, we may indeed talk of immobility, for even where, in any serious conception of life, changes may be noticed, we refer them complacently, and in most cases with reason, to the swing of the pendulum.

The spirit which is stirring the East owes, however, none of its energy to the impetus of recoil; its dynamics are of another order: and, though drawing its origin and in some respect its character from the West, its final development

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THE "RENOWN" AT HER LAST MOORINGS, KIAMARI

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is likely to be not only undirected by Western influence but even in opposition to it.

The cause of which is, and it is rather curious, that the West has turned the thoughts of the East back upon its own sources of wisdom, half forgotten and almost wholly fallen into neglect; and it is from the purity, the ardour, the sage humanity of these that the inevitable reconstruction will be undertaken, and not from the uncertain and excited modernity which we have achieved.

In India, at present, it is very easy to lose sight of the re-Easternising of the East in the very obvious symbols of its inspiration which the West has set upon her.

The vegetation of fifty years has blotted out the old heroic landmarks once to be seen from the ridge of Delhi, and factory chimneys have grown up out of the greenness in a double sense to take their place. At Agra one views the white loveliness of the Taj relieved against the dense smoke of commercial animation, and wonders how long the marble will stand unstained in such a polluted sky: while at Cawnpore the visitor seeks distraction from the unsightliness of its pathetic memorials in the inspection of manufactures as modern and as thriftily conducted as any to be found at home.

This is the New India to the touring eye; and new it is, with many issues which will

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require adaptation and adjustment to, and with a disturbing influence on the old conditions which have scarcely yet begun to make themselves felt.

But deeper than this, with no teeming chimneys to advertise its advent, no promise of prosperity to interest the speculator, no visible disturbance of things as they are, the real New India has come into being, its newness not of commerce nor of policy, but of thought, of faith, and of aspiration.

Yet even in the common visible life of India a great change may be noted by comparing the records of the King's tour, thirty years ago, with that of his son. Even in the Native States, indeed, one may say, especially and significantly in the Native States the old barbaric splendour are dying out. They were resuscitated, it is true, in token of a loyal and royal greeting, but they had everywhere an air of resuscitation, of things unearthed; and even the gorgeous elephants, her own particular beast, seemed to bear something of the relation to modern India, of the men in armour to the City in a Lord Mayor's show.

Some measure of the degree to which India has altered in a generation was indicated by the presence of the Princess of Wales. Thirty years ago the idea of a woman in such a position would have been exceedingly unwelcome, and

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KARACHI ACROSS THE SAND DUNES

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it cannot be said to have commended itself to the native mind when the recent tour was planned.

India is some way still from having domestically any further use for its women than it has had for centuries; and in affairs of State it finds an extreme difficulty in conceiving her at all.

Even Native Rulers, who are so ultra-modern in their manners that they make one feel antique, have no desire to extend their modernity in the direction of their womankind, and many were the grave doubts expressed, by Indians distinguished by their breadth of view, as to the wisdom of the Princess's participation in the Tour, and it was instructive and amusing more than once to be confronted with the natives' deep-seated antipathy to seeing that royal beast the elephant offer to a woman, however distinguished, the honour of his assistance.

One hardly knows whether it speaks more for the ability of the Princess or for the tractability of the Indian mind that, long before the Tour was ended, not only had all misgivings disappeared, but they had been converted into an enthusiastic appreciation, which exceeded the most sanguine hopes.

Save at Calcutta, where there was a legacy of reasons that made for failure, her Royal Highness's purdah parties were the greatest success, and her immediate and immense popularity

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with all the women with whom she thus came in contact helped no doubt to the so rapid conversion of tacit opposition into outspoken esteem.

To romantic India, which sets such store by a gracious presence and a regal manner, the Princess made, of course, an indelible appeal; but it was not so much what they saw of her as what they learned that excited the admiration of the peoples of India.

It was her sympathy, her untiring interest, her determination to understand which woke an unexpected attention and won a quite surprised regard.

The astonished realisation that she was interested in them, that she desired to penetrate beneath the cold official contact to their more intimate concerns, that she welcomed every opportunity, however fatiguing, of direct and completer knowledge, was what first of all and most of all turned their hearts to her.

As far as the Prince was concerned they, as is the manner of the East, could not separate, in their homage, loyalty from affection. But with her the loyalty was only a reflected lustre, and on their affections she could make no claim; so that the fashion in which she drew all India to her feet was solely and wholly a personal triumph, and a triumph won in the face of those most considerable forces of obduracy and prejudice which were arrayed against her.

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"We loved in the Great Queen," said an old Chief full of years and honours, "her justice and her greatness; but most of all in your Princess we have loved her love."

That summed up so feelingly the spoken sentiment of a score of others that one may leave it as typical of the sentiment she inspired, a sentiment which must count for much in any assessment of what has been achieved by the Royal Tour in India.

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MATTERS OF DEBATE

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By the Last Light of Day. The Jama Masjid, Lucknow

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CHAPTER XXXI

THE BOND OF LANGUAGE

"THERE has never been," wrote de Tocqueville, "anything so extraordinary under the sun as the conquest, and still more the government, of India by the English; nothing which, from all points of the globe, so much attracts the eyes of mankind to that little island whose very name was to the Greeks unknown." It makes for the value of such a comment that its impartiality cannot be assailed. In conquest and colonisation nothing is less likely to arouse the admiration of one nation than the success of another, and it must be remembered that we were but the fourth of the European Powers who dreamed of and fought for the dominion of India. But from de Tocqueville's eulogy no honest student of her history could dissent. Stains there have been in plenty on our share of the story, though they are pale by comparison with those disfiguring most records of conquest. But the handling of India only grew by degrees to be a national affair. For two centuries and a half, in those days of jeopardy, it was a private enterprise, a mere business speculation; and though a hundred years

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ago another Frenchman, the Abbé Dubois, spoke with admiration of the "justice, prudence, and tolerance" of our rule, it is only from the last half century, since we have become nationally responsible, that our dealings with her can be judged. For that period we may accept the accuracy of de Tocqueville's kind phrases without embarrassment. We have attempted something in the way of victor's justice which is new to the world's practices of might and right. We have set up a standard of the obligations of power, the effect of which may be felt on ethical measurements already. We have even improved on that great conception of government of the people, for the people, by the people, by striving to provide a government of the people, for the people, by another people. If that has been done before by conquerors such as Akbar and Genghiz Khan it has never been done so much as a duty, so little as a policy, and never before has it met with such an abundant and almost embarrassing reward. To that end our conceit and our magnanimity have about equally contributed. We thought there could be no more salutary influences for the East than those which had made ourselves the fine flower of civilisation: we were determined to secure for it every opportunity which we could have desired.

The consequences of that method are now becoming manifest, and we are in India very

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near a queer parting of the ways. We shall have to face the fruits of that stream of tendency which, as in some great work of irrigation, we have conducted from our Western sources to fertilise and cultivate the native mind, and decide, at this hour, what limits we should prescribe to its operations. That is the "new" question in India; though new, indeed, only in its formidableness, nor even yet in that regard fully appreciated. And, there is a fine irony of retribution in the means by which it has been brought about. "When we look at the intrinsic value of our literature or the particular situation of this country," urged Lord Macaulay, when the decision of an official language for India was in debate, "we shall see the strongest reason to think that of all foreign tongues the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects." His prophecy appears in a fair way to be fulfilled, but to what an unthought-of utility those native subjects seem likely to put the tongue he offered them. It was the strength of our position in India that where we had but one tongue her tongues were many. Her fourteen races were divided not only by creed and custom, by forests, deserts, rivers, and mountain ranges, but by a *sterner ban on communication*—a *diversity of language; the diversity,* not of fourteen languages but *of close on eighty.* The builders of Babel were forced from their

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purpose by a discord of speech, and a like cause prevented the races of India from forming one. Sikh, Gurkha, Pathan, Rohilla, Rajput, Maratha—we broke them one by one because there was no bond of language to keep them together; and for lack of that bond there has been no fear since of organised intrigue. Then—one had almost written so—we gave them English. We offered them the speech, we steeped them in the traditions, we tried to inspire them with the ambitions of a free people. As their masters we taught them the tongue in which Britons impressively declare their determination never to be slaves. If, with the tongue, they had learnt enough of our disinclination to servitude to dislike its being dinned into their "opened" ears it would not have been surprising. It is sufficiently important that now the tongue is theirs. Instead of a confusion of dialects—the eight of Hindustan, the twelve Dravidian of the Deccan, the ten Kolarian, the seventy Tibeto-Burman—they are gradually acquiring the solidarity of a common speech. That community is now but in its small beginnings, but of what even they are capable may be discerned yearly at the Indian National Congress, composed of several thousand delegates from the provincial congresses which have been formed for the discussion of local affairs. Every part, every race, every creed, every profession of India is represented, and

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their speech is English; but English spoken, not as we speak the tongues of India, but with a refinement, an accuracy, and a force of which millions of Englishmen are altogether incapable.

The avowed object of that Congress, to create and foster a national spirit, will be considered later. Here its import is that the very existence of such congresses, and thus their dreams of giving to polyphonetic India a national entity, could have been made possible by no other means than the intermediary we have pressed upon them, the gift of English. It is proof of the superior alacrity of the Eastern mind that, while it has perceived for years and done its best to further the developments to be wrought by the spread of English, only here and there does one find an official alive to its significance. That the things that have been are the things that shall be, and that there is no new thing under the sun, seems to express pretty accurately the attitude of its administrators towards India. The attitude is less surprising than it seems. The British official is, with rare exceptions, overworked; his mental world has often to be bounded by his office walls; he turns for relaxation to a society which shuts India out. He has probably neither inclination nor opportunity to keep in touch with native thought, and the making of opportunity might alienate him from his own people. He thus early learns to leave India as much as

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possible alone outside his own professional account with her; accepts the official formulary for her present and future; isolates himself wherever he goes within a miniature hard-edged bit of England; does, for the most part with a wonderful kindness, conscientiousness, and capacity, the work set him, but closes the door, an impenetrable door, upon it the first moment he can. And, in another way, the spread of English is operating subtly to increase his isolation from the destinies he controls. Of old, for lack of interpreters, he had to make the people's speech his own, and so came into intimate relations with their life and thought. Now he is increasingly inclined to study it less completely, to make his need rather than theirs the standard of his accomplishment, and all the while the extending English tongue every year helps his defective knowledge further than before and offers a fresh encouragement to its deficiencies.

But there is another and accessory cause for this growing alienation, ironical also, and one which could hardly have been foreseen. Steam and electricity have brought England and the East within a few days' journey, within a few hours' speech. But the very coming nearer physically to one another has set them spiritually still further apart. The old-time official made India his home; it had to be. He could not hope for consolations elsewhere, he looked for no

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career beyond it. He took hold of it with both hands; not infrequently he took a wife from its daughters; he spoke its tongue as well as now the Bengali speaks ours. He was a real link with the country because he understood. His successor's ambition is to spend in India not a day more than he need, and to escape from it on every possible opportunity. His home is in England, where often, permanently or occasionally, are his wife and family. He hears daily, or even twice a day, what happens there; he lives exclusively in an English atmosphere, and outside of his calling he neither knows nor desires to know of the native races what to his predecessor were the commonplaces of existence. A very little of the country's language serves his needs, and if he study it further it is rather for an intellectual than a professional purpose; and thus, from the other side, the spread of English, while seeming to propose a closer tie, is really erecting an impalpable barrier.

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CHAPTER XXXII

THE BENGALIS' CHARACTER

INDIA is like a big nursery of children who, with very different tastes and aptitudes, have been all brought up by a common system. The result is that, at the point where to-day we find them, the children are in varying stages of development: some have learnt all or even more than it seems good while they are still children to teach them; others are no further advanced than when the teaching was begun. Thus one of the problems that waits for decision in India to-day is the extent to which the development of the forward children must be delayed for the sake of the backward, and hence whether we can any longer treat this Empire of varied races and spirits and faiths as a children's nursery without inducing more serious difficulties than would be the outcome of a new and more discriminating method. It is a problem that looks only superficially difficult, and seems to admit of only one solution till you make acquaintance with the peculiar differences in the types with which you have to deal.

Here in Bengal, here in Calcutta at the

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THE POST OFFICE IN BAMBOO, CALCUTTA

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THE ILLUMINATING SCAFFOLD, CALCUTTA

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heart of it, you have the children who have outgrown the nursery, and whose attitude is the forcing factor in the case. There are some eighty millions of them, which at least gives to their share in the problem the importance of size, and a considerable number have attained a subtle and importunate degree of intelligence. The tension which the situation has created is only beginning to be felt, and because it is still only in its beginnings, and because those beginnings have a tentative and almost puerile air, it is the fashion here to treat them as of very small importance, and assume that nothing is ever going to happen in India which has not happened there before. One can remember to have heard a dozen years ago in Moscow and St. Petersburg just the same reasons advanced in proof of bureaucratic security as one meets in Calcutta and Bombay to-day: the indifference of the peasantry, the desultory products of education, the irrelation of the intellectual and the working classes, the insignificance of the operative, the completeness of military dispositions, the general spirit of content.

In a score of ways, it is true, the situation here differs from that which has bourgeoned so tragically in Eastern Europe, but in one particular, the essential particular, there is a close resemblance. In both cases there is a social and intellectual activity stimulated by ambition,

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pressing for expansion against an environment of settled conditions in the maintenance of which the existing authorities are interested; and wherever an expansive force is enclosed by unexpansive matter, similar effects, in the moral as well as the material world, are apt to be produced. Here, in India, you have the fixed conditions exemplified in our Imperial control. There is really a good deal of elasticity in it, just as there is a good deal of elasticity in iron, but it requires a considerable strain to make that elasticity apparent, and to those who chafe under it our rule in India seems inflexibly rigid. Against this rigidity is pressing an ambition, for the creation of which we are entirely responsible. We deliberately set ourselves to mould India into our own likeness, how deliberately it is at present worth while to recall. "It may be," said Lord Macaulay seventy years ago to the House of Commons, "that the public mind of India may expand under our system till it has outgrown our system; that by good government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government; that, having become instructed in European knowledge, they may in some future age demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I know not. But never will I attempt to avert or retard it. Whenever it comes it will be the proudest day in England's history. To have found a

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great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery and superstition, to have so ruled them as to make them desirous and capable of all the privileges of citizens, would, indeed, be a title to glory all our own." The public mind of India has not yet expanded to that extent; it is probably impossible that there should ever be a public mind to India; but a certain part of it has sufficiently fulfilled Lord Macaulay's prophecy to consider that it has outgrown our system and to demand all the privileges of citizens. Those privileges are embodied in representative government, which is, in its ultimate issue, an acceptance of the subject's right to say by whom he shall be ruled. Such a demand has already been actually formulated in Bengal, a demand for the representation of the people on the supreme Councils of the Empire, as well as in the House of Commons.

We thus come at once upon a difficulty in applying the maxims of the ruling nation to the development of the ruled. We reach the point where the fettered attach to their own aspirations the definition of freedom which they have been taught by the free: when they begin to realise that they have a personal use for the axioms in moral copper-plate they have been set to copy. The awkwardness of the situation is obvious. Here its pressure has been temporarily evaded by the proposition that the privileges of self-government

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can only be accorded to those qualified to use them, thus postponing any debate on principle by the discussion of qualification. On that point the Anglo-Indian holds inalterable views, and though his views have a certain intolerance, and decline to accept the modifications which time suggests, they represent a unanimity of feeling which gives them an importance which must not be underrated.

The Anglo-Indian's principal indictment of Bengal is that it produces no fighters. That is true. The Bengali is a trader, a thinker, a dreamer: he is not, he never has been, a man of war. That is probably as much a question of climate as of race. In these plains, with their damp river heat, one could not breed, if one tried, the soul of a fighter; and the thews of one would very soon succumb to the sun-ordained inaction and the enervating air. The history of Bengal has been one of repeated conquest and repeated debilitation of its conquerors. It has thus been continually explaining in the most practical way why it has lain at every one's mercy. But the explanation does nothing to mitigate the indictment that from its eighty millions Bengal does not contribute one fighting man to the defence of the Empire. Out here, where the sword is never left for very long in the scabbard, where soldiering is still regarded as the only noble career, and where the qualities one is most

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inclined to admire are almost exclusively to be found among the fighting races, such an indictment is of a very damning character. In England one does not see why it should have any weight. Only three in every hundred of the inhabitants of these islands takes any share in the defence of his country. Thus ninety-seven per cent. of those who feel so superior to the Babu are in practical patriotism on precisely the same footing. Hence, however reasonable may be the scorn of the Anglo-Indian for the man of peace, there is no excuse at home for such a sentiment, and seeing that our national ambitions are essentially commercial, and that our national complacency is essentially domestic, it would be more in keeping with those characters that we should cease to disdain the Bengali for a disinclination, which we share, to fight the nation's battles, and remember him as a man whose business capacity, apart from initiative, is at least equal to our own—a capacity which has to-day a very serious share in the welfare of India—and as a man whose domestic virtues are far more exacting and more extensively diffused than any which we should dare to formulate.

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CHAPTER XXXIII

THE PARTITION OF BENGAL

One of the points on which we have had at home very little information is the extent to which our hold on the East has been affected by the recent victories of an Asiatic Power. "Not at all," is the almost invariable reply of the British official; but, when one began to study the question from the other side, his answer furnished fresh proof of his alienation from native India. The successes of Japan have stirred into something like flame an ambition which without them would have probably continued precariously to smoulder. In the speeches of native orators, in the essays of native writers, one is struck by the continual reference to the achievements of Japan as an incentive to a renewed striving after national entity. Now the very mention of such a thing by a subject nation may savour of disloyalty, and is understood in that sense out here; but such an interpretation is out of keeping with the character and history of the Bengali. His ardours have all and always been to express himself and not to compress others; and the only heroism he understands is that of the soul. He has never dreamed of

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military glory and never will, and he knows well that, could he succeed in loosening Britain's hold on India, the earliest consequence would be the plundering of Bengal. All his interests are thus attached to the continuance of our rule, for, recognising that India must have a foreign master, he knows of none who could be preferred to us. His desire is thus to be a part instead of a dependency of the Empire, to be given a work on which he can spend his energies and his ambition, to feel himself identified with a great cause. At present his relation to England is that of the fat green aphis to the ants which stable him for milk. He shares the advantages of the community, but has none of its adventure, none of its responsibilities, none of its pride. He craves something more satisfying, and, roughly and briefly, this is how he would have it obtained.

First, by a reform of the Legislative Councils, the appointment of Indians to the Secretary of State's Council and to the Executive Councils in India, and by giving Indians an increasing share in the administration and control of their own affairs.

Secondly, by an improvement in the methods of administration, the separation of judicial from executive functions, and the reform of the police.

Thirdly, by a readjustment of financial arrangements—including a reduction of military charges—to lessen the burdens of the taxpayer.

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Fourthly, by an extension of primary education, facilities for industrial and technical instruction, improved sanitation, and, by a radical scheme to arrest the increasing indebtedness of the peasantry, to achieve some improvement in the condition of the mass of the people.

Now, none of these suggestions are so extreme that they can be considered beyond the scope of discussion, while many of them represent aspirations with which it would be hard to quarrel. The appointment of Indians to the Secretary of State's Council would supply to its deliberations a point of view which might not otherwise be available, would bring to India the satisfaction of a voice in the final discussion of its affairs, and would introduce the Indian members to influences which might enlarge and modify their opinions. The Legal Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council might very profitably be an Indian; and a place might be found on it for a further native representative without a portfolio. There is also much to be said for the creation of Advisory Boards, which heads of districts would be obliged to consult in important matters of administration before taking action, since in this way would be bridged the increasing interval between the administration and the people, which is responsible on both sides for serious misunderstandings. Nor can there be any theoretical objection to the

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separation of judicial and executive functions. A district magistrate may be often prosecutor in the cases he has to decide, for he is head of the police as well as head of the magistracy, a position only tolerable in quite undeveloped communities, and an insult to the intelligence of many parts of India.

The complete detachment of judicial and executive offices should be the aim of every administration, since, apart from the inevitable irregularity of procedure, the judicial mind requires a particular and continuous cultivation, and it is by no means unusual in India for untrained British magistrates to find themselves intellectually at the mercy of skilled native pleaders. A further anomaly of the present system is the combination of the executive and judicial functions in the lower branches of the Civil Service and their division in the higher, and the subordination of the judicial to the executive after the division has occurred. So that an indifferent magistrate may look forward to more important preferment than the most learned judge: a method not calculated to bring home to the simple the supremacy of law.

The time must come when in India, as at home, the judicial branch of the Civil Service shall be recruited entirely from the legal profession, and those who urge that consummation may be premature but cannot be called unreasonable.

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Put as briefly as possible, these are the measures advocated by India's progressive leaders, and a study of the subject on the spot forces upon one the conviction that it was rather as a reply to that advocacy than for administrative convenience that the partition of Bengal was devised. That belief is strengthened by the hurried fashion in which a measure of such importance was executed: a measure which, as Mr. Brodrick pointed out in a despatch to the Viceroy, four months before it became law, "had not yet, in its complete form, been laid before the public for criticism"; which was never discussed in its ultimate shape by the House of Commons; which was passed by legislative enactment at Simla, contrary to Government practice of dealing with contentious matter only at Calcutta, and at a sitting of the Council at which not a single Indian member was present. One cannot but feel that, however pressing was the administrative necessity, some more potent reason is required to explain such precipitude, and that the Government did not so much desire, in its own words, "to encourage the growth of centres of independent opinion, local aspirations, local ideals, and to preserve the growing intelligence and enterprise of Bengal from being cramped and stunted," as to strike a blow at an intelligence and enterprise which had taken a form of which it did not approve; and that, in expressing its

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view that it "cannot be for the lasting good of any country or any people that public opinion, or what passes for it, should be manufactured by a comparatively small number of people at a single centre, and should be disseminated thence for universal adoption," the Government of India confessed the cause of its hurry and the real reason of its anxiety for the partition of Bengal.

The mere administrative problem might have been solved, as, indeed, it was proposed to solve it, by placing the Bengali-speaking nation, to which Behar might or might not have been added, under a Governor and Council, and by adding Chota Nagpur and Orissa to the Central Provinces, under a Lieutenant-Governor. By this means there would have been no dispersion of offices, no irritation of public feeling; and all the administrative advantages of the partition would have been obtained. Nor is the division of opinion on the partition represented by a racial line. There are British merchants, shipping firms, and millowners in Calcutta, there are even tea-planters in Assam, who do not expect from it the benefits foretold.

Any decrease in the trade of Calcutta will increase disproportionately the expenses of the port, and Calcutta, with eighty miles of dangerous and difficult river between it and the sea, will be extremely sensitive to competition from a port with superior attractions for shipping. Also

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the development of the southern part of the new province is not likely to assist the solution of the labour question in Assam.

There was thus sufficient uncertainty as to the benefits to be derived from the partition to make questionable its expediency in the face of such deep-seated opposition, and one can imagine no measure affecting the welfare of so many millions consummated with less attempt to conciliate the sentiment of those whom it most concerned. Lord Curzon placed himself towards the close of his Governor-Generalship more and more in opposition to the intellectual part of India. Had he adopted more conciliatory methods he might have kept in touch with the popular leaders, and so have avoided that misconception of the depth and tenacity of the sentiment with which he had to do. He urged haste to avoid agitation, trusting to that Eastern respect for an order which is part of its fatalistic acceptance of things as they are. But the East with which he dealt has been growing out of its fatalism: growing, thanks to its British 'training, into a belief in open dealing and fair play, and no small part of the bitterness in its resentment arose from finding itself or thinking itself unjustly treated by a Power from which it had learnt its appreciation and to which it looked for an example of unswerving honour.

How much further the agitation will be carried

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in default of concessions it is not easy to say. With all the facts before him it is unlikely that Mr. Morley will be able to avoid those doubts which plainly Mr. Brodrick entertained as to the wisdom of the partition, or altogether to withhold his sympathies from those it has injured most. If any reparation be possible, he is not the man to be deterred by its difficulties; if not, it will only remain for the Bengali-speaking people to face their losses courageously—since in the long period of readjustment they must lose considerably—and attempt to wrest from adversity an advantage which, with the widened scope of their activities, it is by no means unlikely they may be able to secure.

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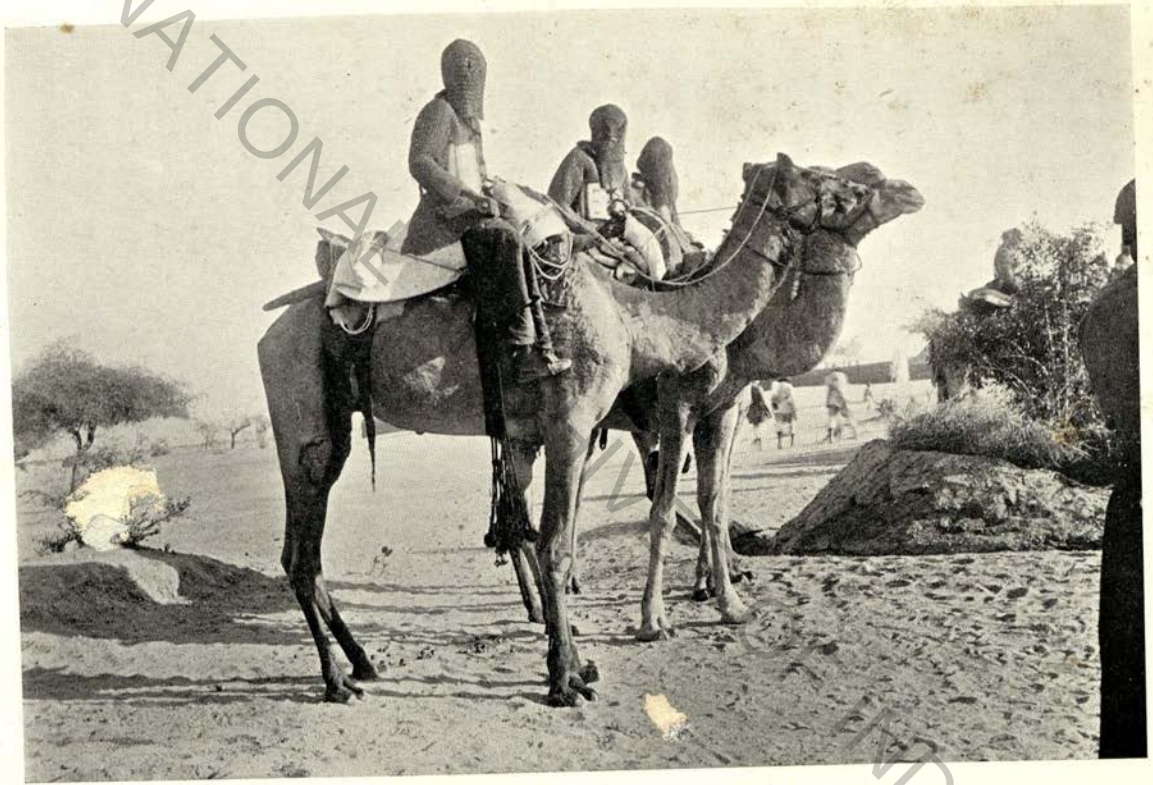
CHAPTER XXXIV

THE NEW ARMY

THE immediate future of the Army may be considered the question of supreme importance to India to-day. It would deserve precedence if only because the black British ignorance of Indian affairs reaches a culminating density in military matters, and that, whereas India must be left in certain other important directions to work out her own salvation, the question whether she shall be given adequate protection will depend entirely on the conception or misconception of her protectors which may obtain at home. Now in all the obscuring disparagement of our military system the competence of our Indian Army has never been called in question. It has been assumed as a model of efficiency and organisation.

A study of the Army on the spot tends, however, considerably to modify that assumption. It has, indeed, hitherto done all that was demanded of it, and frequently done it well. But the demands have been small in comparison with its capacity, and yet meeting them has frequently put a considerable strain on its resources.

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THE OLD ARMY

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Far from its organisation being perfect, it is alarmingly incomplete; its resources are insufficient, and its opportunities for training are often inferior to those at home. Till within the last few years its economy has been devoid of system, and symmetry in its administration is only now being laboriously evolved. For the defence of India from invasion by a Great Power it has been hitherto quite absurdly inadequate, and adequacy, even with every assistance, cannot be achieved for some years to come. These are plain words, but those now striving to render the Indian Army competent would be the last to contradict them, and only by plainness can one hope to penetrate the false presumptions bred by official complacency.

In mitigation of criticism it must be remembered that the problem confronting India to-day has been of comparatively recent development, though not so recent as to excuse the postponement of its solution till the present moment.

Also that India has not been for long in a position financially to face it, and that her military progress for some time before Lord Kitchener's arrival had by various causes been unfortunately delayed. In writing on the Indian Army one realises that for readers at home there will be a difficulty in one's tenses. They have heard reforms described by the most responsible Ministers of the Crown as though they were

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accomplished already, yet when one looked, on arriving in India, to make acquaintance with the new conditions one learnt not only that they had not as yet come into being but that those responsible for their conception were, in many cases, still struggling disheartenedly to make a start. Hence, when one speaks in dispraise of things that are, one must not be understood to refer to things which, for home consumption, have been described as being, but which are still, at the date of writing, on the knees of the electors.

The old things have not passed away, and it is possible, should the reforming hand be stayed, that they will be merely perpetuated with amendments, by which the military situation in India will not be one whit improved. Now, to understand the importance of the reforms proposed, the position preceding them must be appreciated. A brief eight years ago, when called upon to furnish troops for a serious frontier expedition, the Military Department came to the conclusion that four divisions was the largest force that could be drawn from India without impairing its security.

Will any one, with the maps at his disposal, look out the railhead positions on the Russian Central Asian lines in 1898 and consider in that light the utility of four divisions for the defence of India? Of course the defence of India could scarcely, in that sense, be said to have been

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contemplated. It is the tendency of the British official out here to become imperially provincial. The Indian Empire limits his horizon, and he tends to become oblivious of the world beyond it. For him particularly the things which have been are the things which are; and so though Russia, as a picturesque menace, came within the scope of his provisions, he devised nothing but paper schemes of defence: and also because only the things which have been are for him the things which are, the distribution of troops through India was permitted to remain practically just as it had been before a hundred miles of railway had been laid in the country and a native runner was the swiftest means of communication.

Of course great soldiers, such as Lord Roberts and Sir Donald Stewart, were well aware of the inadequacy of the Indian Army for purposes of defence; but in their day neither was the peril so pressing, nor had the opportunity arisen for effectual reform. It is true likewise that many of the reforms now contemplated have been advocated unavailingly for years by soldiers in the country, which does but prove that, for the disturbance of its complacent inertia, it was needful that some one should take charge of India to whom all its enigmas were new. Anglo-Indians complained when Lord Kitchener was appointed to the Indian command that he had no previous

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acquaintance with the country, and would from sheer ignorance outrage all its traditions. But it was precisely because Lord Kitchener could look at India with unaccustomed and unrestricted eyes that he was so badly wanted here, and because he was unhampered by the traditions of fifty years ago that he could evolve fresh ones for to-day. He had realised already the difference that railway and telegraph should have made to the distribution of troops; and that India's new danger was not from the States within nor the tribes on her border, but from the organised advance of a great European Power.

He therefore at once set himself to devise an organisation capable of meeting the forces which that Power might be able to put into the field, and to this end he determined, first of all, what troops it would be absolutely essential, during a war, to retain in the country.

There were the great arsenals to be guarded; there were doubtful feudatories to be overlooked. Beyond these there was a force required for the general policing of the country which could only be reduced with prudence to a certain tenuity. He made his deductions, and calculated what he had left. It worked out to a figure more than twice as formidable as that which the Military Department could, eight years earlier, pledge India to provide. But it was useless to him; it was scattered all over the country; it was without

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organisation, without equipment, without stores. It was as profitless for war as if it had not existed.

He had thus to begin by reorganising the Indian Army. He had to fight ignorance, prejudice, and tradition for every step he took, and he is fighting them still. His calculations gave him nine divisions as the force which India could safely put into the field, a field which would obviously lie somewhere near her North-West frontier. He therefore divided the country into nine divisional districts, each of which should contain a complete Infantry division and a Cavalry brigade, ready for mobilisation at an hour's notice, in addition to the troops required for policing the district when the field service force had been withdrawn. Thus the disappearance of these nine divisions from the country would make no difference to the maintenance of good order: that was already provided for, and the troops engaged thereon in peace would in war simply continue their functions. Meanwhile within each district the division was to exist complete and as concentrated as possible, so that each battalion should be trained as a whole by its own colonel — an arrangement which is often far from usual to-day — each brigade by its brigadier, each division by its war commander. Then he grouped his nine divisions into three Army Corps, which, in order not to alienate Anglo-Indian susceptibilities, he arranged in

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correspondence with the present Indian commands —Northern, Western, and Eastern. Peshawar, Rawal Pindi, and Lahore being the districts composing the Northern command; Quetta, Mhow, and Poona, the Western; and Meerut, Lucknow, and, hereafter, Secunderabad, the Eastern.

The scheme is simplicity itself, a simplicity which at once commends and explains it. The two Army Corps which would be required immediately in the field are placed on the lines along which, after mobilisation, an advance would be made: the third corps is able conveniently to reinforce either of the others. The divisions are all spread over a considerable training area, save at Peshawar and Quetta, where complete divisions are to be quartered; a necessity which hardly needs to be explained. But the realisation of this scheme is proving as crooked as its conception was plain. Let it remain in italicised remembrance that when Lord Kitchener arrived in India there was *no permanent organisation for field service above the unit.* What that leaves for construction where nine divisions are concerned not many even of military readers can appreciate.

Yet, in associating Lord Kitchener so completely with the scheme of redistribution, one would not give the impression that he is solely responsible for its conception. The scheme has for years existed in embryo; it has been the obsession of successive Commanders-in-Chief:

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and the present opportunities for its accomplishment were also more favourable than ever previously. Still it by no means follows that they could have been turned to account by a less determined personality.

Lord Kitchener has been accused of financial extravagance; he the by-word for economy in two campaigns! But when one works out estimates in the rough for such changes one is quite astonished by his moderation, seeing that of the required ten millions, two have to be apportioned to the rearmament of the Artillery, of which, by the way, not a single battery has yet got its guns, and two to cover the building of new barracks, an item in the expenditure which should prove to what rigorous limits the building programme has been restrained. With this programme very little progress has yet been made, and the delay cannot altogether be attributed to the Military Department. The determination of the best sites for the new barracks has been hedged about with difficulties which no one unacquainted with this country could more than dimly guess. Not only the salubrity and water supply of the proposed stations have to be considered, but their suitability to the troops to be quartered in them, and, when these points have been satisfactorily settled, the complexity of the land system remains detainingly in the way.

But in dealing with accomplishment we have

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gone too fast. Accomplishment is not yet with us here; nothing is but hopes and fears and determined striving. What England must understand is that scarcely more than a beginning has been made; enough to suffer from weak assistance, not enough to profit if left as it is. It is vain to talk of the effectiveness of the Indian Army being already doubled. That consummation can only come after years of toil, but years in which the reforming energies here have been left unhindered by misrepresentation and exasperating delay.

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THE OLD INDIA

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CHAPTER XXXV

LORD KITCHENER'S REFORMS

It is never, in great affairs, questions of principles which create division. They seem to, they are said to; but in the end they are seen, like the cosmic elephant upon the tortoise, to stand upon and to be moved by some small conjuncture to which no importance has been publicly attached. Thus we find the Government of India basing its opposition to Lord Kitchener's proposals on their unconstitutional character, and the assistance they offer to a military despotism. Yet no one would urge that the provisions of the Indian Councils Act should be preferred to the proved welfare of the country, nor is any one acquainted with the restrictions imposed on the policy of a Commander-in-Chief seriously alarmed by the spectre of military autocracy. These considerations might have been set entirely aside, and yet the conflict between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief would have developed along the lines it has taken and have reached exactly the same conclusion. The strength and weakness alike of many of Lord Kitchener's proposals has been their reasonableness. That

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made them irresistible, but it also made them offensive. They were so obvious and so simple that they might have occurred to any one; and thus, while disarming opposition, became a reproach to every one to whom they had not occurred.

It is the plain and not the profound ideas which men resent being brought to their attention, because their attention should have been engaged with them already. The Government of India has taken credit for supporting the Commander-in-Chief's redistribution scheme, but really one does not see what else it could have done without impugning its own sagacity. It had been offered an effective Army in place of four ill-equipped divisions, and the suggestions to that end, despite what to India appeared their revolutionary tendency, had been favourably reviewed by the local authorities. But with that support its assistance ceased precisely where it should have been beginning.

One would not assert that the Executive Council welcomed the passive resistance which it must have realised the Military Department was certain to oppose to the execution of so great a measure of reorganisation and redistribution. Experience must have prepared it for such resistance, and nothing was done to minimise its effect. On the contrary, when the Commander-in-Chief was at last forced to make the discontinuance of

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that resistance a condition of his continuance in office, the Council unanimously expressed its conviction, first, that there was no resistance, and, second, that if there was any, it did but further the interests of India, of the Army, and of the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Kitchener took a different view. Practically—for the trouble had arisen before his schemes had been disclosed—all he had demanded was direct access to the Governor-General for his proposals, and direct delivery of his orders to the troops under his command.

Both were denied him. No measure that he devised could be submitted to the supreme authority save as interpreted, perhaps with prejudice, by a junior officer, and without that officer's sanction he could issue no orders relating to the movement, discipline, and training of his troops. Between him and the man to whom he was responsible, between him and the men for whom he was responsible, the Military Department stood; confusing, perverting, procrastinating; a drag which applied itself indifferently whether the wheel for which it had been created was travelling up hill or down. Such conditions had been intolerable where the transaction of ordinary business was concerned; they became impossible where it was a question of initiating a great measure of reform. For a man whose sole preoccupation is the task set him, there could be no question of

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courses. He would do what he was there for, or he would go. He did not go, because the Home Government realised alike the exigency and the magnitude of the business to which he had set his hand, and knew of no one else to whom its execution could be entrusted. How paramount they considered that achievement may be judged by the sacrifice they made to secure it, for no one could have been so conscious of the services Lord Curzon had rendered to India as those by whom every operation of his Governor-Generalship had been considered.

There was this to be said for the sacrifice, that whereas the interruption of Lord Curzon's work might very well be to its advantage—his energy having so outpaced the ordinary progress of men's minds—interruption to Lord Kitchener's might have meant its dissolution, so little had been accomplished, and such a mastery of organisation would be required to meet the inevitable but imponderable difficulties in the development of his schemes. When taking leave of India Lord Curzon claimed that in sacrificing his position for the sake of his principles he had behind him "the support of the greater part of the Indian Army." If that claim could be made good, which opportunities for testing it has led one to doubt, it would not be at all surprising, seeing what astounding rumours of Lord Kitchener's intentions are afloat in the Army. Elaborated descriptions

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of proposals which he neither did nor could contemplate are to be had everywhere for the asking, proposals so devoid of inherent probability as the breaking up of the Guides, the finest frontier corps in the Empire, or the abolition of the Silladar system, which produces the cheapest and by no means the least effective light Cavalry in the world. Where suspicion can be fed with such absurdities, what dimensions indeed may it not attain?

Further, there is in the Indian Army, as everywhere before the advent of a reformer, a somewhat swollen proportion of incompetents who see in Lord Kitchener's ascendency a serious menace to the position and reputation they have enjoyed, and are thus unfortunately interested in misrepresenting him. These gentlemen are certainly "behind" Lord Curzon; their objections are as emphatic and as sincere as his, yet their assistance is not of the sort one can imagine him desiring. It is from them, however, that especially the assistance is forthcoming, since it is from their imagination that this business of disparagement has been chiefly evolved. There is another class of soldier, men of a quite different calibre, accustomed for long years to the old methods, slow, not particularly able, but thoroughly sound; and many of these, without being opposed to reform, consider that reform is being proceeded with too quickly, and that more

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work is now demanded of the native troops, especially of the mounted branch, than is altogether politic. For this view there may be a good deal to be said. The native soldier is not used, and very much objects to being hustled, and, if a member of a Silladar regiment, suffers in pocket by any injury to his equipment or to his horse. It is possible that Lord Kitchener, like Lord Curzon, does not always realise when his subordinates have had enough.

Seeing much to reform, conscious that for such reformation the time permitted him is all too short, he has gone about his work with a vigour which has not conceded enough to the lethargy of purpose which India breeds. He has not, however, gone too fast for soldiers of the keener sort, and, if depreciation of his methods and ideas is to be found in the Army, thence comes also the most enthusiastic approval.

There is one particular in which it is as well that the distortion of Lord Kitchener's designs should be contradicted. He has been represented, and by those who should know better, as desirous of obtaining control of the finances of the Army. Now, he not only desires nothing of the kind, but his scheme provides for military finances a double Governmental control. He has proposed that the Financial Secretary of his Advisory Council should be nominated by the Finance Department of the Government of India,

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and have no control of funds apart from that Department's approval. Thus, in formulating proposals, the General Staff would draft a scheme on the lines indicated by the Commander-in-Chief. The draft would then be submitted to the Financial Secretary for a report on its cost, and, if necessary, the Secretary to Government would obtain upon it the opinion of local Governments. Next the draft and the financial report would be laid before the Commander-in-Chief, and, on his approval, submitted to the Governor-General, to the Finance Department of Government, to the Council, and to the Secretary of State. If these are not sufficient safeguards to the spending of money one knows not how they may be obtained. All Lord Kitchener desires is to have his schemes judged financially by an unprejudiced opinion, and to know the dimensions of the Budget on which he has to base his plans. So long as these were subservient to the "Military (and Marine) Department" he never knew for what unexpected purpose the funds voted for the Army might not be appropriated, nor could he, from ignorance of the sum that would be at his disposal, look more than twelve months ahead.

It has been proposed to alter this paralysing uncertainty by providing a fixed Budget for five years, the Commander-in-Chief being thus able, within the bounds of that Budget, to finance

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more effectively and economically schemes like that of redistribution, which have to contemplate a long and progressive development spread over many years.

But, apart from what may be regarded as honest criticism, a duplicity in detraction is practised which proves how keen is the desire for dispraise. Lord Kitchener is blamed for attempting to design expedients while still ignorant of native prejudice and tradition, and in the same breath he is accused of constructing those designs upon India's own ideas. The truth is that India has been waiting for a man strong enough to put through reforms which it was long known she needed, and many of the measures which have been instanced in proof of the Commander-in-Chief's opinionative temerity were discussed in the country years before he came.

In stating that he had the approval of the whole of the Civil Service in India Lord Curzon produced an impression to which in England too much weight might possibly be attached. A Governor-General can always count upon the support of the Civil Service whenever he is at variance with the military authorities. There is a natural polarity—to put it no more forcibly—between the two Services, and Lord Curzon, in opposing what he considered to be an undue extension of military influence, was in the instinctive attitude of a Civil servant, and could count,

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as certainly as a leader of the ballet, on the reproduction of that attitude by the entire corps. It is possible also that, in England, too much importance may be attached to the solidarity of the Executive Council on the same question. For the Council has, like the Civil Service, though from a different reason, an adherent tendency to support the Viceroy, just as the minor members of an administration have a tendency to support the Premier, or the under masters of a school, the head. If a seat in the Council were subsequent instead of anterior to a Lieutenant-Governorship, the deliberations of that body would probably gain in value, though they might lose something in unanimity.

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CHAPTER XXXVI

THE SILLADAR CAVALRY

Of the many features which make the Indian Army so much more interesting than the British the chief is unquestionably the system by which the bulk of its Cavalry is recruited and sustained. At home it is a toss up when Thomas Atkins takes the shilling to what arm of the Service he may give the preference, even if, which does not always happen, the preference is his to give. But in India the trooper is a quite different person from the private of the Line, indeed, he may very often be his employer. The man most nearly the sowar's equivalent that we have in England is the small farmer, who takes out his horse and does his training with the local Yeomanry. He is, in effect, a yeoman owning and cultivating the bit of land that his father owned and cultivated before him, and taking service with the British Raj as a natural consequence of his ancestry and traditions.

One is writing now of the Silladar Cavalry, and the Silladar system accounts for thirty-seven of the forty regiments of Indian Cavalry, including the Guides, and its methods may therefore be

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considered representative. Now, when a man enlists in a Silladar regiment he does not take a shilling or its eastern equivalent and sign on for probably the shortest possible term of service. Instead it is he who brings the offering, which takes the form of a horse, and he comes to make the regiment his home for life, and to contribute all the good years of his manhood to the King's service. In practice he does not, as in the old days, bring a horse, but he pays its value instead into the regimental treasury, which suits better its economies, since all the Silladar regiments either breed or buy their own chargers. Two hundred and fifty rupees, about sixteen guineas, is the price fixed, for which he obtains a far more valuable animal than he could buy with the money, and in addition he becomes the possessor, at a price, of the equipment he requires, uniform, lance, sword, saddlery, tent, hut, pony pack-saddlery, and so forth; that is, of everything he needs except his rifle. He does not pay down for these, but they are valued, having belonged as a rule to the man whose place he takes, and the value is written off gradually against his pay. The Government contributes nothing but a rifle, ammunition, and thirty-one rupees a month, which is his pay, and from which, before it reaches him, considerable regimental stoppages have to be made; so considerable that occasionally there may be nothing left for him to

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handle. The regiment thus takes the burden of life from his shoulders, but it does not, as in the Regular Cavalry, take the interest of responsibility from him too. His horse is his own, his equipment is his own; any avoidable damage to these must be made good out of his own pocket. He has thus an interest in economies very essential to the well-being of the regiment; he has a personal stake in the fitness of his horse and in the condition of his equipment; a stake which must inevitably press both ways, since he will for his own sake not only look after both in the interests of the Sirkar, but will resent the Sirkar's asking work of either that will lessen their value to him.

It is just here that at present the pressure is beginning to be felt. A good deal more work is being now asked of the native soldier than he has hitherto expected or been expected to perform; work designed not only to increase his own efficiency, towards which he might be sympathetic, but to test the efficiency of others with whom probably he has no concern. It is inevitable that the improvement of the officer should entail more work on the man, and not on his man only but on some one else's; and the excess, where it only means a little more exercise and a little less leisure, may generally be liquidated by a little extra grumbling. To the Silladar it means more.

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It means not only that the horse, which is his, gets knocked about and suffers in value, and that his clothing and equipment become damaged and require repair, but perhaps that all the arrangements of the regiment for his sustenance may be upset, that the advantageous contracts it has made may be wasted, and that instead of buying his food and fodder in the cheap market it may have at short notice to purchase them in one that has been spoiled. In the ordinary Cavalry regiment this would only mean that the Government would be out of pocket, but with the Silladar the loss falls on the regimental funds and the pocket of the sowar, and a frequent repetition of such losses tends to make the Service unpopular, especially in a regiment without a large reserve. For in the matter of funds the regiments are very differently situated. Some have land and breeding establishments and much invested money; while others, with very little to fall back on, depend for their appearance and efficiency on the business capacity of their commanding officer; and, being able to make a good show thanks to skilful management, any unforeseen extravagance which is forced upon them makes just the difference which decides whether they shall or shall not be able to take a pride in themselves, which means the difference of being fit for anything or fit for nothing.

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But before sinking to such an extremity a difficulty will have arisen about recruiting. The sowar takes to soldiering as he might take to any other trade. He puts his money into it and expects it to provide him with a career. In it he may rise to a position of considerable trust and honour, since nearly half the officers in the regiment may be recruited from the ranks, and till he reaches such a position he looks to it for sufficient funds to provide for his own well-being and to transmit a modest assistance to the family at home, with which he maintains, however far away he may be soldiering, an unbroken relation. Now anything that thwarts his expectations in these particulars will lead to his considering himself unfairly dealt with, and its effect will soon be estimable in the falling off of recruits; for, in addition to the leave which he can claim of six months every three years, he is given very liberal facilities for seeing his family in the interim should the occasion require, and discouragement to recruiting will thus be at once forthcoming where a contented spirit is most desirable. And the sowar who is lost to a particular regiment is, as a rule, lost to the Army. He is very much in the position of a yeoman who might be quite ready to serve in the humblest capacity in his local corps, but would never dream of enlisting in a Cavalry regiment. This difficulty of recruiting

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is here and there just beginning to be felt. It does not at present amount to more than a portent, but those who have the best opportunities for judging believe that it will develop into a real shortage if no means are taken to compensate the sowar for disabilities which are directly attributable to the increase in his work. Now the question obviously arises—and the belief that it has arisen and been debated at headquarters considerably agitates the native Cavalry mind—Why maintain a system so liable to disturbance which fosters a spirit of independence and a disparity which do not conduce to the homogeneity and working effectiveness of the Army? In reply, one is not afraid to say that it is precisely that spirit of independence which is the most valuable asset of the Silladar Cavalry. It is a school of initiative as is no other branch of the Service, and provides precisely that sort of training of which it has so often been regretfully remarked that the Navy has the monopoly.

A Silladar regiment is prepared to take the field to-morrow without reference to a single other department of the Army. There is no delay while it waits for its indents to be met, since it indents on no one for anything. It has its own supply and transport; for all its commissariat arrangements it relies on itself; it provides, trains, and perhaps breeds its own remounts;

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manufactures possibly its own clothing; makes or causes to be made its own saddlery; and, where need is, undertakes the building of its own lines. Now consider what all this means. It means that the officers of a regiment have a working knowledge of and a sustained interest in every one of its requirements. Instead of having to prefer all their wants to various soulless departments and then, after a disheartening delay, to curse the inadequacy of what they receive, they have only themselves to thank if they are not well suited, and they can get a direct return for their ability in the smartness, comfort, and efficiency of their command. The contrast in capacity and self-reliance between a Silladar squadron officer and his equivalent at home must be seen to be appreciated; it is as the difference between a lieutenant in the Royal and in the Mercantile Marine. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the Cavalry training of a Silladar regiment is the best to be had anywhere in the world. The Cossack system appears most nearly to resemble it, but the resemblance really extends little beyond a common measure of self-containedness; in the higher soldierly qualities there can be no comparison. A Silladar regiment is thus not a military unit only, it is a big business concern, and those who "run" it acquire a real business experience which gives a man a grip

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and understanding of things which are often more useful to him on active service than the details of his profession. Instead of merely enumerating his wants and leaving it to some one else to discover how to supply them, he has to become a judge of as many different materials as a general dealer and acquire expert knowledge in working and handling them. He has to learn all the science of horse-buying and all the tricks of it as well, since he is forced to compete in the market with the Remount Department, which is always able to buy well over his head. If the regiment breeds he has a breeding establishment added to his responsibilities, if it does not he may have to appoint his own buyers in Australia or elsewhere, and he will have to arrange for shipment and for conveyance up-country from the port of entry. He has to keep an eye on the prospects of the crops in various districts, in order most economically to lay in his forage, and he may often have to consider how to dispose of his stores as well as how to lay them in to advantage. He is thus alternately a horse-dealer, a capable vet., a shipper, a carrier, a farmer, and a wholesale tradesman. Yet these things include but a small part of his variety. He may have to master the methods of the builder in constructing his own lines; he must have nothing left to learn about leather and the making of saddlery,

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and have a competent acquaintance with tailoring, bootmaking, and the manufacture of their materials.

One has enumerated only what one may call his civil functions. He has as a soldier, in addition to the routine of his own arm, to specialise as a member of the Army Service Corps in providing for his own transport and supply. It is, of course, chiefly on the colonel that the burden and advantage of these responsibilities fall, but every officer in the corps takes a share in their interest and benefits. On the other side there are certain difficulties engendered by the lack of uniformity entailed by thirty-seven regiments being in regimental matters a law to themselves. The patterns of saddlery and equipment vary to suit varying conceptions of what is best, and thus the forwarding of fresh articles from headquarters during a campaign to suit every regiment would be impossible. This difficulty, however, may easily be evaded by the selection, by a committee representing the regiments concerned, of standard patterns for field service. To that no one would object. On service everything disappears but enthusiasm; the impossibilities of peace are joyously undertaken. But in peace there is a quick disposition to resent any tampering with tradition, any impairing of valued prerogative. No man can handle the Silladar Cavalry successfully who

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is not in sympathy with its independence and in touch with the sentiments in which it has its being. Uniformity of organisation is an admirable thing, but in India there is uniformity in nothing, and the controller of its Cavalry must be content to take as his motto—Diversity of administrations, but the one lord.

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CHAPTER XXXVII

THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK

We are manufacturing discontent in India, and we are manufacturing it by means of education. Nor is the discontent of the sort for which might be felt any satisfaction, the unsatisfied aspiration which may be thought divine. It is a discontent not with conditions but with their personal application, not with the limitation of opportunity but of rewards. To appreciate the position the different relation of education to life at home and in India must be understood. In England education is regarded as an end; in India almost wholly as a means to one. In England the educated for a special purpose form only a small proportion of the educated population; in India they practically compose the whole of it. Every boy who proceeds to the higher schools and colleges does so with the set purpose of obtaining employment — Government employment preferably — as a direct return for his labours. The educated Indian public may thus be said almost entirely to consist either of appointed or of disappointed men, with the proportion of the latter every year increasing, according

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as the output of scholars and graduates enlarges with no corresponding expansion of offices. It was a constant source of anything but agreeable surprise to discover that the humble functionary deputed in the Native States to look after our mere epistolary requirements was in most instances a Bachelor of Arts. But the B.A. is already such a common object along the highways of learning that in the more considerable cities you may pick up as many specimens of him as you require to perform the functions of a clerk at the humble emolument of a pound a month. Yet you will have to pay seven times that wage for an ordinary shorthand writer with no pretensions to scholarship. Still, the obvious advantages of the more commercial training have not operated, and apparently are not likely to operate, in reducing the crop of unemployable graduates. The classes are different from which the competitors are drawn, and the man who craves for the sheltered course of departmental promotion and the beckoning distance of a pension has, as a rule, not only an inherited aversion from trade but lacks all business instincts and aptitudes. There seems, therefore, no diversion to be hoped from other channels of attraction, and nothing appears likely to result from the natural processes of discouragement. The only too apparent disproportion of effort to reward has shown no tendency to diminish the accumulation of effort.

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The higher standard of accomplishment which recent legislation has required imposed a merely momentary check upon the output, but there is no reason to suppose that even still more exacting conditions would permanently reduce the disparity between the office-seekers and the emoluments. The Government is thus confronted by what is a very real difficulty, and may prove a not inconsiderable source of danger; a continually augmented body of men, of a quite creditable education and absolutely no prospects, naturally discontented with the order of things out of which they have been evolved, bitter against the tutors whose constant insistence on the blessings of education has brought them to such a pass; the very material—despairing, impoverished, and unemployed—which the professional agitator would most desire for his moulding.

India, which can certainly never be accused of meeting trouble half-way, has so far paid very little heed to this trouble ahead of her, but even those who admit its serious menace are quite unable to suggest a remedy. It is impossible to "go back" on education; it would be unreasonable, even if it were of any use, to require a higher standard of accomplishment, and the only solution of which one can think is to suggest a different one. The graduate who fails to obtain official employment is wanted by no one. That

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may not be proof of any defect in his education, but it is evidence of its inutility to himself. It is evidence likewise that his training does not fit him to use his wits, that journalism by no means inclines to offer its consolations to his disappointment. An University degree is not at home regarded as a disqualification, but in India more than one of the more important journals does so consider it, and would always of two equally qualified aspirants prefer the man with no letters after his name; and in business houses the preference is even more pronounced. One seems therefore justified in suggesting that, even granting the present University curriculum to be the best possible for those happy enough to reap its benefits, the fact that it apparently unfits the remainder for alternative careers points to advantages which might accrue from its modification.

Now, the most salient impression one derives from a brief acquaintance with the average Indian graduate's mind is that it only moves completely at ease amid quotation marks. It swings from one to the other of these with the expertness of an acrobat among trapezes, but, without an inverted comma to lay hold of, its flight drops heavily to the earth. It may be able to correct your reference to an obscure Elizabethan poet, but it finds a difficulty in forming any original literary opinions. The most retarding influence on its cultivation is really its prodigious memory.

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It tries to acquire everything by rote. It was proposed a few years ago to permit a candidate for graduation to present himself for examination in one subject at a time, the plain intention being that he should learn each by heart. Even without that assistance to superficiality, he contrives to reduce most of what is intended for education into a system of memorising. His wonderful English is often a plain proof how merely formal is his proficiency; but in the humours of that English one may easily forget how remarkable an achievement for an Asiatic are even its pedantic absurdities, and it is not for the average Anglo-Indian, with his still queerer treatment of an alien tongue, to laugh at a performance so far transcending the alternative which he is able to achieve.

Yet his very aptitude seems a reason why the Indian undergraduate should not be trained too exclusively on literature. He is intrinsically too prone to the mental habits which a literary diet breeds, his wonderful memory enables him to evade what a profounder digestion might yield him, the training is not best fitted to develop his rather indefinite personality, and, in the event of his failing to obtain employment on the mere strength of his degree, it leaves him with no very marketable quality with which to start any other sort of calling. It is difficult, indeed, to suggest anything to supply that deficiency

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THE TRUNK ROAD, ALIGARH



BOYS OUT OF SCHOOL

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because, of course, the careers are not yet there and their possibilities have scarcely been indicated, but if India comes to have more need of anything from her own children it will not be of the arts which extend the refinements of life but of those which add to its possibility. India has only begun to invoke the assistance of science to extend by modern methods her productive powers, and it is obvious that if the invocation is to be of any value a new and comprehensive department, or at least the very considerable extension of an old one, will be required. There is much still to be discovered, and much in consequence to be taught concerning methods of cultivation and the best material for crops, and it would be wisdom on the part of the universities to forestall the clamant hour by qualifying men to take advantage of it when it comes. The training of an experimental science, with all the advantages it offers to memory and the little that it yields to memory alone, would have a particular value for the Indian mind, and the existence of men prepared to serve the new department might accelerate its creation. There is scarcely a branch of agriculture in India, there is hardly one of her manufactures which has not questions to ask, the adequate answering of which would mean increased profits and increased employment.

But, if one end of the scale of education

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seems only to offer problems difficult of solution, there is plenty of encouragement at the other. Primary education, at least in the Bombay Presidency, appears to have learnt its lessons sooner and to have applied them more profitably than at home. Examinations have long since ceased to be regarded as an adequate gauge of results, the teacher is left most liberally unhampered, and a genuine attempt has been made to educe the capacities of the children and to frame the scheme of training on their requirements. They are taught to observe, understand, and even to draw the life about them, the life of the jungle and the fields, as is very seldom the village child at home. The other day a school inspector on his travels found four naked brown youngsters wrestling outside the school-house with an unwilling sheep. They explained they had been sent out by their teacher to bring something in for the five minutes' drawing study, and the sheep seemed to offer some unexhausted opportunities. There was at any rate in their ambition an advertisement of courage in the methods of the school which deserved to be rewarded. There is plenty of courage spent on education in India. There has to be. And most of all, perhaps, on that education of women which is still in its perilous valorous beginnings. One had a chance of seeing, in the Maharani's Girls' College at Mysore, one of the most

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successful of these experiments, and of learning the difficulties through which it has to fight its way. It makes somewhat for romance in education when one has to safeguard one's scholars from being kidnapped by their husbands on the way to school, and round these little girls, many of them widows in their early teens, every sort of jealous interference seems to lie in wait; but that appeared only to add to the zest of those who were trying to bring learning within reach of them. So many of India's questions are tied to the future of her women, so much of her inner efforts after social reform are pledged to the amelioration of their lot, such possibilities in the relations of the two races may depend on a new conception of Indian womanhood, that even one's misgivings were interested in this westernising of her heart.

THE END

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